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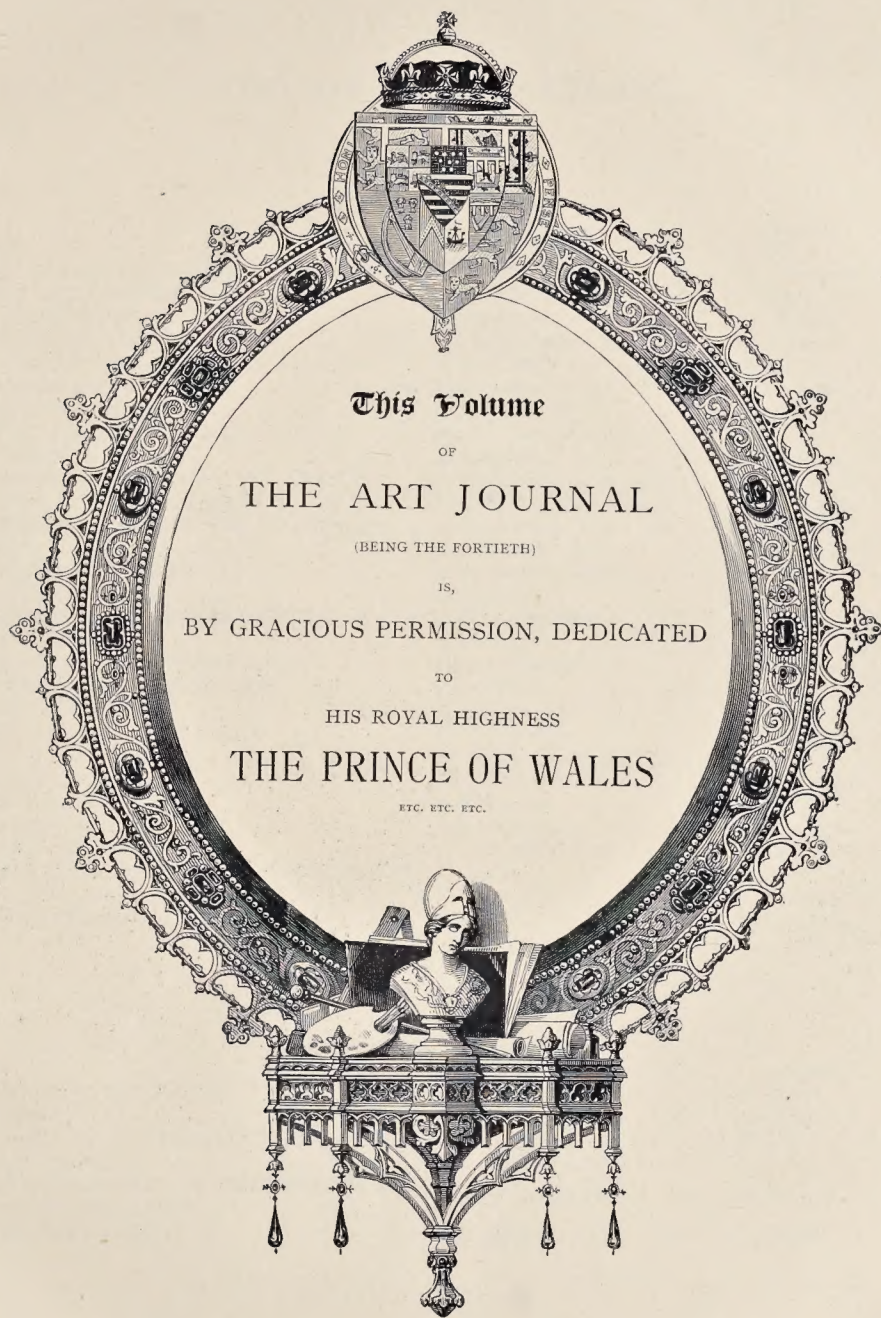
THE

ART JOURNAL



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THE ART JOURNAL.

JAPANESE ART.

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



IN the series of articles which has recently appeared in this Journal on Japanese Art frequent reference will be found to one element, underlying all Japanese work as a governing principle—*variety*. That love of variety and novelty which is common to the human race has been cultivated and developed among this people until it has become almost a passion, giving shape and character to all their Art. Of the thousands of cheap fans now scattered over Europe, I doubt whether any two would be found exactly alike. In this distinguishing feature of their work the artists of Japan have gone to Nature for their inspiration; and as it is mainly to these two sources, their love of Nature and their love of variety, that Japanese Art owes much of its excellence, as well as its charm and originality, the object they proposed to themselves and the means they have taken to attain it seem worthy of further study and a separate chapter.

I think it will be seen that the true secret of their unrivalled success in those branches of Art to which they have devoted themselves is to be found in their loving and patient study of all the *processes* in Nature—in other words, the methods by which, in the realms of Nature, the *greatest variety* is secured, and the nature of those lines and combinations which, as Hogarth observed, seem to raise in the mind the ideas of all the variety of forms imaginable. By a natural instinct or intuitive love for that variety which is only seen in its greatest perfection in Nature, and underlies all excellence in Art by the share it has in producing beauty, the Japanese have gone to the ornamental part of Nature's great treasure-house—to the forms and colours of plants, flowers, leaves, the painting of butterflies' wings, the skins of animals, the plumage of birds, and markings of shells, in a word, to all that constitutes the glory and the beauty of the visible world, and ministers with never-failing and lavish bounty to the sense of beauty, of harmony, and grace. Hogarth was right in asserting that the principles are in Nature by which we are guided in determining what is truly beautiful or graceful and excellent in Art. They went, therefore, to the fountain-head in going to Nature and there reverently watching and studying at her feet all the processes by which such infinite variety and beauty were unfliningly evolved. It followed naturally that in this admiration of Nature's works, in which beauty and variety are the leading and characteristic features, they would imbibe a corresponding aversion to sameness and a too great uniformity or regularity, which they nowhere found in Nature. An exact repetition of equal parts without variation—or equal division of lines and spaces—becomes to them something utterly distasteful, as a violation of the principles and order of Nature. To avoid any such appearance, even when the symmetry and orderly plan on which plants and

flowers are constructed and the object of utility and adaptation to a purpose enforced regularity, they followed the subtle devices and secret processes they observed in Nature, by which the regularity of skeleton or ground plan is effectually concealed.

To these matters I referred generally in the first article of the series,* as giving a key to the artistic excellence of the Japanese. But the subject is well worthy of more minute study and a greater elaboration, in order to show what those processes in Nature are from which the Japanese have derived their cunning in every kind of Art-industry, and how naturally the observation of the one has led to the other. The prevalence of order, method, and design in the constructive processes giving form to the various products of the vegetable kingdom, could not long have escaped such close observers. What they first noticed and admired was, no doubt, the endless variety and constant beauty of Nature's works, and the absence of formality and all appearance of regularity or monotony. Yet, behind this apparent freedom and wantonness of growth, they would in time discover that a rigid adherence to an orderly plan of a geometric character or pattern was one of the conditions of this infinite variety of beautiful forms. Whether they attained to a knowledge that geometrical and arithmetic proportions govern the material universe, and are to be traced as clearly in the graceful flower or stately tree as in the crystallization of minerals or the orbits of the stars, may be very doubtful. Nor was it needful for their purpose. It was enough for them to discover the existence of a general plan and a fixed order of development amidst all the variety they admired, and to discern how the two could be combined. This must soon have led them to perceive that, although Nature builds up plants and animals each upon a regular plan, she takes infinite pains to disguise such regularity under an appearance of freedom, and has many devices for concealing from the eye the skeleton, with all its rigidity of mathematical and geometrical proportions. When they had advanced thus far they had an endless field before them, rich in every kind of suggestive motives for the perfection of the decorative art; and they have profited by such teaching.

An orderly plan of geometric proportions and definite pattern as a basis, the constant repetition of similar parts in a fixed order of succession and alternation, being given to them as the chief elements of all Nature's exhaustless beauty and variety, the Japanese artist has so well profited by his lessons that, although variety has become the distinguishing character of his work, he never fails in symmetry, though his idea of what constitutes symmetry and the best mode of securing it is widely different from any that has prevailed as a general rule in the Western world.

* See *Art Journal* for 1875, p. 101.

This is itself a subject of so much interest that in order to give it fuller development I must trust to the indulgence of my readers while I offer some considerations drawn rather from the field of physiology and anatomical botany than what is more generally associated with the domain of Art. I recently met with a posthumous volume of "Miscellanies," by the late Dr. John Addington Symonds, published in 1871 by his son, in which there is a lecture "On the Principles of Beauty," delivered to a society at Bristol; and it is so full of pregnant truths in connection with Art and the principles which flow from the constitution of man and the structure of the eye and brain, that I would fain hope it may become better known. He seems to have been one of those men of whose general culture and love of Art, superadded to his professional knowledge of the human frame, the medical profession has more than one representative at the present day. All who are familiar with the works of Sir Henry Thompson, often to be seen on the walls of the British Institution of Water Colours, and with the etchings from Nature of Mr. Haden, which are among the best specimens of modern Art, will recognise the value of such a combination of the two pursuits and objects of study. I trust the following extracts and *résumé* of some of the facts and conclusions bearing on the subject more immediately under consideration may tend to direct attention to the whole lecture.

Speaking of variety as a source of beauty, as well as the pleasure derived from similarity, Dr. Symonds remarks that "The delight in new impressions, the sense of change and of action, this is what may be considered the most popular kind of beauty. For the appreciation of symmetry, a certain amount of culture is needful, but new colours and unaccustomed forms may at once attract attention, and impart pleasure to the most simple and uneducated minds. Under the operation of agencies which bring such novelties and varieties the mind has a consciousness of pleasant activity analogous to the enjoyment of muscular exercise. It is this ministration which accounts for most of the pleasure produced by natural scenery, in the ever-changing effects of light and shade and colour, and the endless diversities of form in flowers, shrubs, and trees, and in the animated tribes which people the scenes of beauty. And yet in all these objects it is to be noted, that though variety is a prevailing element, yet there is a large admixture of similarity. The similarity of the leaves to each other, and the uniformity of their prevailing colour in a tree, is accompanied by a constant change of branches, boughs, and twigs, whatever hidden regularity there may be in the intervals of division and angles of divarication. How these all combine, under a definite order, to give the effect of mere wanton profusion and careless grace, is Nature's secret, in which lies 'the hidden soul of harmony.'"

Again, he observes, "In natural objects, where there is the greatest apparent diversity, it is easy to trace the law of uniformity. In foliage there is not only the general likeness of the leaves and branches, but the direction or the relative position of the leaves and branches is in a great measure uniform. There is a sense of symmetry in the midst of all the seeming complexity of parts. So in the grouping of human figures in a picture, where variety of lines and forms is most natural, it will be found that the arrangement is most pleasing to the eye when, without formality, there is a certain degree of symmetry, as when one side of the picture somewhat corresponds to the other without conspicuously balancing it. A parallelism which does not strike the eye, and yet may be traced in the direction of the limbs, the figure of a pyramid, or an ellipse, or a rectangle, by the eye looking for it, though it does not in the least approach to actual definition—such arrangements, by a virtual conformity to symmetry, without any marked appearance of it, give unquestionable pleasure to our sight."

Continuing the analysis, he observes, "The pleasure derived from similarity enters largely into the beauty of symmetry. This side is like that. This curve corresponds to that. And it

is like with a difference, the difference being in place or material (*idem in alio*). Similarity enlivened by difference, variety restrained by unity, may be found in all the arrangements of light and shade, form and colour and sound, which are most pleasing to the eye and to the ear;" but all sudden and abrupt changes of sensation, as he further explains, are displeasing, and thus *continuity* is an element in agreeable movements of the body as well as in pleasant sensations. Hence the influence of similarity and variety and continuity may be traced in the beauty which belongs to simple lines, and quite apart from all collateral suggestions; but still more in a curved line, because that presents both continuity and variety in a manner agreeable to the sensation of sight, and calling forth an agreeable exercise of the muscles of the eye. But some curves are more pleasant than others. The circle is less agreeable than the ellipse, and the simple ellipse than the ovoid or composite ellipse. In the circle there is a constant change of direction, but every change is like its predecessor, and the general appearance is excess of uniformity, or monotony. In the ellipse the change of direction is more gradual, and the figure admits of division by the eye without diameters into opposites which are similar and symmetrical. The ovoid is still more beautiful, from the yet greater variety of direction, with perfect facility of gradation. But apart from the course of the line, there is an impression on the sense by the enclosed space. The circle is always the same in form, however different in size, the radii being equal. The ellipse, on the other hand, is in its nature variable, and is at once recognised as such. It suggests a form which may vary almost indefinitely by the varying proportions between its major and minor axis.

Dr. Symonds, speaking further of sensational beauty and its sources, remarks that "The beauty of form may be perceived and delighted in without any knowledge of its source; but there must be a certain organization of the sensorium to this effect. As it is a well known fact that some persons are insusceptible to the enjoyment of the more complex forms of harmony of sound, so there are subtleties of symmetry beyond the range of ordinary perception. There are individuals who have not the æsthetic constitution which would enable them to recognise and enjoy the exquisite proportions of the Venus of Milos or the portico of the Parthenon, just as others are dead to the harmonies of Beethoven."

The truth of these observations and their significance, as affording an insight into the physiological laws governing our perception of symmetry and all the other elements constituting Art, are very striking. I will show farther on, that the Japanese ideas of symmetry, while differing so essentially from our own, are entirely in harmony with the processes by which Nature in many instances meets the exigencies of symmetry, by the balance of corresponding, but unequal or more or less dissimilar parts, which is the principle underlying the Japanese practice. But before leaving Dr. Symonds's most suggestive lecture, I must give one more extract. Returning to the effect of variety on the mind and the condition attaching to its full enjoyment, "There is a pleasure," he says, "resulting from the mere novelty of a sensation, but if there is nothing in the impression but its novelty to afford pleasure the enjoyment soon ceases. Nature, however, is so rich, and Art so fertile, that this source of pleasure never fails, and it meets us under the form of what we call *variety*. Besides variety and *continuity*, there is another circumstance under which sensation gives pleasure, viz., *similarity*. Repetition is agreeable, but mere likeness, *without difference*, becomes distasteful sameness or dull uniformity; just as mere *variety*, without *likeness*, would be intolerable; for in this case there would be a number of isolated experiences without any connection, and the perception of relations is one of the deepest wants of our nature."

Thus distinctly may we trace, in strict accordance with the principles exemplified in Nature, and the physiological laws of our constitution, all the more striking and characteristic elements in Japanese Art. It remains now to show the processes in Nature, more particularly in the growth of plants, by which, out of a few very simple elementary parts, boundless

* See "Miscellanies," article "Principles of Beauty," by Dr. John Addington Symonds, M.D. London, Macmillan & Co. 1871.

variety and perfect symmetry are secured, with an entire absence of monotony or appearance of formality and regularity—a combination which gives a charm to every landscape and to each individual and component part.

Repetition of like parts—but likeness with a difference—and change or variety, with a certain continuity, we thus see are essential elements in Nature's inexhaustible powers of charming with novelty. But behind this there is yet another secret, and that is, the ease with which the geometric proportions and regularity of plan, on which trees and plants and flowers of every kind are built up, is concealed. To this hiding and perfect concealment of an orderly plan Japanese Art, like Nature, is indebted mainly for its attraction. Nature never repeats herself; however multitudinous her creations, they are never absolutely and precisely alike. No two trees or flowers, not even two leaves of the same, are without a difference, however small. The Japanese artist, at a very early period, seems to have seized upon this great characteristic of all Nature's works, and adopted it for his guiding principle. But this residuary element of variety was only the last of a series of effects and processes leading up to it. Mere repetition of similar forms would not obviously suffice. There must be some further secret of arrangement, method of growth, or combination of parts, to secure not only a pleasing variety, but the grace, the harmony, and unfailing beauty of the vegetable kingdom. The foliage of

a tree and the petals of a flower, however confused and complex to the eye, each have a regulated place and order, and the beauty and grace of the whole are essentially dependent upon this order being rigorously adhered to. Nothing looks so remote from this as the aspect of Nature, in whatever direction we turn our gaze throughout the universe. The stars which seem to powder the blue vault above, as though scattered broadcast like dust from the hand, have all their place and orbits fixed with such geometric proportions and mathematical nicety that astronomers can calculate their distances and respective influences, even to the small aberrations permitted within their fixed orbits. As in the heavens, so on the earth. Everywhere law—not license—order, method, and design prevail; not chance, or the negation of any of these conditions.

These things, so obvious to us and unquestionable, have not in all ages been revealed to man's inquiring nature, though no doubt they have been more or less clearly accepted as fundamental truths, while the actual processes by which such laws were made operative must, to a great degree, have been hidden until quite recent times. Those processes by which the human frame was built up and its growth regulated, by which plants and flowers were developed from the seed, the stem, and the leaf, were a closed book until anatomy and physiology traced them out. Without such help it would appear that the Japanese, moved by an equal love of Nature and of Art, must have gone



Fig. 1.

far to divine, if not to demonstrate, the secret of Nature's inexhaustible variety and never-failing beauty. They desired with their whole heart to exercise their imitative and creative faculties in reproducing these, in a form less evanescent, and more especially adapted to their own use in all the offices and occupations of daily life; and they went to Nature for the needful instruction.

The processes by which in the floral world the orderly plan of growth and construction are disguised, and, as a rule, so effectually hid that only a patient scrutiny and dissection of all the parts of a plant could lay them bare, would naturally be the first object of research. And these once mastered, little remained but to apply the fruitful knowledge thus obtained at Nature's source. Probably it might not be immediately obvious that the mere imitation of what they found in Nature would not suffice. As with the Egyptians the lotus, with the Greeks the anthemion, and with the Romans the acanthus, a conventional adaptation is needed to create a decorative effect. In a word, as Mr. Fergusson so well expresses it in his last great work on "Architecture in all Countries," "we ought always to copy the processes and never the forms of Nature."* And so, in applying the subtle devices by which any formality in flowers and

plants is hid, all they had to do was to apply the principle and not the actual forms.

Believing that the extent to which Japanese Art is indebted for its charm to these successful applications of Nature's processes designed to hide the existence of an orderly plan has never hitherto been appreciated, I will now show how Nature proceeds to effect the purpose which the Japanese, in humble imitation, have so lovingly and persistently kept before them and made their governing principle.

First as to symmetry; and as one example how this is preserved by Nature in flowers by a certain balance of corresponding but unlike parts, we may take, from the family of orchids, with all their quaint and fantastic developments, the *Odontoglossum Insleayi* (Fig. 1). We see in it an example of inequality and dissimilarity, both in the tigerlike markings and in the number and form of the component parts of the flower. The petals are two, and striped on each side with unequal lines and spots; the sepals are three, also unequally striped and spotted; and the lip forms a fourth unit, all arranged in a circle round the column, carpels, &c., in the centre of brightest golden hue, while the other parts are tints of yellow and brown. The symmetry is preserved by a balance of unequal parts and odd numbers.

(To be continued)

* See "History of Architecture in all Countries," Chapter xii: "Imitation of Nature."

ART UPON STREET WALLS.

AS an advocate of mural decoration in general, I must not utterly neglect the consideration of Art upon street walls. Some persons may possibly doubt whether in the aggregate the Fine Arts be progressing in this country; there can be but one opinion, however, in regard to the great improvement which has taken place in the art of pictorial advertisement. The Art upon "posters" has become quite a feature in this great metropolis; a fact which, together with its improved quality, has a greater significance than might at first be supposed, for it is unmistakable evidence that the country has become a more educated country. The advertiser full well knows that a badly-designed and ill-executed "poster" of the old style would not only be no recommendation to his wares, but that it would utterly ruin his prospects. The term "poster" indicates the limited territory to which the placard was originally applied, and at the same time proclaims its recent conquests and vast accessions of territory. The wretched "bills" which used to disfigure the posts, and occasionally a wall, some half a century since, would now be worse than useless to any advertiser. The rude attempts at illustration which sufficed in the early days and early art of advertising are of the past. The trader finds that it is no longer of any use gilding his wares with either tinsel words or Dutch metal; they must, if he desire them to attract public attention and to have an extensive sale, be doubly gilt with golden Art. Modern posters may have, in some measure, usurped the functions of the "sign." The gradual, and now almost total, disappearance of the sign is doubtless due to the sign painter not having kept pace with the times and improved his style. A little more enterprise might have saved the sign proper from extinction, for we know that in several instances where eminent painters, out of compliment to their hosts the landlords of wayside hostleries, have repainted the signs, these have been religiously preserved and have attracted travellers.

Art is not the cause, but the effect of civilisation. The eye does not see till the mind is cultivated. All the Art treasures of Greece and Italy are *caviare* to an uneducated people. Italy has, for more than three centuries, been one vast museum of painting and sculpture, without effecting the regeneration of Italian Art. It must be evident then, that an improved development in that kind of Art which addresses itself to the million must be a very hopeful sign of the times for our Art future. The improvement in the artistic qualities of the pictorial advertisement may be regarded as indicating educational progress, an advancement in the culture of the masses, which would seem to warrant the introduction of painting and sculpture on a more extensive scale into our public buildings.

In view of the great improvement which has taken place in the Art upon street walls, it might be a matter worth the consideration of municipal bodies, whether, instead of the pictorial advertisement being allowed to be placed here, there, and everywhere, wall spaces should not be set apart for its exhibition in the public thoroughfares. This recognition of the poster's claims might inculcate a greater degree of respect for the Art talent which is frequently displayed in its production, and tend to do away with that barbarous practice of tearing and defacing placards, especially pictorial placards, which confronts one on street walls and on the walls of railway stations. Every endeavour should be made to repress the rampant letter poster which labels the metropolis; and the portrait advertisement should be abandoned on the score of good taste. It is our opinion that an advertiser has no right to exhibit the portraits of distinguished personages in every space available for his advertisement. It is a practice which we imagine must be anything but agreeable to the personages represented, whether those representations be either good likenesses or mere caricatures.

Most persons are familiar with Walker's clever design for the

pictorial advertisement to Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," with the two cleverly drawn figures on the poster to Mr. Wills's play of *Jane Shore*, with the advertising placards of the Alexandra Palace Company, with those of the *Graphic*, and also with that humorous exaltation of a certain pickle—a poster a hundred times more potential in the manufacturer's favour than any puff direct or any Cheap Jack eloquence. The intelligent trader who enlists the pictorial poster in favour of his wares knows that a clever design will pay out of all proportion to the cost of its production, and that Art upon street walls will be more and more paying to him who employs it as education advances and taste improves. We even predict a new era for the sign. The few examples of the poster which we have cited, seem to determine the style that is best adapted to the purpose of the pictorial advertisement. It must neither aim to rival the qualities of a finished picture nor those of a book illustration; it must be a design strikingly conceived and simply executed, a bold sketch, showing the designer to be capable of better things, to make a successful hit in this way. It is a very different thing when the pictorial advertisement is to preface knick-knacks; in this case finish may be appropriate.

Art, in its application to advertising purposes, has in every way improved of late; in catalogues, in omnibuses, in railway carriages, on sweetmeat boxes, upon the wrappers of merchandise, &c. Who has not been tempted to purchase a box of bonbons rather for the artistic bonbons on its lid than for the cloying sweets within?

A considerable amount of capital is invested in the various appliances for the production of the pictorial and other posters, and considerable ingenuity is displayed in the engraving and printing of such large surfaces. The more highly-finished and coloured are executed upon stone—are, in fact, produced by the same process as the Fine Art chromo-lithographs; they are chromo-lithographs, indeed, upon a large scale, and are produced, as the finer ones, by several printings. The largest posters consist of several separate sheets separately printed. Sheets can be printed 30 in. by 40 in. For the more sketchy outline illustrations the designs are executed upon zinc plates; and if this kind of poster be coloured, it is coloured by hand after it is printed.

The production of the pictorial advertisement in the various forms in which it appears has indeed become an important industry, both home and foreign, which will in all probability increase for many years to come. The producer of the pictorial advertisement has doubtless in some cases to appeal to various tastes; we would only venture to remind him that there is a public to which he may appeal by the reproduction of the very best designs which can be obtained. That may be at present but a limited public, but it is already too extensive to be disregarded. The best Art never palls, and there is always an increasing band of admirers coming to the front.

Instead of the old tawdry trappings and brazen trumpeting, with which all kinds of wares were formerly heralded, there will for the future be the more temperate but powerful proclamations of Art. Even if we are imposed upon, we would rather be graciously than clumsily deceived. This latter remark brings us to our bearings, as it signals a danger ahead—a danger to the trader and a peril in the employment of the pictorial advertisement of Art upon street walls; for if clever designs be only used to mask bad wares, this kind of advertisement will fall into disrepute and will at last be studiously disregarded. Let this important truth be kept steadfastly in mind, that the future prosperity of England depends upon our knowledge being thorough and our workmanship of the best. Should we substitute for these undigested *cram* and *shoddy*, not all the potentiality of wealth will be able to do more than temporarily avert a day of reckoning and of humiliation.

W. CAVE THOMAS.

THE WORKS OF BRITON RIVIERE.



HE revocation by Louis XIV. of the Edict of Nantes, an ordinance granted by the French king, Henry IV., to his Protestant subjects, which allowed them liberty of conscience and religious worship according to their own forms, was the cause of transferring the allegiance of very many most worthy, intelligent, and industrious Frenchmen of various ranks in society from their own legitimate sovereign to the monarch of England.

What France lost thereby we gained; for these refugees, driven from their own land, found refuge and a welcome among us, became in progress of time incorporated with our own countrymen, bringing over with them knowledge and acquirements of divers kinds, which have added to our national wealth, and have proved beneficial to us in various ways.

Among these voluntary exiles for conscience' sake were the ancestors of Mr. Briton Riviere: a name which has been associated, through some generations, with the Art of this country during more than half a century. Painting appears to have been inherent in the family for many years; his grandfather, Mr. D. V. Riviere, gained a medal while a student at the Royal

Academy, and exhibited several water-colour pictures there between 1837 and 1840; notably, 'Pray remember the Grotto' and 'Fishermen's Children,' in 1839, and 'Agreeable Companions,' in 1840. Still earlier than these dates we find the son of the latter, Mr. W. Riviere (who was born in London in 1806), head of the Drawing School at Cheltenham College, and working laboriously and successfully at Oxford. In both places he rendered great and efficient service: at the latter by his exertions to get Art introduced into the university, his ideas on that subject meeting with much favour from many of its members, by whom he was greatly respected as an artist and a gentleman. Mr. W. Riviere died towards the end of 1876; a short notice of him appeared in the *Art Journal* of February last year. He was brother of Mr. H. P. Riviere, Associate of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, long resident in Rome, and was father of the artist who is the subject of the present notice. Mr. Briton Riviere was born in London, August 14, 1840, and found in his father an experienced and able master, under whom he studied during the nine years he was at Cheltenham and subsequently at Oxford. While studying Art in the latter place the influences other than artistic by which he was always surrounded prevailed



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Apollo.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

to turn his attention to classic and other scholarly matters; he entered the university, took his B.A. degree in 1867, and proceeded to his M.A. degree in 1873. But the position Mr. Riviere acquired as a "Graduate of Oxford" left him no desire to turn aside from the pursuit of painting; it did not even suffice to direct his art to the practice of subjects somewhat in harmony with the classic education he had received, as might not unreasonably have been expected. He did not consult the pages of Greek and Roman authors, for the first pictures we find him exhibiting were home rural scenes, as 'Rest from Labour' and 'Sheep on the Cotswolds,' in the Academy gallery in 1858, and, in the next year, 'On the Road to Gloucester Fair.' From this date till 1864 he was absent from the Academy as an exhibitor, 1878.

but in the last-mentioned year he sent two pictures, called respectively 'Iron Bars' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' Hitherto the artist's works had not obtained places in the gallery which could allow of a careful critical examination, but 'The Poacher's Nurse,' exhibited in 1866, had the good fortune to be tolerably well hung, and was referred to in the columns of the *Art Journal* as "most capitally painted;" the nurse in question being no other than the poacher's dog, which is licking the rogue's hand.

In 1866 Mr. Riviere appeared to have fallen into one of those melancholy artistic moods which painters will indulge in, notwithstanding the oft-repeated truism that Art is intended to give pleasure rather than pain; the two pictures he sent to the

Academy in that year were 'Strayed from the Flock,' a dead lamb lying in the snow (admirably engraved recently by Mr. Stacpoole), and 'THE LONG SLEEP,' which forms one of our engraved illustrations. The first of these two compositions is sad enough; the second, if we read it rightly, is still more so: the old man, seated on his chair, appears to have fallen into "the sleep that knows no waking," for his broken pipe lies on the floor; his two faithful dogs wonder at their master's silence and immobility, and they look earnestly at him to try to ascertain the cause, while one of them, more importunate than the other, would, if possible, recall him to consciousness by a loving greeting with the tongue. Every one who knows what canine character is must be assured that these two noble animals are suffering mental disquietude or distress, and this makes the picture painful to contemplate, however finely it is painted. 'The Long Sleep' was, however, the first work that brought the artist into popular notice. In the exhibition of water-colour

paintings at the Dudley Gallery in 1868, Mr. Riviere showed a very attractive drawing called 'Fox and Geese;' it is now in the collection at South Kensington. At the Academy in 1869 he exhibited 'The Prisoners,' one being a young man seated, and hiding his face with his hand; the other, the man's dog, looking wistfully up to his master and watching him carefully. There is a strong expression of sympathy and pity for his master in the face of the animal, some excellent painting throughout, and a large amount of light thrown upon the canvas.

Of the two paintings Mr. Riviere contributed to the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1870, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'CHARITY,' an engraving from the latter appears on this page. The composition makes as great a claim on one's compassionate feelings as any we have hitherto noticed; more indeed; for here human nature unites with the animal world in its appeal: a miserable hungry girl, ill clad and bare-footed, is seated by a doorway in the street amid the fallen snow, sharing



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Charity.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

with two dogs, which look almost as hungry as herself, a loaf of bread that has probably been given to her by some kind-hearted person. Speaking of this work when it hung in the Academy, we remarked that "the management of the subject is consonant with the conception; the painting of child, and dogs, and street accessories is excellent; the picture is kept together, and though destitution be a pervading sentiment, the work, as a whole, is made agreeable to the eye;" yet certainly not to the mind, when one considers the misery involved in the sentiment. Still, it inculcates a lesson of true "charity." To this picture a medal was awarded at the great Vienna Exhibition; it has been well engraved, on a large scale, by Mr. Stacpoole.

Another pitiable object was presented to public view in a picture exhibited at the Academy by Mr. Riviere in 1871, to which he gave the title of 'Come back!' but it might not inappropriately have been called 'The Prodigal Daughter;' for the composition shows the return to her cottage home of a poor wanderer, who has evidently strayed wilfully from the fold; a

dog instantly recognises her, and springs forward to welcome her. With this picture the artist exhibited one of a very different kind; one not the less acceptable because therein we met him in a new and more agreeable field of labour, though the principal materials, a herd of swine, are not most suggestive of pleasantness. The painter chose for his subject 'Circe transforming the Friends of Ulysses into Pigs' for their gross misdemeanours.

"She touched them with a rod that wrought
Their transformation far past human wants:
Swines' snouts, swines' bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,
But still retained the souls they had before,
Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more."

(Chapman's Translation of the Odyssey, Book x.)

All that need be said of the work is, that the animals are painted with a truth no one would feel disposed to question. The picture was sent over to the recent Exhibition at Philadelphia, where a medal was awarded to it; it has also been engraved, of considerable size, by Mr. Stacpoole.

The only work Mr. Riviere sent to the Academy in 1872, 'Daniel' in the den of the lions, has also become familiarised to the public through the burin of the engraver, Mr. C. J. Lewis: the picture was certainly one of those which received prominent attention when hanging in the Academy. The undaunted prophet stands with his hands tied behind him, and his back towards the spectator, before a number of crouching lions and lionesses, whose faces have lost all ferocious expression, awed, it may be assumed, by the majesty of Daniel's eye. This, we take the liberty of observing, should have been made visible to those looking at the picture. It was a mistake, unquestionably, to place the prophet as he is here seen, statuesque and lifeless. We want to see his face and to mark the expression it assumes, to have such unwonted effect upon the savage beasts of prey—which are painted literally from nature, and thus the composition is made highly attractive as an example of

animal painting. In the exhibition at the Dudley Gallery of the same year, Mr. Riviere showed another leonine subject from the Bible verse, "The lion has come up out of its thicket;" the animals are designed with great spirit. About the same time he painted a picture which has never been exhibited, 'The Princess and the Swans.'

In several works of his later time he has brought the classic knowledge and taste he acquired at Oxford to combine with his love of animal painting; thus in his 'Argus' (1873), we have Ulysses recognised by his faithful dying hound, after a long absence:

"And upon Argus came the death-fate dream,
Just having seen Odysseus in the twentieth year."
(Homer's *Odyssey*.)

It is doubtful whether any style of treatment could give a better expression to the strong simple pathos involved here. The



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

The Long Sleep.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

moment lends itself very readily to the natural, unpremeditated method employed, and we feel to the full the emotional influence exercised upon the travelled hero by the dying look of faithful affection. The tall, gaunt figure, with an unforced nobleness of air, and the over-wearied hound, too tired to rise, crouched against the low stone wall—the bright fire just dying out from closing eyelids—are realised with singular force and directness of purpose. We turn from this pathetic yet noble subject to one exhibited at the same time, called 'All that was left of the Homeward Bound'—a young girl lashed to a mast or piece of timber, and floating on the open sea with a small dog—a very skeleton, though alive—seated on the body of his mistress. What can be said concerning anything so harrowing? And yet the picture has been multiplied by the burin of Mr. Stacpoole.

'APOLLO,' a subject suggested by a passage in Euripides, is one of our illustrations: the painting was exhibited at the Academy in 1874: a quotation from the Greek poet's *Alceſtis* fully describes the subject:—

"Apollo's self
Deigned to become a shepherd in thine halls
And tune his lays along the woodland slopes;
Whereat entranced the spotted lynxes came
To mingle with thy flocks; from Othry's glen
Trooped tawny lions; e'en the dappled fawn
Forth from the shelter of her pinewood haunts
Tripped, to the music of the sun-god's lyre."

Leaning his back against a tree, the deity is surrounded by a multitude of animals, wild and tame, arranged without any order, but all evidently entranced by the lyrist's music. The picture had for its companion in the gallery 'Genius Loci,' a lioness sleeping at the mouth of a cave.

Mr. Riviere's contributions to the Academy in 1875 differed very widely in subject-matter, but were of great excellence in their respective departments. One, 'War Time,' an old shepherd looking wofully over a stone wall in the winter time, with a newspaper under his arm, in which he is supposed to have read a report of the death of his son. A second work, evidently

one of the painter's best, was 'The Last of the Garrison:' this being a dog which alone had survived the siege, and is represented lying down among the débris of a place that shows all the results of a hostile attack. Another was a life-size portrait of that liberal Art patron, C. Mansel Lewis, Esq., standing on the seashore by the side of his favourite horse and some dogs; a well-painted example of manly portraiture. The 'War Time' gained a medal at Philadelphia.

Our space is already exhausted, so that we can only name the artist's subsequent works exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the date of these is so comparatively recent that they must be tolerably fresh in the recollection of our readers, especially as the subjects themselves were very attractive. In 1876 he sent a duck and frog picture, called 'A stern chase is always a long chase,' and 'Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs.' Last

year he contributed 'A Legend of St. Patrick' and 'Lazarus.' There are many other works by this painter in existence which have not appeared in public, but which we cannot even enumerate.

Apart from the subject of some of Mr. Riviere's pictures, we have nothing but praise to award to them. They show fidelity to nature and careful studentship in Art; and there is a grandeur in his wild animals not difficult to recognise. But he does manifest injustice to himself when he causes the spectator to turn from certain of them, as we have seen people do, with a heavy and saddened sigh at the painful character of his themes. An artist can scarcely commit a greater mistake than this, for it interferes with all enjoyment of his productions. We admire Mr. Riviere's Art too highly not to give him a friendly hint in this direction, which we trust may be taken in good part.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

BRUSSELS.—The Gothic Hall of the Hôtel de Ville is to be adorned with tapestries, at a cost estimated at some thousands of pounds, which, we understand, the State will be called upon to supply.

DUSSELDORF.—During the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf to witness the autumn manoeuvres, their Majesties accepted an invitation from the Art Club of Dusseldorf, known as the "Malkasten," to a grand fête given in their honour. Some years back, it will be remembered, the Dusseldorf Academy of Painting celebrated the fiftieth jubilee of its foundation, and the Malkasten Club—which is a purely artistic body, composed of the students and professors of the Academy, and the many eminent painters living in the town—was intrusted with the organization of a series of fêtes, lasting three days, which will long be remembered on the Rhine for the thoroughly artistic spirit infused into the pageantry of the occasion. Since then the club has stood pre-eminent in Germany for these displays. Nor is the reputation gained by the artistic fraternity in this direction to be wondered at if it be borne in mind that a "Malkasten Fest" is conceived and elaborated with as careful an eye to the correctness of costume in the clothing of its historical processions, as learned an observance of the laws of composition in the arrangement of its tableaux, and as refined a sense of the harmonious

blending of masses of colour in its sumptuous decorations, as the eminent artists selected to arrange these difficult matters would bestow upon the elaboration of a fresco or the minutiae of an historical painting. But the evening fête of the 6th of September eclipsed all previous efforts of the club, and for the edification of their imperial guests the painters of Dusseldorf may be congratulated upon having produced an entertainment almost as picturesque and gorgeous in its effect as that memorable masque arranged by the Earl of Leicester for the surprise and amusement of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle. In an autograph letter addressed by the Emperor to the committee of the Malkasten, he thanks the club for the splendid manner in which he had been received, assures them of his satisfaction at the success of the "Fest," and in conclusion says, "The consideration shown to us during the fête of the Malkasten Club will remain to me as a pleasant recollection of Rhenish Art. I therefore thank you for myself and my wife, with the assurance that we shall ever entertain for the artists of Dusseldorf the happiest memories."

ROME.—The School of Art for ladies in this city, of which we spoke somewhat recently, is now open. The apartments selected are in a healthy and beautiful part of the city, 38, Via degli Artisti. Full particulars may be had from the Honorary Secretary, Miss Mayor, at the above address.

ALSACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. H. MARSDEN.

HENRIETTE BROWNE, Painter.

F. HOLL, Engraver.

ABOUT five years ago there appeared in the *Art Journal* an engraving from a picture by this popular French painter, the subject of which differs very essentially from that here presented: it was called 'The Critics,' and it showed some children examining with curious intent a quantity of dead game hung on the wall of a kind of larder. Yet it is not by compositions of such a description that one can rightly estimate the genius and the mind of this accomplished lady, but rather in works like her 'During the War,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1871, her 'Sisters of Charity,' in our International Exhibition of 1862, and in the 'Alsace,' which, like the last-mentioned, has reference to the grievous war between France and Germany. In the 'Sisters of Charity' we have some of these self-sacrificing women engaged in their work of mercy among the wounded in the war; and here is a sister of the Red Cross Society standing at the entrance of a church, collecting alms for the benefit of the

bereaved widows and orphans of the French soldiers killed in the deadly struggle. The expression of the sister's face is quite in harmony with her mission; it is eloquent by its sadness; so much so as to favour the idea that she herself was mourning over the loss of some dear one; and indeed there were few families, especially in Alsace, who had not to lament the death of some relative or friend. The figure is very strikingly set forth, with much picturesqueness in the arrangement of costume and accessories, and with considerable eloquence: the work—which was painted the year after the termination of the war—is unquestionably a fine and valuable example of Mdlle. Henriette Browne's portrait painting, real or ideal, as the case may be. Mr. Marsden, its present owner, will, he informs us, be glad to show it to any one who may call for the purpose at his gallery in King Street, St. James's, where also may be found many other pictures which will well repay examination.





ALSACE.

THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. M. MARSDEN, LONDON.

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO.

THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY AT ANTWERP.*

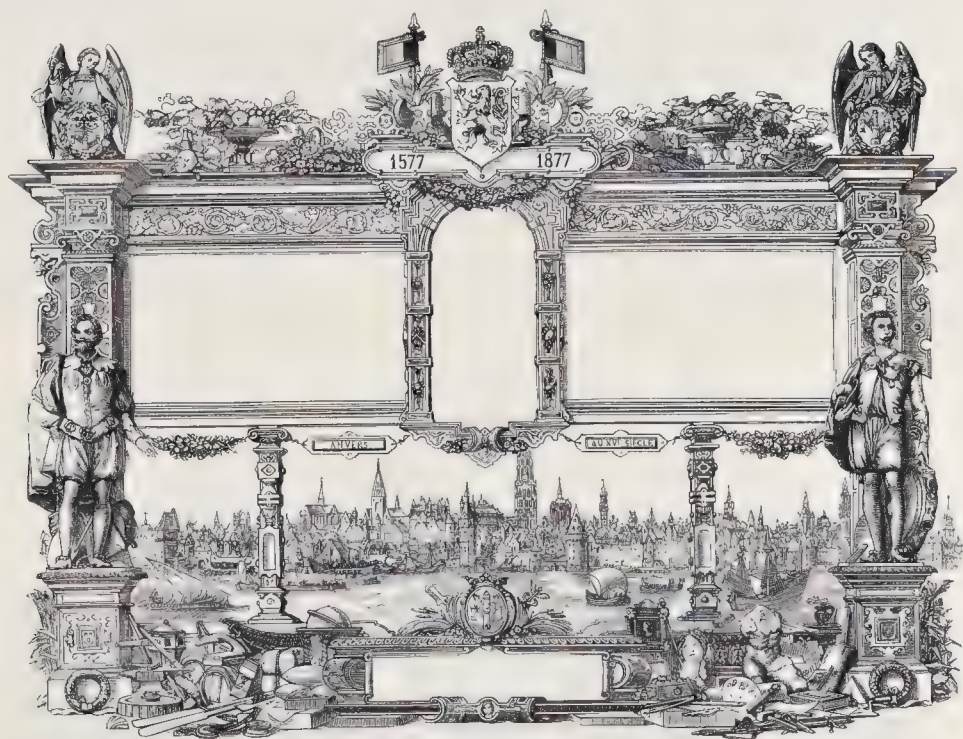


ANTWERP, as I endeavoured to depict it in my last article, resplendent with decorations and thronged with holiday-makers, affords a curious contrast to that despoiled and deserted city on the Scheldt which Sir Dudley Carleton, the then newly appointed Ambassador from England to the Hague, passed through in September, 1616, on his way to his official residence in Holland.

"Machlen," writes the diplomatic successor of Sir Ralph Winwood to his intimate friend and correspondent John Chamberlain, "both for wayes and gardens neere it, and the fayrenes of streets and buildings, was absolutely the best town we saw in Brabant until we came to Antwerp, w^{ch} I must confesse, exceeds any I ever saw anywhere else, for the beavtie and uniformitie of buildings, heith and largeness of streetes and strength and fairenes of the rampars. . . . But I must tell you the state of this towne in a word, so as you take it literally,

magna civitas, magna solitudo, for in y^e whole time we spent there I never sett eyes in the whole length of the streete upon forty persons at once: I never mett coach nor saw man on horseback: none of our companie (though both were workie days), saw one pennie worth of ware either in shops or in streets bought or sold. Two walking pedlers and one ballad seller will carrie as much on their back at once, as was in that royall exchange, either above or below. . . . In many places grasse grows in the streetes, yet (that which is rare in such solitarines) the buildings are all kept in perfect reparation. . . . They^r condition is much worse (w^{ch} may seem strange) since the truce than it was before; and the whole country of Brabant was suitable to this towne: *splendida paupertas*, faire and miserable."

Such was the aspect of Antwerp in the earlier days of Rubens; and a view of the quaint old city as it appeared at that period, with its Gothic spires and chiselled architraves, its thousand high gables, with their lofty peaks and projec-



Antwerp in the Time of Rubens.

tions, richly carved in stone or wood, and spiked with conical turrets and pinnacles, forms the illustration in this page.

If space would but allow me, I should like to linger over the vicissitudes of the town at the period when the great founders of the Flemish school dwelt within the city walls; when the names of Rubens, Van Dyck, Snyders, Teniers, and Jordaens, were first inscribed in that rare old manuscript volume, which is still preserved as the "Liggere van St. Lucas Ghilde," as either Sires, Deans, Fathers, or Ancients of the great Painters' Guild, who were one and all bound by the oath of the fraternity

to "justly give judgment after the judgment of Solomon; consider not persons in respect of rich or poor, but, doing things seemly, maintain the laws of the city, and live in the peace of Christ." But I must leave those picturesque times, when painting was a peaceful religion and religion a deadly strife, to the historian and the antiquary, and pass from the scene of *splendida paupertas* which desolated Antwerp presented during years after the bloody deeds of the Duke of Alva had heaped ruin and rapine on the town, to prosperous and hospitable Antwerp of the period of the Rubens Tercentenary.

But, before proceeding with my description of the fêtes, I

* Concluded from page 360, vol. xvi., new series.

must plead once more the lack of space at my disposal to include an account of all the festive items so lavishly provided for the insatiate sight-seer by the Committee of Organization in their lengthy bill of entertaining fare. I must therefore confine myself to noticing such features only in the programme as have a direct bearing on Rubens or on the Art associations of the town.

From this point of view then, the principal events of Sunday, the 19th of August, were the inauguration of the Plantin-Moretus Museum in the Marché du Vendredi, the opening of the Artistic Congress in the Rue d'Arenberg, and the banquet at the Bourse. The Maison Plantin is one of the few remaining buildings which the modernising influence of the times has left untouched in the city; and in order to preserve this interesting relic of ancient Antwerp from the defiling clutches of the "restorer," the habitation of the celebrated Flemish printer of the sixteenth century has been lately purchased by the Government from the Moretus family, and appropriately opened during the fêtes, for the first time, as one of the museums of the town. As at present preserved this is the most remarkable house in Antwerp, from the fact that not only the exterior but the interior of the historic old building remains in

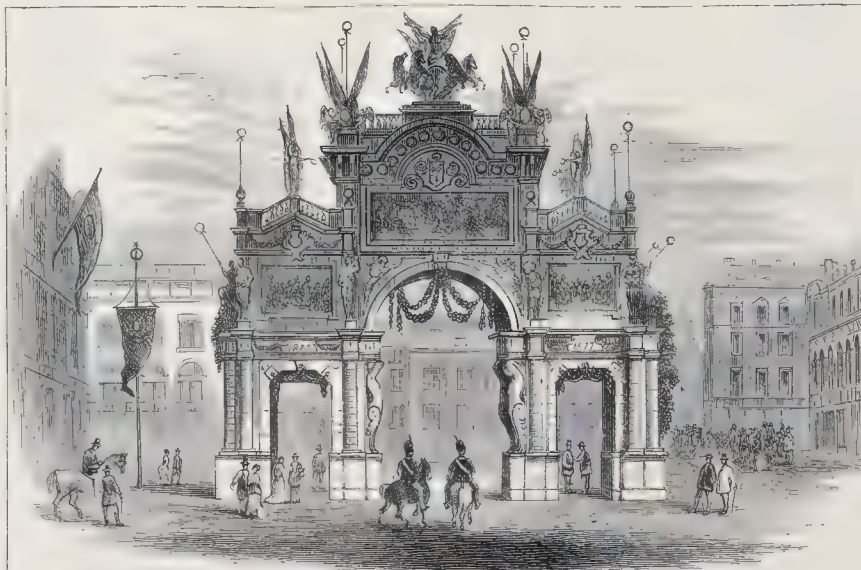
exactly the same condition to-day as it did three hundred years ago. The low-roofed, dimly lighted workshops, the cumbrous presses, the quaint composing cases and "formes" and all the primitive contrivances of the printers' craft, the fine collection of paintings, drawings, and rare manuscripts, which would set the fingers of a bibliomaniac itching to possess them, even the splendid grape-vine in the court-yard (which still bears fruit), are one and all preserved, in the identical order in which they were kept when Plantin, in 1550, printed his first work, entitled "*Institution d'une fille de noble maison.*"

The banquet at the Bourse, in the evening, presented an imposing spectacle of official "pomp and circumstance" combined with *ex-officio* conviviality. Seated right and left of the courteous and loquent Burgomaster, M. de Wael, and ranging from the table of honour round the fan-shaped tables of the banqueting-hall, was grouped a crowd of glittering gold- and silver-embroidered *autorités supérieures*. Among the five hundred less brilliantly clad guests present at this banquet, which was crowded with Art representatives from all parts of Europe, were such masters of the painter's craft as Meissonier, Gérôme, Kaulbach the younger, Armitage, Storey, Verlat, and de



Peter Paul Rubens.

Keyser—artists whose names are pretty well-known among us.



Triumphal Arch in the Place de Meir.

From the crowded hall of the *locale* of the Bourse, resounding | with *vivas* and enthusiastic with much postprandial speech-

making, I emerged upon the more crowded thoroughfares. The whole of Belgium appeared to have flocked into the town and gorged the brilliantly illuminated streets to repletion. The

scene was animated and varied by that constant kaleidoscopic shifting of form and colour so characteristic of continental holidays. Scarcely a moment passed but some glittering procession



Sea-gate on the Place Sainte Walburge.

of priests, ablaze with golden vestments and silken banners, passed through the crowd, who knelt as the cortège proceeded

on its way. There was a constant hurrying to and fro of the hundred and one choral societies congregated in the city, chant-



Arch in the Place de la Commune.

ing their marches, glees, and catches on their way to compete for some vocal prize, or while in procession with the numerous

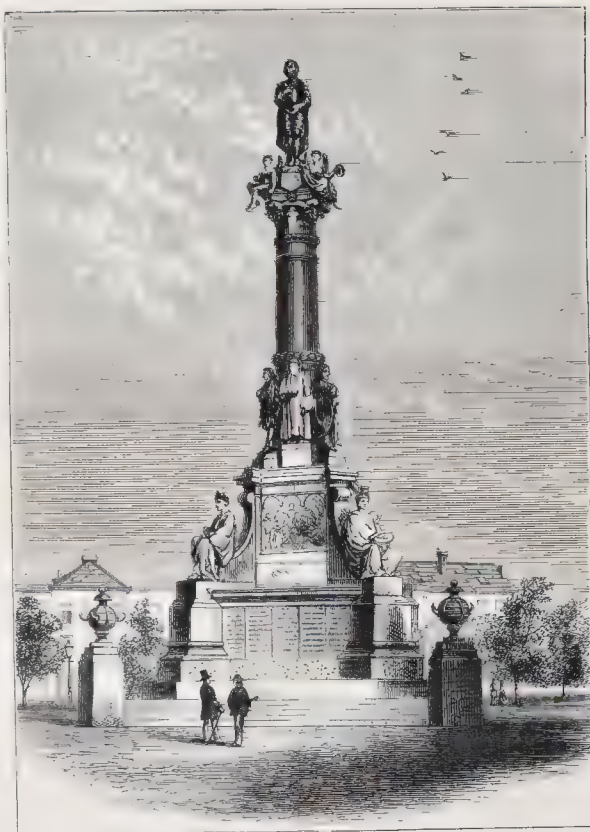
guilds of anglers, or printers, or blacksmiths, who, in the full panoply of trade insignia, perambulate the town. At one end

of the Place de Meir, close to the Rue des Tanneurs, stood one of the four imposing triumphal arches erected by the town to add completeness to their scheme of street decorations employed during the fêtes; and it is to give the reader some idea of the costliness and taste with which these same decorations were conceived that the triumphal arches on the Place de Meir, the Place de la Commune, the Place Sainte Walburge, and the temporary column erected on the Marché aux Chevaux have been selected to form the illustrations accompanying this article.

On Monday the town was up and abroad by cock-crow, roused from its well-earned but brief repose by the din of the customary *salves d'artillerie*, *carillons*, and *sonnerie des cloches*, without which a Flemish holiday would be incomplete. I had scarcely time to eat a hurried breakfast before my presence was demanded on the Place Verte, to take my place in the cortège organized by the Académie Royale des Beaux Arts of Antwerp, for the purpose of a state visit to the Museum to unveil a bust of Rubens, executed at the command of the town by M. Jules Pecher. There was a general salute from the military, who formed a cordon round the Rubens statue, as the Burgomaster, clad in full official uniform, and accompanied by the several high officials of the State who were to lend dignity and splendour to the procession, entered the square. After much introducing and bowing and saluting the procession is formed, and headed by the inevitable military band, and preceded by four boys, who carry on a kind of bier the handsome bronze wreath which is destined to be laid on the tomb of Rubens as a permanent memorial of the Tercentenary, the cortège slowly defiles out of the place. The streets are densely packed with sight-seers to witness our progress to the Museum; necks are craned from every window and all traffic suspended along the route. In the vestibule of the Museum, ornamented by the mural paintings of De Keyser, the scene is animated in the extreme; groups of ladies crowd the steps of the staircase leading into the building, while the marble floor of the hall itself is thronged with rich diplomatic costumes and resplendent military uniforms. On the right hand of the vestibule as one enters, and facing the marble statue of the senator-painter Van Brée, is the shrouded bust of Rubens; and after a few vigorous words from the Burgomaster the signal is given, and as the muslin drapery, which up to the present has enveloped the bust, falls to the ground, a shout of admiration greets the well-known features of the great Fleming as they are exposed to view. The manner in which M. Jules Pecher has executed the difficult commission with which the town entrusted him, is beyond all

praise. The noble head of Rubens is represented, in colossal size, and the breadth and firmness of the modelling of the splendid block of white marble, which rests upon an ornate column of Florentine bronze, shows that the accomplished sculptor is a perfect master of the material at his command. One of the most praiseworthy points of the bust is the admirable manner in which M. Pecher has overcome the difficulties of the drapery of the cloak: this is disposed in some finely arranged folds around the breast. Addresses having been delivered on behalf of the Antwerp Academy by the director, M. N. de Keyser, on the part of the Government by M. Rosseau, and by M. Alvin, president of the Royal Academy of Belgium, the procession is reformed, and we are once more marshalled through the crowded streets to the cathedral, where

a Te Deum is performed. The sumptuous service of the Roman Catholic Church is celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of banner, candle, and incense; while trumpets and kettledrums and organ and choir fill the interior of the magnificent pile with a volume of harmony which is exquisite in its sensuous reverential appeal to the memory of the great painter. The Te Deum over, we once more march through the streets to the church of St. Jacques, where, as the programme tells us, a solemn visit is to be paid to the tomb of Rubens, and the bronze chaplet, which has been consecrated in the cathedral, placed upon his grave. But by the time we had arrived at the last resting-place of Rubens, the throng, which had been continually adding increased numbers to the ranks of our cortège, became so great that there was a tremendous surging and pushing round the gates of St. Jacques by the thousands who were eager to witness the performance of this tribute to the memory of Rubens. There was hardly space to place the oak-wreath on the grave, so eager were those behind to crowd to



Temporary Column in the Marché aux Chevaux.

the front; so that that which was intended for a solemn and decorous observance became a rough unseemly struggle to place garlands of laurels or chaplets of immortelles upon the tomb.

These items, as I have briefly described them, formed the principal events of the Rubens Tercentenary, of which the town has reason to be proud; for without one single exception, every engagement made with the public by the Committee of Organization was carried out with due observance of punctuality; whilst the munificent manner in which the fêtes were inaugurated may be estimated from the fact that the sum granted by the municipality to defray the expenses of the decorations, processions, and illuminations during the week is said to have amounted to the princely sum of 500,000 f.

ATHOL MATHEW.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

THE Director of the French Gallery marks the advent of the twenty-fifth year of its existence by adorning its walls with several pictures of more than ordinary historic and artistic interest. Although among the one hundred and ninety-two paintings composing the present collection there are, as usual, many small cabinet and not a few miniature works, still there are three or four examples which, both from their size and importance, are fairly entitled to be called "gallery pictures."

Foremost among these is 'The Outrage at Anagni' on the arrogant Boniface VIII., which attracted universal attention and admiration at the *Salon* this year. The artist is Albert Maignan, pupil of M. Luminais, and with the exception of the late John Cross, who addressed himself successfully to a similar theme, viz. 'The Murder of Thomas à Becket,' which has been unworthily relegated to a dark corner in Canterbury Cathedral, we have no one in the British school at all comparable to him in imparting dignity and impressiveness to historic incident. Boniface VIII. was, at the close of the thirteenth century, quite as much a thorn in the side of Philip the Fair of France as was Thomas à Becket in that of Henry II. a century before, and their defiant pride brought both to an untimely end. Clad in the rich white mantle of St. Peter, holding the keys and cross, and wearing the tiara, the aged Boniface stands at the top of the steps leading to the Papal chair, defiant and majestic, in the act of uttering, as it were, to Colonna and the other armed emissaries of the king, some of whom as they surge round the bottom of the steps stand abashed and awestruck, the words which tradition attributes to him: "Here is my neck, here my head. Strike! but I will die Pope!" There is wonderful unity in the design, vigour in the composition, and all through the work a boldness of handling in perfect keeping with an incident so dramatic and intense.

To the right of this picture hangs one of the masterpieces of Wilkie, 'The Chelsea Pensioners reading the *Gazette* announcing the News of the Battle of Waterloo'—a work which has never been seen before, except when hung in the Academy, out of the gallery of Apsley House. It was painted for the Great Duke in 1822. According to Allan Cunningham, Wilkie expended on its production an immense amount of study and brain force; and when exhibited at the Royal Academy, such was the public excitement that it had to be protected by a barrier from the eager crowds that gathered round it. Nearly half a century elapsed before a like guard was required, and the instance, if we remember rightly, was that of Frith's 'Derby Day.' Like Maignan's 'Boniface,' this Waterloo picture of Wilkie's is intensely dramatic, and of all the many figures introduced there is not one but contributes to the unity of the whole. The pensioner reading the *Gazette* is the central object, and towards him the attention of all the others is eagerly directed. We need scarcely refer to the variety of expression, character, age, and nationality we see in this picture, and which Wilkie has so cunningly made subservient to his one grand object of telling the news of the great battle. But, considering how many of the great painter's works are cracking and showing other palpable symptoms of decay, it is gratifying to be able to draw attention to the perfectly sound state of this work. Wilkie had not in 1821 begun to experiment with "quick driers," or yield to the fatal seductions of asphaltum, and the consequence is that the picture looks as fresh and brilliant now as when it first left the easel, more than half a century ago.

As a pendant and companion to Wilkie's 'Waterloo' we have J. Burnet's 'Greenwich Pensioners hearing the Tidings of the Battle of Trafalgar.' Of all his contemporaries, Burnet was undoubtedly the fittest man to attempt such a work. Like Wilkie, he was a character painter, had a like sense of humour, and a similar dramatic instinct; but all fell short in degree, and

such shortcoming measured the difference between high respectability and triumphant success of performance—between mechanical or grammatical perfection, and the result of what we call inspiration—the outcome, so to speak, of what genius has brooded over.

First of all, it will be noted that J. Burnet has none of that purity and freshness of colour so characteristic of Wilkie: the general tendency here is towards foxiness. Secondly, although there is no lack of individual characterization, he fails to make his power in this respect subservient to the unity of his work. Whereas Wilkie focuses all his interest into a simple group, and leads the eye directly to the centre of that group, where the old pensioner reads the news, Burnet scatters the interest by the introduction of three different groups; and upon no single figure, even of that which is the main one, can the spectator place his finger, and say, as he does in Wilkie's case, here is the dominating centre of the whole composition. In spite of these drawbacks, however, J. Burnet has given us an historic work of undoubted trustworthiness and importance; and were it not for the presence of Wilkie's 'Waterloo,' we should be inclined to add, of the highest artistic excellence.

Opposite the three works just noticed hangs a large scripture subject by Gabriel Max, the Bavarian, who, it will be remembered, attracted, a few seasons back, much attention by his fascinating picture of the 'Handkerchief of Veronica.' The artist seems to be perfectly master of whatever is religiously emotional, especially when the feeling can have a sad turn given to it. In the picture before us, for example—'Christ Raising Jairus' Daughter' (156)—we see our Saviour sitting on the bedside, all in dark shadow, and holding tenderly in his hand of the reviving maiden, who, in a pink garment, which asserts itself timidly amidst the surrounding white of the bed, comes gradually back to life, with much sweetness of face, but with no anticipatory symptom on it of gladness or gratitude. Such a cheerful way of looking at the subject would, we suspect, have been quite foreign to Gabriel Max's habit of mind.

This artist's idiosyncrasy asserts itself again, in another important work which holds the place of honour in the far end of the room, and has for subject, 'Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, contemplating the Body of a Dead Child' (101). All in shadow the unhappy Jew leans upon his elbow, and with his chin resting in his hand he contemplates wistfully the sweet child laid out in the white ceremonies of death, and yearns after that blissful state of peace and rest which may not be the portion of his troubled and weary soul. The subject, like the preceding, is treated with great subtlety and tenderness, and the religiously sensitive will rejoice in the contemplation of both.

Above Gabriel Max's Raising of Jairus' Daughter hangs a most vigorously painted life-sized figure by Hilda Montalba, representing 'A Venetian Girl' (155), carrying two great copper pails. The painting of these last, like the colouring throughout—especially where we catch a glimpse of the water and the sky—is so charming, that we regret the artist has not carried the modelling of the girl's face a little further. We are quite satisfied that Miss Hilda Montalba painted the fall of the girl's shawl just as she saw it; but we cannot help saying that she might have seen, before she began to paint, that the fall was stiff and in lines not spontaneous or natural. The same beauty of colour appears in this artist's 'Taking a Rest;' and here also we should like to see a little more work thrown into the figure.

Another pleasing figure is that by J. H. Walker, of a gracious young girl in a close yellow dress, looking towards the hill-side, 'Waiting' (8). To the same category of ably executed life-sized work belong Mrs. Henry Merritt's 'Quadroon Woman and Child of New Orleans waiting for a Purchaser' (100), and Madame E. Cortauld Arendrup's 'Egyptian Sugar-cane

Seller' (169), whom we see in pale blue loose robes. There is good promise in C. T. Garland's 'Castle of Indolence,' a young girl seated in an arbour playing with dogs: the artist's colouring is modest and refined, and his composition is good.

From L. Munthe, the Norwegian painter, we have a couple of his strongly suggestive pictures, and, strange to say, one of them is not a winter-piece, but, on the contrary, a very charming representation of 'Golden Autumn' (26). Among other delicious bits of continental landscape we would call attention to 'Harvest Time' (31) and 'A Winter's Night' (189), by A. Windmaier. Interesting also for the manner in which each subject has been worked out in a grey tone are 'The Gossip at the Algerian Well' (9), by H. Lazerges, and 'The Vestal Tuccia' (28), by H. Leroux. G. F. Teniswood's pretty little picture called 'Daybreak' is welcome, if only as a change from those moonlight scenes with which the name of this artist is so closely identified.

W. Lommens, the German artist, sends two remarkably well conceived and executed pictures, the one called 'Repairing the Roads, Elberfeld,' in which we see a four-horse roller at work, and the other 'Carting Timber from the Rhine' (24), which makes the spectator wince again when he beholds the carman in the very act of lashing the fine horse across the head. This action of the driver is by far too cleverly represented to be pleasant. There are several miniature works of such men as H. Kauffmann, C. Mayr Gruz, Ph. Sadée, and C. Seilar, which will be examined lovingly, not to mention the delicious landscapes of our own B. W. Leader, and the interesting figure subjects of J. Hayllar, Kate Bisschop, and J. B. Burgess. The flowers of Mrs. B. W. Leader and of Miss Leader are marked by vigour and refinement in the handling, and purity in the colouring—qualities not always combined in the same artist.

THE EVERARD GALLERIES, NEW COVENTRY STREET.

IF one wishes to find an exhaustive exposition of the present state of Continental Art, he must seek the galleries of Mr. P. L. Everard, which occupy the large block of buildings at the top of New Coventry Street: forming now one of the best galleries of London.

The works exhibited amount to four hundred; and not only are the various schools represented by the best masters, but in many instances by their best works. Let us take, for example, the late N. Diaz, whose sketches realised at the Salle Druot sixteen thousand pounds. Here is a little picture of his called 'After the Storm' (218), which for strength stands on a level with Dupré. Again, 'Children and Dogs surprised by a Vulture,' lighting on a fence immediately in front of them, shows such thorough intelligence in the massing of light and shade, and in giving a gem-like quality to colour, that we cannot imagine anything finer in the whole school to which it belongs. The scarlet jacket of the boy by the cunning play of light becomes rich and precious as a ruby.

If we would behold the Rembrandtish power which Decamps sometimes threw into his pictures we cannot do better than look at his 'Turkish School Children' (313), busy at their lessons. Such a subject treated by an ordinary artist would be regarded simply as a bit of genre, but in the hands of Decamps it rises into the region of high Art. If, again, we would view the pathetic side of Troyon's character it will be found in his touching figure of the girl 'Alone in the World' (236). Both these pictures were in the famous collection of Baron de Hauff. One of the grandest landscapes, moreover, which Troyon ever painted, and which Mr. Everard has sold for three thousand guineas, is here. It represents 'La Vallée de la Tocque,' in Normandy, and shows in the foreground a flat wooden bridge crossing a placid stream, with two boys fishing to the right and some cattle drinking to the left, all overshadowed by tall poplars and other stately trees, beyond which the landscape carries the eye into the most lovely distance.

Again, if Meissonier ever painted a masterpiece it was surely

his 'Liseur' (417). G. E. Vibert's picture of 'Gulliver in the Island of Lilliput' (420) is an old acquaintance we are glad to see again.

Another master, though reaching his ends by quite different means to these, is the late Professor Van Lierus, whose 'Godiva' Mr. Everard sold to the Belgian Government last season that it might be placed in the Antwerp Museum. In the present exhibition there are three pictures from the Professor's hand, viz., 'Meditation' (250), 'Undine' (262) dressing her hair by an oak-tree, and 'The Triumph of Virtue' (233)—unquestionably the most powerful work he ever produced. The poor semi-nude girl, in her tattered under-dress, who has a few minutes ago been bought and sold, stands triumphant but aghast, for she has just struck to the heart with his own dagger the villain who has paid that old hag the handful of gold pieces she is now gloating over that he might be admitted to the scantily appointed chamber of the girl. The heroic maiden, with on the one hand the dying gallant, whose foreshortened face is worthy the old masters, and on the other the wicked creature who has sold her, is a subject of thrilling interest enough, and it is delightful to see with what force of light and shade and with what purity of treatment he has managed it. The artist has given sublime loftiness to the sentiment, and painted its embodying incident in such wise as can never be forgotten by any one who has once seen it.

Another distinguished Belgian artist is Ernest Singeneyer, who also is represented by some of the best work he ever executed. For example, his 'Christian Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian,' which created so much interest in the London Exhibition of 1862, is here; so also is 'An Episode of Saint Bartholomew' (84), representing a family of Huguenots surprised by the soldiers of Charles IX. on a lofty terrace, whither they had fled for safety.

Then we have that brilliant picture of Roybet's, which represents four 'Amateurs of Engravings' examining in a sumptuously appointed room the contents of a set of portfolios. The 'Ante-chamber in the Vatican' (191), also was painted, so far as the figures go, by Roybet, and has this further interest added to it, that Fortuny painted the whole of the gorgeously furnished apartment, as the canvas shows by the stamp of sale in the corner. We have also exquisite examples by Madrazo, Fortuny's brother-in-law, and of Domingo, whose 'Preparing for the Duel' (175), a man waiting for his adversary in a cabaret with naked sword, while some men play cards unconcernedly in the dim interior, many people, and not by any means without reason, compare to Meissonier. There are desirable works also by the Roman artist Cortazzo, the Frenchman Tissot, and the Belgian Louis Gallait, who has just finished portraits of the King and Queen, to be placed in the Museum of Brussels, and for which the Government paid the artist four thousand pounds.

We have by no means exhausted the representative men to be found in M. Everard's galleries. Ary Scheffer, Edward Frère, M. Munkacsy, Alfred Stevens, Weber, Couture, Paul Delaroche, Philippoteaux, De Haas, Escosura, and many others, are to be found on the walls in such number and quality as can be equalled in no other gallery of London.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION, NEW BOND STREET.

THIS is the Fine Art Society's second autumn exhibition, and it is restricted, as before, to the works of artists not members of either of the Water Colour Societies. None of the pictures have been exhibited before, and many of them have been sketched on the spot—facts which bring to the visitor assurance of novelty and freshness: they are one hundred and thirty-four in number, and although we can only name a few, there is not one of them without interest.

Harry Hine, son of the member of the Water Colour Institute, sends two drawings of great sweetness, one representing 'A Misty Morning in Spring, near Shafford Mill, St. Albans' (8), and the other a view of 'Durham Cathedral from below Framwellgate Bridge.' W. Filsbury is another artist who works with

a sensitive pencil. 'The Birthplace of Bishop Latimer' (29), a long, low, cottage-like structure of red brick, at the side of which we see a peasant boy with some cocks and hens before him, though scarcely so broad in effect as we could wish, is a drawing of the most exquisite manipulation; and his 'Summer Evening' (53), reflected in a lake whose stillness is only ruffled by the double silver streak left behind by the coot which skims its bosom, reminds us both in handling and colour of Frederick Walker. Lennox Brown—a name new to us in Art—shows in his 'Welsh Weather' (26), a sketch taken at Bettws-y-Coed, a ready aptitude for seizing local characteristics. The tumbling waters, silvery where broken, and peat-coloured where smooth, he has reproduced with truth and spirit. We would call attention also to the fine mist effect in A. W. Weedon's 'Dubh Loch, Ross-shire' (28). Nor must we omit naming H. A. Harper's two drawings, glowing with all the fervent light and heat of the tropics, viz. 'The Mountain of Deliverance' (68), overlooking the sandy plain where Moses and Miriam are supposed to have sung the grand Song of Deliverance, and 'The Wilderness of Shin' (85), where the Israelites found no water. Cecil Lawson's landscape of 'Autumn Morning' (43), is original in its treatment, and yet perfectly workmanlike in its carrying out. The black crows fluttering in the left foreground, and the two grey horses ploughing in the middle distance, lead the eye naturally across a picturesque valley, which loses itself in the far distance. We would call attention also to E. Wake Cook's 'Thames near Henley' (44), W. W. Ball's 'Slow Returning Tide' (57), to David Law's 'Highland Peat Moss' (95), a splendid drawing, and his view of 'The Thames near Marlow' (97). Mark Fisher's little landscape representing a piece of sedgy water, produced with a swift and effective touch, places him also among the notable contributors to the present exhibition. We see plainly much promise and no mean performance in J. E. Bingley's 'Summer Holiday' (111), in Maud Naftel's 'Iridescent Glass' (127) and her 'Roses' (131), and in C. J. Barraud's two lovers in a boat passing 'A Sweet and Dreamy Hour in Life's Brief Day' (117). Mrs. Paul J. Naftel's lady in pale green, 'Uncertain' (114) as to the letter which lies in her lap, is a figure of much grace and sweetness. We would draw attention also to Ellen Montalba's 'Venetian Girl' (61). Sutton Palmer's 'Kentish Common' (73) looks very much like the promise of another great landscape painter being added to the English school.

Among the many Belgian artists—and Blommers, Taanman, Sadée, Klinkenberg, and Candel, are among them—W. C. Nakken will perhaps attract the most attention, on account of his two splendid drawings of a laden wain in 'Harvest Time' (41 and 49). In one waggon are five horses, in the other four. These and the accompanying figures are most naturally arranged, and touched in with masterly skill. The first named carried off two gold medals.

The Fine Art Society has devoted its up-stairs gallery to the exhibition of Herr A. Liezen Mayer's fifty cartoons illustrative of Goethe's *Faust*. When first exhibited at Munich the Art world's surprise was very soon succeeded by delight and admiration. Here was an artist of the realistic school who had succeeded in bringing the great national poet before the German people and the world in a new light; and although it seems impossible to supplant in popular estimation some of the renderings of Cornelius, Kaulbach, and Scheffer, by the substitution of Liezen Mayer's work, there are nevertheless many illustrations by this imaginative realist—if the phrase be not paradoxical—which will seize on the mind and become a portion of the world's Art wealth. It is this conviction which has prompted the publication of the series. These cartoons are by no means of equal merit. Sometimes the figures, as in 'The Dance of the Peasants,' are unnecessarily clownish and heavy, or too short, as 'Valentine following Faust;' in others the light is too scattered, and in one or two instances the dark and the light are transposed, as in 'The Apparition,' to the injury of the effect. Generally speaking, however, the artist understands perfectly the value of chiaroscuro, and how to mass with commanding result his light and shade. As illustrative of Liezen Mayer in his

supreme mood, we would name 'Faust in his Study,' 'Margaret coming from Church,' 'Faust in Margaret's Chamber,' 'He loves me,' indeed, all the drawings in which Margaret figures. The work is to be published in a volume with English text, and thirteen of the choicest designs have already been engraved and will be published separately.

THE McLEAN GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THIS little gallery is devoted to the exhibition of a choice collection of water-colour drawings by British and foreign artists. They are one hundred and sixty-one in number, and the general effect of the gallery is further enhanced by the presence of five pieces of statuary by Count D'Epinay, respectively representing Innocence, Summer, Winter, Spring, and Autumn.

Among the more sparkling drawings may be mentioned F. J. Skill's 'Haymaking at Streatley-on-Thames' (3), and his 'Last Load—Evening' (9); the former cool and grey, the latter rich and warm, but both washed in with a light and intelligent brush. Equally deserving of admiration are 'The Moors near Siabod' (16), by E. M. Wimperis; 'Amberley Church and Bridge' (15), by James Orrock; 'A Sussex Common and Clouds' (25), by John Steeple; and 'On the Beach' (24), showing three boats and some geese on a benty slope of the sea.

Clara Montalba's 'Unloading Salt, Venice' (20), is an upright picture, full of force, colour, and luminousness. We seem to stand on the quay and watch the semi-nude porters as they push along with their heavy burden of salt on their shoulders. It is worthy of notice, perhaps, that these Venetian labourers who unload the ship carry their loads precisely as do the shore porters in Lower Thames Street. J. D. Linton sends a couple of his golden-toned drawings, the one representing a luxurious group of 'Lotus Eaters' (23) seated by a fountain, and the other a 'Hurdy-gurdy Player' (39), seated on a low table, trollying out lustily some favourite ballad. Basil Bradley's drawing of 'Ivry, Paris, with Bercy in the distance' (42), is important alike from size and quality. In the foreground is a great wood-waggon with four white horses, on the quay, all admirable in drawing down to the veriest detail in harness; and the eye from this point wanders away into the distance as naturally as possible. F. Tayler sends an equally clever, though rather more sketchy drawing, of a 'Horse and Peasant—Bretagne' (49). Remarkably good also is 'The Peat Gatherers' (54), by E. Ellis, and 'The Hop Pickers' (60), by W. Small. Miss Montalba's 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice' (57), has all the force and spirit characteristic of this artist's works. The very worshippers whom in this picture we see kneeling are as earnest in their attitude as if they meant to take heaven by storm.

Among other attractive masters very fairly represented on the walls of this gallery must be mentioned Alma-Tadema with his 'Flute Player' (46), J. D. Watson with his 'Elopement' (48), G. G. Kilburne with shoemaker pointing to the new shoes as a perfect fit (61), and E. K. Johnson's girl in white leaning against a tree 'Listening to the Nightingale' (64). There are also several examples of those pretty little semi-nude classicalities which W. S. Coleman delineates with so much purity.

A replica of F. Dyckman's well-known picture of 'The Blind Beggar' (79), occupies the place of honour in the far end of the gallery, and round it gather some capital examples of the handiwork of Carl Haag, Joseph Israels, E. Frère, Fred. Goodall, and G. Dodgson. We would call also special attention to the flowers of Mrs. Coleman Angell, and to 'The Apples and Plums' (123) lying on a mossy bank, by W. Hough. The drawings altogether are bright and varied, both as to choice of subject and mode of treatment, and the exhibition cannot be pronounced other than cheerful and interesting.

MR. TOOTH'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

NEAR to Mr. McLean's is Mr. Arthur Tooth's gallery, similar to that we have just noticed, only instead of water-colour drawings we have a collection of carefully chosen cabinet

pictures in oil. The place of honour is worthily occupied by a powerfully pathetic picture by Frank Holl. It is called 'Gone,' and represents three poor women and a little girl, all in deep affliction, standing grouped together on a railway platform, watching the early train glide out of the station. The central figure is a young mother with a baby in her arms, into whose face she gazes tearfully, as if she would say, "Dada is gone now, darling, and our hearts must therefore twine together all the more closely." Mr. Holl has not gone in for detail or any needless accessories. The pose and action of the three poor women and little girl express the sentiment of the story plainly enough, and having done this the artist did not care to call unnecessarily on the further attention of the spectator. We find no fault, therefore, with the sketchy and phantom character of the departing train, nor complain that the artist has not given a Dutch-like finish to still-life objects which it was sufficient for his purpose barely to suggest. The subdued key in which Mr. Holl has chosen to work harmonizes in a soothing manner with an occasion so melancholy; and in depicting an incident of this kind he has touched the universal human heart, for the sorrow of parting comes home to all of us,

high and low, some time or other, and makes us all kin. Mr. Holl has our hearty congratulation.

Among the more prominent of the other contributors may be mentioned J. B. Burgess and Haynes Williams, with their 'Spanish Ladies,' Hamilton Macallum with 'Stranraer' and its luminous water, and other able exponents of the Scotch school, such as J. Macwhirter, E. Nicol, A.R.A., John Burr, Peter Graham, T. Faed, R.A., and J. Pettie, R.A. The contribution of the last-named is a powerful sketch of a red-robed cardinal walking with a roll in his hand. We would call special attention to the remarkably clever animal pictures of J. C. Dollman, and to the fine character painting in H. Helmick's 'Hope of the Family' (55) and his three Irishmen in the lawyer's office, one of whom examines with rueful countenance 'The Cost of the Suit.' Besides the pictures we have named there are several pretty little bits from the hands of H. S. Marks, A.R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., B. W. Leader, L. J. Pott, J. M. Carrick, J. J. Tissot, and J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., all of whom we meet elsewhere, but rarely anywhere without our admiration being called forth. The pictures in all number one hundred and sixty-seven.

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH DURHAM, A.R.A., F.S.A.

IT is with very much regret we record the death, on the 27th of October last, of this well-known sculptor, whose works have for many years been before the public in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. We are preparing a notice of Mr. Durham and his productions, several of which have been engraved at various times, for our next number.

WILLIAM RAILTON.

This architect died at Brighton on the 13th of October. His name is most familiar to the public as associated with the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square; his design being selected in competition from a large number of others on two separate occasions in 1839, sculptors as well as architects having entered the lists for the prize. Among the former were Messrs. M. L. Watson, Lough, Woodington, P. Hollins, P. Park, and others. An engraving on steel of the Column appeared in our Journal of the year 1850, from a clever drawing by the late George Hawkins.

ALEXANDER MACLEAN.

By the death of this painter, on the 30th of October, we have lost an artist whose early works gave abundant promise of great future excellence. His first picture exhibited at the Royal

Academy was, if our memory serves us rightly, 'The Last Resource,' contributed in 1872; 'Day Dreams,' exhibited in the following year, is another of his works: of this picture we spoke in commendable terms at the time, as showing throughout "a well-directed taste." His 'Covent Garden Market,' exhibited in 1874, attracted still more general attention. In the following year he sent nothing to the Academy, but in 1876 appeared his 'Looking Back.' A more notable work, however, is that exhibited by him last year, 'At the Railings, St. Paul's, Covent Garden,' a capital pendant to his 'Market' scene of 1874. Mr. MacLean had been in delicate health for some time, and went to Hastings in the hope of recovery, but died there.

JOSEPH CHARLES REED.

The name of this artist, who died on the 26th of October, has long appeared on the list of members of the Institute of Water Colour Painters. His landscapes, often of a large size, and of scenery in all parts of the United Kingdom, were generally very highly elaborated and full of colour: if the term "dramatic" may be used to describe a certain kind of landscape painting, it may not inappropriately be applied to Mr. Reed's pictures, which are undoubtedly clever, but showy. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-five.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Engraved by H. BALDING, from the Statue by M. NOBLE.

THIS right royal looking statue of Her Majesty—one of the most recent works of the late Matthew Noble—is placed in one of the corridors of St. Thomas's Hospital, on the Albert Embankment of the Thames. It is a gift to the institution from Sir John Musgrove, Bart., President of the Hospital, who commissioned the sculptor to execute the work in commemoration of the laying of the foundation stone of the building—one of the most striking objects, we may observe, that adorns our noble river—and also as a memorial of the opening ceremony, at both of which the Queen officiated in person. The statue is life-size and in marble; and was exhibited at the Academy in 1874, before its removal to its present home, where unfortunately it is

seen only in a very indifferent light, being placed in a kind of recess in the centre of the principal corridor, formed by a flight of wide steps leading to the upper wards; the only light it receives comes from the left of the spectator as he looks on the figure, which is very much in the dark. By the way, we regret to find, by the report of a recent meeting of the governors, that a very large number of beds remains unoccupied, simply from want of funds.

The statue is designed majestically and boldly, rather than gracefully, in its lines; it is, however, executed with great care throughout, and shows Her Majesty, in regal costume and with the insignia of her imperial dignity, as "every inch a Queen."





ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



AMONG the various "out-of-the-way corners of Art" to which, from time to time, I have devoted, and still trust to devote, brief occasional chapters in the *Art Journal*, few present such a diversity of style and cover such a wide range of subjects, or are possessed of so much real interest, as that I have now chosen for a few pages of illustration. The ballads of the "good old times"—those ballads of the people which Macaulay declared to be the groundwork of history—often rich in humour, and almost invariably full of historical allusions and of information on manners and customs, habits and sentiments, costume, trades and occupations, traditions, beliefs, and superstitions, are not half sufficiently understood, nor are their importance and value appreciated to the extent they deserve to be. Whether in the versification itself or in the curious woodcuts with which they are adorned, the ballads of past times bring perhaps more vividly before us than does any other class of literature the habits of those times, and give us innumerable "missing links" that help to connect together the otherwise broken chains of history and of antiquarian research. However coarse and uncouth the modes of expression may be—and that in some ballads the expressions are, to our modern notions, coarse and indelicate in the extreme, is certain—or however rudely executed

may be the woodcuts with which they are accompanied, something good and something useful may be learned from each; and the patient and intelligent student who refers to them for information cannot rise from their examination without having gained something which he will be able to turn to good account in after days, in whatever course of study he may be engaged.

Ballads are, indeed, a rich storehouse of knowledge, to which all with properly directed minds may resort for information and for instruction at all times, and on a multiplicity of subjects. They form not only the groundwork of history, but serve as illustrations and "proofs" of history, and help to clear up and unravel many obscure points and knotty questions.

Some of the earliest known printed ballads are preserved among the valuable collection of broadsides in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, and others of early date are included in the famous Roxburghe and Pepys collections, and in other public and private collections. The earlier ballads are, as a matter of course, printed in "black letter;" and this kind of type continued in use for them—or rather for some of them—until about the year 1700. "When ballads," says Mr. Chappell, "were intended for the exclusive use of the ordinary ballad buyers, they were printed in 'black letter,' a thick kind of Old English type that was retained for that especial purpose for a



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

century and a half after it had fallen into desuetude, and nearly a century of disuse, for books. According to Pepys, who was a contemporary authority, the use of black letter ceased about the year 1700. On the title-page of his volumes he describes them as *My Collection of Ballads, Begun by Mr. Selden, Improved by ye addition of many Pieces elder thereto in Time, and the whole continued down to the year 1700, When the Form, till then peculiar thereto, vizt. of the Black Letter, with Picturs, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the White Letter without Pictures*. "White letter" printing of non-political street ballads may be said broadly to have commenced about 1685, and of political ballads about half a century earlier."

The collection of ballads known as the "Roxburghe" was originally formed by Robert Harley (eldest son of Sir Robert Harley), created in 1711 Baron Harley of Wigmore, Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer, to whom also is due the lasting honour of forming the priceless and matchless "Harleian Collection of Manuscripts," now among the greatest treasures of

the British Museum. At the dispersion by sale of the Earl of Oxford's printed books, his ballads were bought by James West, President of the Royal Society, at whose death they were again sold (March, 1773), and became the property of Major Thomas Pearson for, it is said, twenty pounds. The lot was entered in the sale catalogue as *A curious collection of Old Ballads, in number above 1,200, &[lack] &[etter], with curious frontispieces. 3 Vols.* By Major Pearson the collection was re-arranged and bound, more than a century ago, in two volumes, with the addition of several ballads, and also with printed indexes and title pages. At his death, in 1788, the collection was again sold. This time the "numerous and matchless collection of old ballads are all printed in the black letter, and decorated with many hundred wooden prints; they are pasted upon paper with borders, printed on purpose, round each ballad, also a printed title and index to each volume;" being bought by the Duke of Roxburghe for twenty-six pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence. To this collection the duke added some fresh ballads, and also a third volume of later effusions, including "many

white-letter ballads, chiefly of the last century, and, in some cases, so late in the century as to number within it a song by Burns." The collection, however, was sufficiently enlarged by the duke to take his name, and has ever since been known as the "Roxburghe Ballads." At the duke's death the three volumes of ballads were, in 1813, sold to the Shaksperian scholar, Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright, second son of Richard Bright, of Ham Green, Bristol, and of Colwall, in Herefordshire, for four hundred and forty-seven pounds fifteen shillings; about four hundred and twenty-one pounds more than the duke had given for them. Mr. Bright, who added a fourth volume of eighty-five pages of black-letter ballads to the collection, died in 1843, and at the sale of his library the three Roxburghe

by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the time so well as ballads and libels." The Roxburghe collection, numbering about one thousand four hundred

and sixty-six ballads, of which ten, at all events, were printed before 1584, tell pretty well, both in political and social matters, "which way the wind blew" in the days wherein they were written and sung.

The Pepys collection of ballads was, as just stated on the authority of quaint old Samuel Pepys himself, commenced by the learned John Selden (whose father, be it remembered, was a musician or "minstrel," as he is described in the parish register of his own parish), who

died in 1654, in his seventieth year, and continued and much enlarged as well as enriched by other ballads "elder thereto



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

volumes were bought for the British Museum for five hundred and thirty-five pounds, and his own additional volume for twenty-five pounds five shillings. The "Roxburghe Ballads," of whose history these brief particulars will doubtless be of interest, now form one of the choicest and best guarded of literary treasures in the Museum library. "It is," says Mr. Chappell, "by miscellaneous collections of this kind only that the true state and character of the age, political and otherwise, can be estimated, with all its struggling elements at work." As Selden said, "Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sets; as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is; which you shall not do



Fig. 6.

in point of time," by the diarist himself. The collection of ballads "in the Black Letter with Pictures" was continued by

Pepys till close upon the date of his death, 1703, when, by will, dated in May in that year, he gave the use of his valuable library and collection of prints to his nephew, John Jackson (second son of his sister Paulina) for life, and then to go to Magdalen College, Cambridge, there to be placed, subject to certain restrictions and regulations, in the sole custody of the master of that college for the time being. There the Pepys collection of ballads still very properly remains; but improperly, or unwisely, they remain

almost a sealed book to the lover of ballad lore. The Ballad Society, which is doing a valuable service by printing the

Roxburghe and other collections, desired to turn their first attention to the Pepysian treasures, and application to that end was some years back made to the college authorities. "The answer received was to the effect that the master and fellows of Magdalene had for some time had the intention of some day printing the collection themselves—were indeed then indexing it; that in no case would the college print the collection entire, but that they might soon issue a part of it under the charge of one of their Fellows." Thus these treasures still remain hidden, and are likely to be so. Their publication is a matter which men of letters have earnestly desired for a century, and it is to be regretted that so rich a mine of literary and artistic treasures remains so long locked up from those who would make valuable use of them in elucidating history. The collection is composed of five volumes, and contains about eighteen hundred ballads, of which nearly fourteen hundred are in black letter; and the Pepys collection, in addition, contains a hundred and twelve *Penny Merriments* and *Garlands* of ballads, arranged in three other volumes. Other collections of ballads, of more or less note, are in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, the Chetham Library, and many other public and private libraries. The immense variety of the ballads, and their astonishing number, show their extreme popularity; that popularity being incontrovertible evidence of the estimation in which

they were held, and of the hold they had on the public mind and taste. It also proves their value at the present day to the student, who would unlock their allusions to the sentiments and the feelings, the manners and the habits, the political and social relations, and the trades and occupations of the people, and would turn them to good historical account.

Singing was in former days one of the necessities, not a mere accomplishment, of English social life. Every one sang, and ballad-singing was the order of the day, ay, and also of the night, among people of every class, and dancing was its common accompaniment. "*Ball, ballet, and ballad*," writes Mr. Chappell, "are kindred words, derived from the same Greek root (*βαλλειν*), and when the English people danced they strengthened the music by their song. It was not mere natural singing—all were taught to sing, rich and poor. The education of the poor was reading, writing, grammar, and music; and in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign these four qualifications of the children educated in Bridewell were advertised as recommendations

for their being taken as servants, as apprentices, and for husbandry. There *must* have been some solidity in the musical education of the lower classes when the watermen of London could compose Rounds or Canons in unison, as in 'Row the boat, Norman,' written in 1543," and others. "When the extreme Puritans—not of the Cromwell stamp, but sour-faced men, who



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

deemed cheerfulness a sin and a dance round a maypole to be a sure pathway to the lower regions—when these men gained the upper hand in the state they put down 'Merry England,' and their zeal gave so great a check to the amusements of the people, and especially to the culture of music, that *Old England* has not even yet recovered herself. The mind requires relief; these men sought refuge in violent political and religious zeal.

Cobblers became teachers, the strangest new sects were started, and Old Bethlehem ('Bedlam') became a necessity." The natural sequence of the want of amusement was a progressive increase of drunkenness among the people, and with it the attendant immoralities and sometimes crimes.

It was this general habit of and love for singing that caused the enormous demand for ballads in England, and there is

hardly a dramatist of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century that does not allude to their powerful influence. Thus Shakespeare, in *Henry IV.*: "An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." And again: "I beseech your grace let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds, or by the lord I will have it in a particular ballad, with mine own picture at the top of it, Colville kissing my foot."

And this allusion to the "picture at the top" of the ballad appropriately brings me to the close of this chapter. My object being not so much with the ballads themselves as with the "pictures," the "blocks," or the "cuts," which accompany them. Ballads were often stinging lampoons, and the threat of being "balladed" was one not to be lightly thought of, and when accompanied by the other threat of being "pictured" was

enough to make a proud man wince. Thus, as grand old Philip Massinger made Chamont threaten Laura—

"I will have thee
Pictured as thou now art, and thy whole story
Sung to some villanous tune in a lewd ballad,
And make thee so notorious in the world
That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee"—

ballads became deterrents from evil, and people shrank from being made notorious at the mouth of the balladmonger.

"O why was England merrie called, I pray you tell me why?
Because Old England merrie was in merry times gone by."

To the facsimiles of curious woodcuts introduced in these pages, and to others that will follow, I shall make due reference in my succeeding chapters.

(To be continued.)

ART AT THE CROYDON CONGRESS.

EVEN the commonplace town of Croydon was attractive on the bright October mornings of the Church Congress week, and in spite of the ugliness of the Congress Hall. The Ecclesiastical Exhibition, held in a skating rink, was scarcely a good representation of that branch of Art in England, although it contained many beautiful objects. Numerous examples of good brass work were shown. A copy, made for the Duke of Bedford, of the great eagle once at Newstead, now in Southwell Minster, attracted much attention. This ancient eagle, with its strange unfledged form and grotesque head, has been faithfully reproduced; but had the artist lived some centuries later, when designers were more skilled in representing animals, he would surely not have been satisfied without conveying a more dignified idea of the royal bird who was to bear the Book of Books upon his wings. There were several eagles in brass and oak exhibited. A brass one, designed for Chester, is a beautiful bird, though treated in a simple and early style; the rest of the lectern is too florid and ornamental; the figures also do not seem to suit the eagle in style.

Ecclesiastical embroidery was represented by several vestments and altar-cloths; but the sisterhoods did not exhibit, nor did a firm of decorators who might have sent good specimens, and from whom I heard they "did not care to have their things copied;" a curious objection, which might prove a hindrance, if often brought forward, to the improvement of Art by exhibition. The richest altar-cloth was one from Flanders, embroidered, I was told, by men. The ground is of crimson damask, the sprays and patterns are in dull rich green and gold thread. The English altar-cloths were rather ordinary, and not the best that our Art can show. There were numbers of embroidered bags, and several stoles; also many specimens of very beautiful embroidery on fine linen, some in white, and some in geometrical patterns of red, worked in chainstitch with very fine thread. The church vestment stalls had hung up a sort of portrait gallery to illustrate various styles: here were Laud, Cardinal Wolsey, and Bishop Wilberforce in all the dignity of his robes.

On the opposite side of the building were some specimens of ancient embroidery. A set of narrow worn mats had been used for kneeling in the church at Catworth, Huntingdonshire. They were for sale, to help towards the restoration of the church, and it is thought that they may have been made from ancient vestments. A figure of a king or saint appears on each, and on some is a shield with a coat of arms. The work is very delicate and fine, and though faded the colours are easily to be distinguished; they contrasted strongly with the gay tints of a piece of nun's embroidery close by, where the figures are as gaudy as dyes and gilded thread can make them.

The school of church embroidery, Wimbledon, sent a curious hunting scene, said to have been worked by a daughter of Charles I. Glass painting was to be studied in varied styles;

Hardman's great window for S. Neot's, which gained a medal at Philadelphia, was hung in such a bad light the general effect could not be seen. In a recess with a better light was a small east window designed by Mr. Seddon. In consequence of limited space it had to be hung in two pieces, and so near the ground that it was not easy to judge of the effect of the very rich and fine colouring when in its proper place in a chancel. It is a remarkable window, with intense but harmonious colouring, and none of the gaudy tinting so often seen in brightly-coloured modern glass. There is scarcely any painting on the glass, but the picture is formed of coloured pieces of glass only, as in a mosaic. The design in itself is beautiful: the upper part represents the Adoration, and the group of the Virgin and Child is treated in a rather unusual manner; the Infant is held aloft in his mother's arms, and his hands are outstretched as on the cross. The three lower lights represent our Lord bearing the cross, S. Anne and S. Mary. But the window is not likely to be generally admired; the figures are small, and broken up into fragments by the profuse introduction of lead. Let us imitate as far as possible the quality of the blue and ruby glass made by the early glass painters, but why should we not make use of our superior means of producing pieces of a larger size? Here, for instance, we have a robe of one shade cut up into little pieces and put together again with heavy leading; and in small faces the line round the hair is very disfiguring. But this window is true glass painting, and it answers its purpose in that it is transparent.

Between the divisions of Mr. Seddon's window was hung one which might be called a thoroughly pretty window, and it is a good window also. The tone is very quiet, with pale yellow and white ground; the design is after Albert Dürer. The lead work of this window is a contrast to that of its mediæval neighbour; the figures are of large size, but the crowned head of the Virgin, and the head and shoulders of the Child on her knee, are all in one piece of glass. It is a window that most people would look at with pleasure, and almost without criticism. Close by was a cartoon for a window, by Mayer, of Munich; not a pleasing design, and containing a large space of checked pavement in very indifferent perspective. The Bohemian windows in the roof of a part of the building had a vulgar look and appeared to be what are called "transparencies."

In one corner of the Exhibition was a stall that called itself "Art needlework," but had too evidently nothing to do with the School of Art embroidery: its favourite colour seemed to be orange, and its principal feature a dreadful owl upon a banner-screen in the worst style of fancy work. How it got into an ecclesiastical exhibition it is difficult to say. Some good specimens of mosaic were shown, and models of fonts; also many objects connected with funerals.

A VISITOR.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XII.



VERY traveller taking to pony travelling in Norway is implicit in this belief—that there is no danger of the animal ever falling; it is a happy and comfortable faith. The “blakken” are rare good animals, cream-coloured, with dark points, hog manes like hat-brushes, with white down the centre, the black being outside; their hind legs should be rather zebra marked. From their first childhood they are petted, and their intelligence and stolid kindness requite the care of the owners. They trot well; and how they can trot down the hill! As they crouch and run close to the ground they need never be handed; no “ands” required, as the British groom would describe it. Still, exception proves the rule, and we arrive at an instance in this “stolkjær” trip. We were going over the crest of a grand mountain road; below us a large lake, glorious range of mountain beyond. The deep tone of the fir forest added solemnity to the scene, and our good health and enjoyment of such company made it a happy moment in Norwegian travel. The Paymaster-General was leading—driving fast, as was his wont; for his driving was as the driving of Jehu. The Tentmaster-General was next, with a huge Norwegian sitting by his side. In a second came the transformation scene—nothing visible to the Patriarchal eye but the soles of the boots of the two persons of the stolkjær, the expanse of sole of the huge Norwegian being a contrast to the small neat extremity of the Tentmaster, who was shot out at a high velocity, and stunned by the unavoidable concussion with earth which followed; we laid him in the heather by the side of the road, anxious for his recovery. Happily he soon came round, but was much shaken; it was, therefore, necessary to proceed very gently, to avoid further shaking, intending to wait until we could get the advice of a doctor in a day or two. This assumes the form of real travel, when doctors are two days distant or more, and you carry your own lint and medicine. Thankful were we to see the return of the old smile on the Tentmaster's face and hear from his own lips the welcome bulletin, “I am better.” Suffice to say the pony was not hurt. The big Norwegian had a “schaal” of whisky, and, we fancied, was ready to be thrown out again to obtain a second remedy. Soon after we arrived at Jolster Vand, by Nedre Vasenden. The station here is a huge wooden house—may we say dreary? The next morning, however, brought its joys and happy combination of circumstances; the invalid much better, the bright July morning perfect; there was service at the Annexe Kirk along the Vand, or Lake, and we purposed going by boat with some peasants, and a most enjoyable row it was. As we neared the church we found many boats already arrived, and invited by the loveliness of the morning, the beauties of Jolster had congregated and looked their best. Many stolkjærs were standing round the walls of the churchyard, and the ponies were enjoying themselves, nibbling the short grass as far round as their tether would allow them. There were very many boats and some quaint costumes. These good church-going peasantry arrive early; as many are so far apart, and seldom meet except on these occasions or on some special business, we cannot be surprised to find that instead of opening the meeting with prayer the prelude on the part of the men is to blend a little

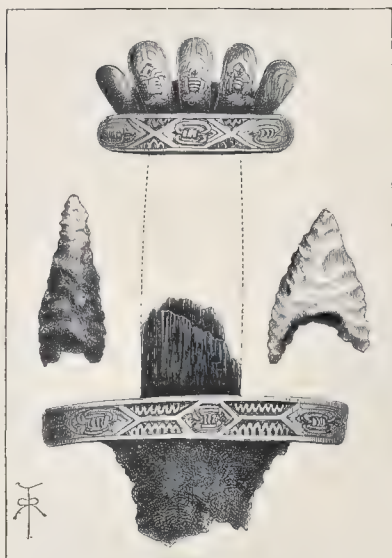
worldly talk before church, while the girls, according to their custom, complete their toilets from the contents of their “teenas,” or travelling boxes: the contents being a mixture of old silver brooches, silk handkerchiefs, and flad brod; in some cases the butter is carried separately in a small teena. One incident struck us very forcibly—the kindly interest the girls took in each success of neat finish of dress; only fancy three nice looking “pigges,” or girls, sitting one behind the other, each plaiting the hair of the girl in front of her. What absence of secret as to capillary arrangements! No “Lady Audley's Secret” (which Punch said was her back hair). No; each girl wished her friend to look her best, finally adjusting a string here and putting a brooch quite square which was a little askew, for there were no looking-glasses about. Then there were several other

*The Lych Gate, Nordfjord.*

objects of interest; the black caps of the Jolster women are very curious, with a little white showing all round the edge; the covering up or hiding the hair has a very mediæval appearance and character, and the nice little stand-up collars give a more modern character to the neck. The plaiting of their homespun dresses is very close indeed. On this occasion there were two or three knots of people, suggestive of something of unusual interest; we found the centre of each to be a little baby brought to be christened, surrounded by admiring relatives. Such babies! such funny little many-coloured chrysalis-looking pets, swaddled and rolled up! the swaddling bands being of many colours, the more brilliant the better—red, white, green and crimson, with

* Continued from page 356, vol. 1877.

the cross frequently introduced, and generally so worked as to come uppermost in the band in the process of swaddling. The binding arrangement seems the same as is common in Brittany, where they sometimes have a ring at the back whereby to hang the child up while the mother goes to work. No one could have seen this peaceful Sunday morning without being struck with the



Arrow Heads and Sword : Bergen Museum.

beautifully clean appearance of every one there—the homespun ("vadmæl") looks so sound and so like to wear well, the old silver ornaments so respectable and heirloomly. And yet on week-days, when the women are seen in the every-day slavery of their roughest out-door life, it seems unreasonable to expect that they could be so purified and well turned out as every Sunday testifies. What a contrast was this glorious sunshine and joyous meet, to the bleak dark days of winter, when perhaps, a hundred and fifty pairs of long snow shoes, of eight feet, are set up round the church, waiting their owners' bidding to start home!

After this cheerful bright spot in travel we went on to the next station—if such it could be called. We intended making a meal there, and rather looked forward to it. Nothing, not a single thing, could be had, either "would not or could not." We therefore made a fire, and into a black pot put some tin portable soup, sliced some "Brand's" gravy-looking cut biscuits, whilst the Tent-master tried to do the soup. The Patriarch in vain sought a wooden spoon; not even that to be got; so the soup was stirred and tasted with a birch twig. But he made a discovery—whilst spoon-hunting in a drawer, which would only partly open, there was the end of a mutton bone; perseverance was rewarded, the drawer was opened; but the result worse than a blank, for the shoulder blade-bone of mutton was bare, save the green fluffy mould in which it was mantled. Some people may say, "Not so bad; soup and biscuit, biscuit and soup, is a change." Still, in long journeys and stolkjærs over rough ground you have no idea how it shakes about and becomes restless.—Moral: always carry a spoon, and above all, never start anywhere without a nosebag, with plenty in it.

This Nordfjord district is one of special interest now, as recent discoveries have corroborated the old traditions of its close association with the Viking period; a period bearing so powerfully on our own national character, that the subject should be fully treated and the extant remains of the Sea Kings' real life

placed carefully before us. For the nonce it will suffice to refer to one particular tumulus, recently discovered and successfully opened in Nordfjord. As Denmark rejoices in and is much indebted to the archæologist enthusiasm, deep research, and sound knowledge of Professor Worsaae, so Norway is fortunate in having the devotion of one who, like M. Lorange, not only tries to lay these earth-bound and precious relics before us, but actually rescues them for our benefit and that of posterity; not only interests the dry antiquarian and connoisseur, but in a far larger way draws together closer bonds of union and interest between nations. It is remarkable that a Roman emperor was the means of developing the sea-powers of the Scandinavians rather than they themselves; and only recently in Denmark some interesting coins of Marcus Aurelius have been found in a tumulus.

The contents of the Nordfjord tumulus were as follows: Boat with iron rivets, 25 metres long; a bit, 54 bosses of shields or umbos, stirrup; a drinking bowl, of immense interest, being so well enameled; sword, with silver work; key of treasure chest, spear head, bow, comb inlaid with colour, gold ring, dice, arrows, deck-marbles, beads and amulets, bones of horse and kid, belt of bronze, and belt-knife.

Having heard what tradition says about the funeral rites of the great ones, the contents of this tumulus are especially interesting for corroborating their history as handed down to us; and in these investigations the numismatic corroborations are undeniable. We are much indebted to the pagan customs and rites for the valuable materials brought to light in connection with this period. With Odin for their Mars or god of war, and Thor for their god of air and storm, they believed that their mighty men and heroes would pass to Walhalla, and



Sword Handle : Bergen Museum.

there enjoy the future in the same way, but more perfectly, that they enjoyed themselves here upon earth—strong symptoms of pagans believing in the resurrection of the body. For this purpose they buried with them all their implements of war and chase, and the horse was killed and placed there to be ready, and his boat was there, should he be pleased to row. In

the Nordfjord case the bowl is especially fine. Notice the delicate work in the base of the bowl; in the woodcut the upper subject is the bottom of the bowl. The enamel is very minute, the "chequer" design, one might say, very Scotch. The enamel is only on the base of the bowl; the body is of bronze, and the upper rim is ornamented by three heads, as shown in the centre of the illustration. This is drawn full size, and the base of the bowl one quarter size.

The two buttons are of single wire, very rudely but cleverly

arranged, with shanks not likely to be pulled away from the body. These are of gold.

The key of the treasure chest would suggest that many good things had been stored therein. Still the list is so complete that we could hardly expect more items than those recorded.

The ivory or bone comb is a fine specimen, and the coloured work well preserved.

The dice also are curious, as being a little longer than quite square.



Sanoe, looking down the Valley.

The remarkable feature about the contents of this tumulus is a set of bone marbles, about one inch in diameter. The sphere or marble is flat at the bottom, and has a small hole in it, as these were used by men whose lives were spent on their ships, (and the west coast of Norway has always some motion). These marbles were used to play on the deck, the flat base to keep them steady, the hole at the bottom to fit into small pegs in the deck or board, to keep them from sliding as the vessel lurched. There was

a most interesting discussion on this matter at the Society of Arts. Deck-marbles were a novelty. Professor Bryce suggested that deck-draughts would be a solution of the difficulty, and after referring to the antiquity of the game of draughts and the modes of playing, Professor Maguieron gave a dissertation on the ancient game of "merelles," known in Iceland and Scandinavia as "mylla;" and even in the present day the shepherds and boys on our South Downs cut the same pattern in the close turf, and

play the same game. We therefore come to the conclusion that these "bone" treasures had been used on board the vessels of

the mighty Sea Kings of old; the little pegs preventing their slipping as the ship felt the sea, and also preventing the hero



Bronze Bowl, with Enamel Case, Swords of Viking Period: Bergen Museum.

from losing his temper and using "pure Saxon." The same precaution is in these days applied to railway chessmen, where

each figure has its peg, for safety and security. "Nothing new under the sun," said the wise man, and true is it.

NOTES ON ART PROGRESS.

I.

THE last five-and-twenty years have witnessed an extraordinary advance in what is usually spoken of as Art manufacture. In all articles of domestic service (if we except the costly productions of the jeweller, the goldsmith, and the silversmith), we are now offered objects far superior in grace of form, beauty of colouring, and delicacy of texture, to any which could have been obtained, at prices that brought them within the reach of the great majority of purchasers, before 1851.

Certain schools of known character and excellence, such as those which produced the china of Sèvres and the pottery of Wedgwood, had indeed attained, in the past century, an excellence they have not since surpassed, or perhaps rivalled. But we refer not so much to objects of luxury as to articles of daily use; and among them, not so much to those only within the reach of the wealthy, as to those which form the bulk of the purchases of the middle classes. Among the latter there can be no doubt that the general taste has become far more sumptuous than was the case before the English purchaser was familiarised

with the best productions of the continent. Whether the movement be for the better or for the worse, there can be no doubt of its force or of its direction. It has not, indeed, been universal, but it has been general. It has been shown in the illumination and internal decoration of our houses—by plate-glass windows and elaborate wall-papers. It has been shown in the higher finish and greater cost of upholstery, of draperies, of carpetings, of lamp work, and of bronze decorations and reproductions. It has been shown in the extreme costliness of female dress; at the same time that a sort of rude simplicity has been maintained, as a rule, in the dress of men. It has been shown in the strong tendency to pompous ritual in religious service; a tendency which has transformed the ugly "meeting house" of the time of Queen Anne into the Gothic "congregational church" of to-day, no less than it has been apparent in the invention of new vestments and new rites, under the pretext of reversal to primitive usage. It has been shown, perhaps most remarkably, in the china, pottery, glass, electro-plate, and other appliances of the table, and in the ornaments of the drawing-room. With few exceptions, such as the dress of men and the elegance of carriages, which have not improved, there has been a general and marked advance in the direction of the costly, the gorgeous, and occasionally the beautiful.

It is the contention of those who are out of harmony with this general æsthetic movement, that it is not guided by any real good taste. The Art education of the public, it is said, is much what it always was in England—a negative quantity. It is emulation of their neighbours, or mere ostentation, or desire to be in the mode, and not any real feeling for Art, which leads Lord Cresus to give a hundred pounds for a soup-plate of lusted majolica, or Lady Teazle to pay a fabulous sum for a Chippendale tea-table. The movement is first commercial, then imitative. Good taste is as much kept in the background as ever. We think we are becoming more civilised, while we are only becoming more selfish and extravagant.

If there are some good grounds for an opinion which, when carried to an extreme, assumes the form of caricature, it results that we owe more than we are always ready to admit to the spirit of commerce. If it is not the taste of the public which demands excellence from the manufacturers, but the excellence of the manufacture which has raised the scale of public demand, so much the more credit is due to the enterprise of industry and of commerce. In spite of all that is said as to the narrowing and lowering influence of trade, if manufacture and commerce are now doing for us what they did for Ghent under the Dukes of Burgundy, or for Florence under the Medici, it is clear that the medal has a reverse as well as an obverse. Again, if the educating influence comes from below rather than from above, from without rather than from within, from love of money rather than from love of Art, still its tendency is to elevate and to improve. Is it nothing that our nurseries should be hung with admirable pictures of animals, with flowers coloured after nature, with engravings of graceful forms, and that our children should be unconsciously taught to choose what is graceful, and to shun what is ugly? Compare some of the best illustrated books and periodicals of our day with those coarse caricatures which formed the amusement of our grandparents! It is true that many detestable things in Art still find publishers, because they still find purchasers. But what is the general character of Art literature, as compared to its condition early in the present century?

It may thus be quite true that the æsthetic education of the nation is advancing slowly and capriciously, because it is directed from below rather than from above, but that it is, at the same time, making real and solid progress. What the true students and lovers of Art ought to do, is not so much to denounce and ridicule our shortcomings in this respect, as to endeavour to remedy them. It must be remembered that the education of the country, a quarter of a century ago, had no place for Art. The painter born, like Lawrence, or the sculptor born, like Chantrey, might by good chance get into the studio of an acknowledged artist, and hew for himself a road to fame; but as to any general system of Art-training, which should give

to all pupils a certain amount of elementary instruction that would be useful to all, and which would be the introduction to the more detailed study of those who sought to follow any special branch of Art, we had, and we have, no such thing. We have, indeed, schools of Art. They are the effects of, and tend to intensify, the movement of which we speak. But they are only for the volunteer pupil. We have no idea, in England, of making drawing a feature of general education, as is the case in some continental states, or of doing the same with music, as in others. No educational establishment, from the crumbling colleges and halls of our venerable universities to the costly buildings reared by the new School Boards, is framed on lines that include Art as a subject of study, without some knowledge of which a man can only be regarded as imperfectly educated. We must except some of our schools of military education, where drawing, both mechanical and free-hand, is obligatory. But it is taught, not for the sake of the general culture of the student, but because the ability to sketch readily is necessary to the military engineer.

While, then, it may be fairly admitted that the Englishman, as a rule, has not that constant appreciation of the presence and power of beauty in which the Italian is reared from his infancy by the scenery and climate in which he lives and by the relics of immortal Art by which he is surrounded, it is possible that the deficiency is due to education, rather than to nature—that is to say, to want of education. To remedy this defect, however, strong influences are at work. For those who would study Art as a calling the way is now open. Indirectly, by the multiplication of beautiful objects and by the consequent diminution of ugly ones, the public eye is being, somewhat capriciously, trained. The number of books and periodicals which are graphically illustrated, or which in some way treat of Art, is sufficient to show a strong disposition on the part of the reading public to learn. It may be true that the chair of the self-appointed teacher is not always filled by the most competent professor. The profound remarks of the Art-patron, Chryses, in the clever play of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, on the "scumbling" of a statue, can hardly be called a caricature of the utterances of some of the "Art-critics" of the press. But much the same was the case with other professions, not so very long ago. The physician, in the time of Molière, afforded as fair a butt for the shafts of satire as does the Art-critic of to-day. True principles of graphic and glyptic Art exist, as certainly as true principles of the healing art. And perhaps it would be difficult to render better service to the advance of Art in the United Kingdom than by calling attention to some of those controlling principles, a true appreciation of which must underlie the formation of a cultivated taste.

II

In speaking or writing on Art it is needful to define the terms which are employed. The very word Art is not easy to define satisfactorily. It is used, like most terms in our rich and complex language, in different senses. In one sense it implies cunning. This is usually the case when the adjective "artful" is employed. In another sense it implies a craft, or calling. We speak of the art of the engraver, the art of war, the art of the fisherman. It also means, and may mean in either of the instances last cited, skill. The word is said by some lexicographers to be derived from the Greek word for virtue—*arete*, and thus to imply excellence. More probably, in the opinion of others, it comes from the verb signifying to till or to cultivate (from which root agriculture is circuitously derived), and thus implies that study and perseverance which are necessary to the education of the artist, however instinctive may be his genius. The Greek word which is used in the sense of Art seems to be derived from the verb to produce. Of all these possible derivations, whatever may be their respective philological value, the last is, philosophically, the most important. Art, in that sense, is the faculty by the exercise of which man produces, or may almost be said to create. It is Art which enables man to clothe his ideas with visible form; to render permanent that which, as

seen, or felt, or spoken, is only fleeting and transient; to embody the creations of imagination.

Leaving aside the use of the word Art in the sense of a craft, study, or skill—as in the case of the art of war, the art of medicine, or the art of diplomacy—and also laying aside the use of the same word to denote craft in another sense, as the art of the fox or that of the lawyer, we have to consider what the Greeks called “tectonic” art, or that of the workman who forms or embellishes objects for the use or admiration of mankind. In this sense, at a time when the creative power of human intelligence and industry was—though more noble in its poetic expression than is now the case—far less widely developed than at present, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, to which Music may be added as a fourth sister, were spoken of as the Fine Arts. The division is not one that is at the present moment the most convenient. Music is a study more apart than any other branch of human occupation. It is true that a subtle analysis has detected the close relation which exists between the notes of the musical scale and the colours of the spectrum; each group of phenomena consisting of a series of minute and intensely rapid vibrations, of which the nerves of the ear appreciate some and those of the eye others; but admitting a connection which is perceptible to the reason—not to the feeling—we may omit any further reference to music, for the present, without disadvantage. Architecture, again, though in its loftier aspect, as in its development by the

builders of the Grecian temples and of the Gothic cathedrals, a doctrine of form and of proportion, as well as of structural utility, may still be left to form the subject of special study. There remains a wide field of structural, decorative, and imaginative Art for which no comprehensive and adequate name is known. It embraces Plastic Art, or the study of the production of forms from a yielding material, from the rude toil of the brickmaker to the most delicate product of the workman in terra-cotta, china, or glass; Glyptic Art, from the rough work of the carpenter or the mason to the production of the marble goddesses wrought by Phidias and of the gem portraits cut by Pyrgoteles; work in metal, in which plastic is combined with glyptic or toreutic skill; and Graphic Art, which, by the use of tints, shades, and colours, produces on a plane surface the counterfeits of natural objects. Under every variety of detail, in material, in treatment, in size, and in aim, the general field of descriptive Art is limited to the employment of one or other of these methods, or of a combination of two or more of them. It is to this broad field of Art that a general and elementary aesthetic education must be calculated to apply. Before inquiring into the guiding principles which should be followed by the sculptor, the moulder, or the painter, it is necessary to form some conception of those general conditions and laws to which each of these workers must conform in his general capacity of artist.

F. R. CONDER.

CERAMIC ART.*

THE principal china manufactories of Great Britain have each had its historian, and many valuable monographs have been published on the productions of Chelsea, Derby, Worcester and other places, but no work has yet appeared giving a complete history of the ceramic art in Great Britain. Mr. Jewitt has undertaken the task, and most conscientiously has he carried it out. China is truly the passion of his soul, and we have here two goodly octavo volumes, illustrated with nearly two thousand engravings, in which he traces the progress of pottery from the rude cinerary urn of the Celtic tribes, through its gradual and uninterrupted development to the wonderful productions of our modern potters, giving us the chief seats of its operations, and the characteristics of the pottery of each place, with a proportionate amount of the technical branch of the subject.

The fictile art in England dates back to the Celtic period, when vessels of clay were used for sepulture, and it is entirely to the grave-mounds we are indebted for the examples which have survived to our times; for while there is no connection between the weapons and tools of long ages ago, and those of our own day, the simple vessels of clay have an abiding place with us which has lasted without a break till now and will last for ever. Mr. Jewitt divides the pottery of the grave-mounds into four classes, differing in clay, size, and ornamentation, all imperfectly baked, but not “sun-dried,” as erroneously stated, or they would not have remained in their original form, buried for some two thousand years in the earth. Indeed they bear evidence of the action of fire. Mr. Jewitt gives above eighty illustrations, showing the various styles of their ornamentation: punctures, indentations by a twisted thong, herring-bone and zigzag patterns, and others produced by the finger or thumb-nail in the moist clay. Mr. Jewitt supposes that the urn, having been previously decorated by the females of the tribe, was placed in the funeral fire, and there baked at the same time that the body of the deceased was being consumed. The calcined bones were then gathered up and placed in the urn, over which the mound was raised.

* “The Ceramic Art in Great Britain, from Pre-historic Times to the present Day.” By Howellyn Jewitt, F.S.A. With nearly Two Thousand Engravings. Two Vols. London, Virtue & Co., Limited, 1878.

During the Romano-British period pottery was generally made in England, and a very extensive variety of wares produced; the principal potteries being those of the Up-church Marshes on the Medway, the Castor or Durobrivian on the river Weir, with figures and ornaments in relief, laid on in slip, like Samian ware, which last, though frequent in England, was never manufactured in this country. The description of these potteries is very interesting, and the chapter is profusely illustrated.

The Anglo-Saxons were not an artistic race. They had an aversion to clay, and appear to have used vessels of wood and metal for their food, and horn and glass for their drinking cups. Their pottery and that of their Norman successors is little known except from illuminated MSS. Mr. Jewitt gives some curious specimens of rude green glazed earthenware jugs with the Ferrars badge of horseshoes and buckles, and grotesque jugs or vessels for liquor in the form of mounted knights, similar to those vessels of copper and brass, cast and chased, supposed to be of German workmanship of the thirteenth century, one specimen of which, now in the British Museum, was found in the Tyne, near Hexham.

The costirls, or pilgrims’ bottles, were all essentially mediæval, and so was the “cruiskin,” usually a plain cup of earthenware: the name is still preserved in Ireland. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the potter’s art was chiefly confined to the manufacture of common vessels for domestic use. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth bellarmines or greybeards and “cullen” pots were extensively imported, but soon copied by our workmen. Salt glaze was introduced in 1680 by the Elers, whose secret was wormed out by Astbury.

In 1684, Dwight of Fulham had a patent granted to him for having discovered “the mystery of transparent earthenware, commonly known by the name of porcelain or china or Persian ware.” To him, therefore, belongs the credit of being the first inventor and maker of porcelain in England, and his name is entitled to lasting honour as the pioneer of one of the most useful, beautiful, and successful arts ever practised in our kingdom. Dwight buried his papers, deeds, and also his money, that his descendants might not continue that branch of trade which he had been the first to invent.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century the ceramic art was beginning to expand, and, in addition to the brown and stone wares, Delft ware and the white ware miscalled Elizabethan were produced.

Among his Lambeth potteries, Mr. Jewitt specially refers to Coad's artificial stone works at Pedlar's Acre, so celebrated in their day. Bacon, Flaxman, and other eminent sculptors supplied the models, among which were the death of Nelson, designed by West for Greenwich Hospital, and the rood screen of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The potteries of Doulton have a world-wide fame; the works in stone ware are very numerous, and many of a highly artistic character. Their reliefs or incised (*sgraffito*) productions are admirable in form, and their decoration, whether foliage or animal, well considered. At the terra-cotta works of Blachford, in the Blackfriars Road, were executed the rich decorations of the Wedgwood Institute at Burslem, one of the greatest achievements of ceramic art as applied to the external decoration of buildings.

Mr. Jewitt goes through all the potteries of the south-western districts of London, once the seat of fictile manufactures of an extensive and important character. Fulham, Chelsea, Vauxhall, Lambeth, all had their potteries at an early date. In his account of the Chelsea porcelain works Mr. Jewitt quotes the weekly bills of the factory, to enable collectors to find at what period specimens in their possession were manufactured. Chelsea china, he observes, cannot be repainted and altered. The body is not so compact as the Derby, and any fresh exposure to the heat of the kilns would end in the cracking and destruction of the piece. The Chelsea painters had a peculiar knack in accidental arrangements. Thus, on a plate or dish, the little sprays or flowers were often thrown as it were haphazard along with butterflies, bees, and other insects, and thus produced a most pleasing effect.

It would far exceed the limits of a cursory notice such as this to attempt to follow Mr. Jewitt in his history of our great manufacturing. A few jottings here and there, and specially a few words on the progress that has been made, are all we can offer.

At Worcester, for instance, under the direction of Mr. Binns, the productions have been brought to a wondrous state of perfection, both as regards body, form, glaze, and decoration. Neither in ancient nor modern specimens of ceramic art have such beautiful works been produced as some of the enamels in the style of Limoges. Unlike these or its Sèvres imitations, the Worcester enamel is pure porcelain, not a coating of porcelain over sheets of metal. The colours are pure and intense, and will bear a critical comparison with those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The early death of Mr. Bott, an artist brought up by Mr. Binns specially for the introduction of these enamels, has caused them to become very scarce, and to fetch high prices. Besides the enamels in imitation of the Limoges, to Mr. Binns is due the "ivory" porcelain, a soft glaze body of an ivory tint, an improvement upon parian. One of the specialties of the manufactory is also their jewelled porcelain, different and higher in character than that of Sèvres. The French jewellery is all made by enamelling, and each colour is fused on a small plate of metal which forms the setting, and may be fastened on with gum; whereas the English jewels are formed of colour melted on the china, raised higher and higher by repeated firings, thus becoming a part of the work itself. The set presented by the city of Worcester to the Countess of Dudley on her marriage will be within the recollection of all. Mr. Binns has also produced a variety of articles in Japanese porcelain, not imitations of native Art, but Japanese Art—Japanese characteristics rendered subservient to the highest aims of pure design in our own country. But it is not in ornamental goods alone that these works take such high rank; in all their most simple products the same purity of taste and careful manipulation are displayed as in their most costly works.

The old willow pattern, introduced in 1780 by Turner of Caughley, was undoubtedly the most popular and had the most extensive sale of any pattern ever made. The Coalport works, which absorbed those of Caughley and Jackfield, and later, the unremunerative and short-lived works of Swansea and Nant-

garw, have been one complete success from their establishment, and taken foremost rank in the porcelain trade of the kingdom. The Rose du Barry has always been a speciality of their works, and a colour on the excellence of which their late proprietor, Mr. Rose, highly prided himself.

Much resembling in form the old curfew, Mr. Jewitt gives a woodcut of the curious fire-clay ovens of Bideford, held for generations in Devon and Cornwall and the Welsh districts as producing bread of a better flavour than that baked in the ordinary ovens.

Plymouth and Bristol have been fully described by Mr. Owen. From Nottingham and its bears, and Cadboro' and its Sussex pigs, Mr. Jewitt takes us on to Leeds, first entering on the vexed question of Lowestoft china. It may be mentioned, in confirmation of Mr. Jewitt's views on the subject, that the writer some years back took three specimens of "Lowestoft" china to Sèvres as a present to M. Riocreux, curator of the Ceramic Museum. The first piece, an inkstand, blue and white, inscribed "A Present from Lowestoft," told its own story; of the other two, one a plate, decorated with small flowers, he pronounced to be Oriental body, decorated in Europe; the third, Oriental in paste and decoration. Hampers of Oriental china used at that time to be sent into Suffolk by the London dealers and sold as Lowestoft china in the curiosity shops.

Who does not admire the perforated, cream-coloured ware of Leeds, of which the pieces of open basket-work exhibit a degree of skill and elaborate design quite unequalled? The perforations are produced by punches, not in a mould. The twig baskets are really composed of clay, in long or short strips, as occasion requires, and then twisted and formed into shape. The process demanded considerable care and nicety in the manipulation, and was much calculated to exhibit the skill of the workman.

From Liverpool and Derby, Mr. Jewitt proceeds to the large and important district known as the Staffordshire Potteries, comprising a cluster of towns of which Stoke-upon-Trent is the great railway centre. Over twenty thousand persons, it is estimated, are employed in or dependent on the staple trade of china and earthenware. With Stoke-upon-Trent the names of Spode and Copeland are identified. Josiah Spode appears, so early as 1749, to have been in the employment of Whieldon, and subsequently went into partnership with Mr. Copeland. The business ultimately passed, after the death of three Josiahs, into the hands of Alderman Copeland, Lord Mayor in 1855, who took his four sons into partnership. They manufactured iron-stone to a great extent. Their productions now are too multifarious to enumerate. Their table services rank in the highest order, and are of every variety of ornamentation. The service for the Prince of Wales is a triumph of ceramic art. Parian is a speciality of the house, and one the discovery of which is due to them in about 1846.

Of the variety of Minton's productions it is impossible to speak in detail, so extensive and distinct are they in material, body, style, and decoration. One of the processes so successfully adopted is the *pâte-sur-pâte*, in which the artist lays on or paints his design in "slip," or the liquid clay. M. Salou, their most successful artist, formerly was at Sèvres. In majolica, no manufacturer has surpassed them in the sharpness of details, purity of colour, and excellence of glaze. Messrs. Minton in 1850 introduced hard paste porcelain into Staffordshire. The manufacture of encaustic tiles in brilliantly coloured glazes by Minton and Hollins is one of their greatest achievements, and is now extensively applied to pavements, mural decorations, and other useful and ornamental purposes. So great has been the development of ceramic production that Mr. Minton alone employs above a thousand workmen.

We have no space to enlarge on the artistic excellence of the productions of Josiah Wedgwood, his beautiful jasper wares, of compact pastes coloured by metallic oxides, their relief generally executed in white; nor can we go through the various potteries of Stoke and Burslem; their name is Legion, and untiring must have been the energy of their chronicler in collecting such a mass of materials. Mr. Jewitt's work is a perfect encyclopædia of British pottery, and must henceforth take its place as the text-book of Ceramic Art in England.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The trustees of the Taylor Art-scholarship announce that £90 a year will be awarded for two scholarships and one prize to students, open to all, both male and female, not exceeding twenty-five years of age, who shall have attended, for one year at least, any School of Art in Ireland; or who, being of Irish birth, shall have attended for a like period any similar school in Great Britain or elsewhere. The sum of £90 is divided into two scholarships of £40 each, and a money prize of £10. The works intended for competition must be sent to the Royal Dublin Society, Leinster House, Dublin, not later than April 13, 1878. Information as to particulars may be obtained at the Society's House. The fund from which the prizes are given arises from a sum bequeathed for the purpose by the late Captain G. A. Taylor, a report of which appeared in our pages some time ago.—We hear that the Exhibition Palace in this city is about to be converted into a place of public amusement.

EDINBURGH.—Last year we mentioned that, owing, it is supposed, to the heat of the summer, the model of the statue of the late Mr. Adam Black, which Mr. J. Hutchinson, R.S.A., has just completed, suddenly fell to pieces, the head alone being uninjured. The sculptor having repaired the injuries the work received, the statue has now been cast in bronze by Messrs. Cox and Son, of London, at their foundry at Thames Ditton, and is placed on its pedestal midway between the Scott monument and the statue of Professor Wilson in Edinburgh.

GLASGOW is to have, as Edinburgh already has, a statue of David Livingstone, the famous African traveller and explorer. Mr. J. Mossman, sculptor, of Glasgow, has executed a model of Livingstone, and it has been cast in bronze by Messrs. Cox and Son. The traveller was a native of Blantyre, near Glasgow, the neighbourhood of the recent coal-mine disaster.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Though we believe the late Mr. J. G. Lough made no special testamentary disposition of the sculptured works of Art, models, &c., he left behind him, it was well known to his widow that he wished they should become the property of the Corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the sculptor found employment in his early days. Accordingly the presentation of the "Lough Collection" has recently been made through Mrs. Lough, who was present on the occasion, and received, through the Mayor, the thanks of the town for the munificent gift. A local paper, says, "All the models are not yet housed and placed, but after a little time, when the value of those now exhibited comes to be generally realised, the people of Newcastle will not hesitate to provide more extensive galleries, in order that not a fragment of the great artist's handiwork may be lost." The collection is one of which not only Newcastle but England may be proud. It is the result of prodigious industry and great ability, and is a worthy, as well as a perpetual, monument to the memory of the accomplished sculptor.

RYDE.—Mr. Vivian A. Webber has laid the inhabitants of Ryde under another obligation by presenting to the Friendly Societies of the town a large picture painted by a very clever local artist, Mr. Foulis, the subject of which is "The landing at Portsmouth of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, from the *Serapis*, on his return from India." It is to be hung in the Town Hall, where are other pictures painted by Mr. Foulis, commissions from Mr. Webber, and presented to the Corporation by him on previous occasions.

STIRLING.—We hear that the late Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., has left his large picture, 'The Fiery Cross,' to the trustees of the Smith Institute in this town.

THE JUDGMENT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

G. H. BOUGHTON, Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

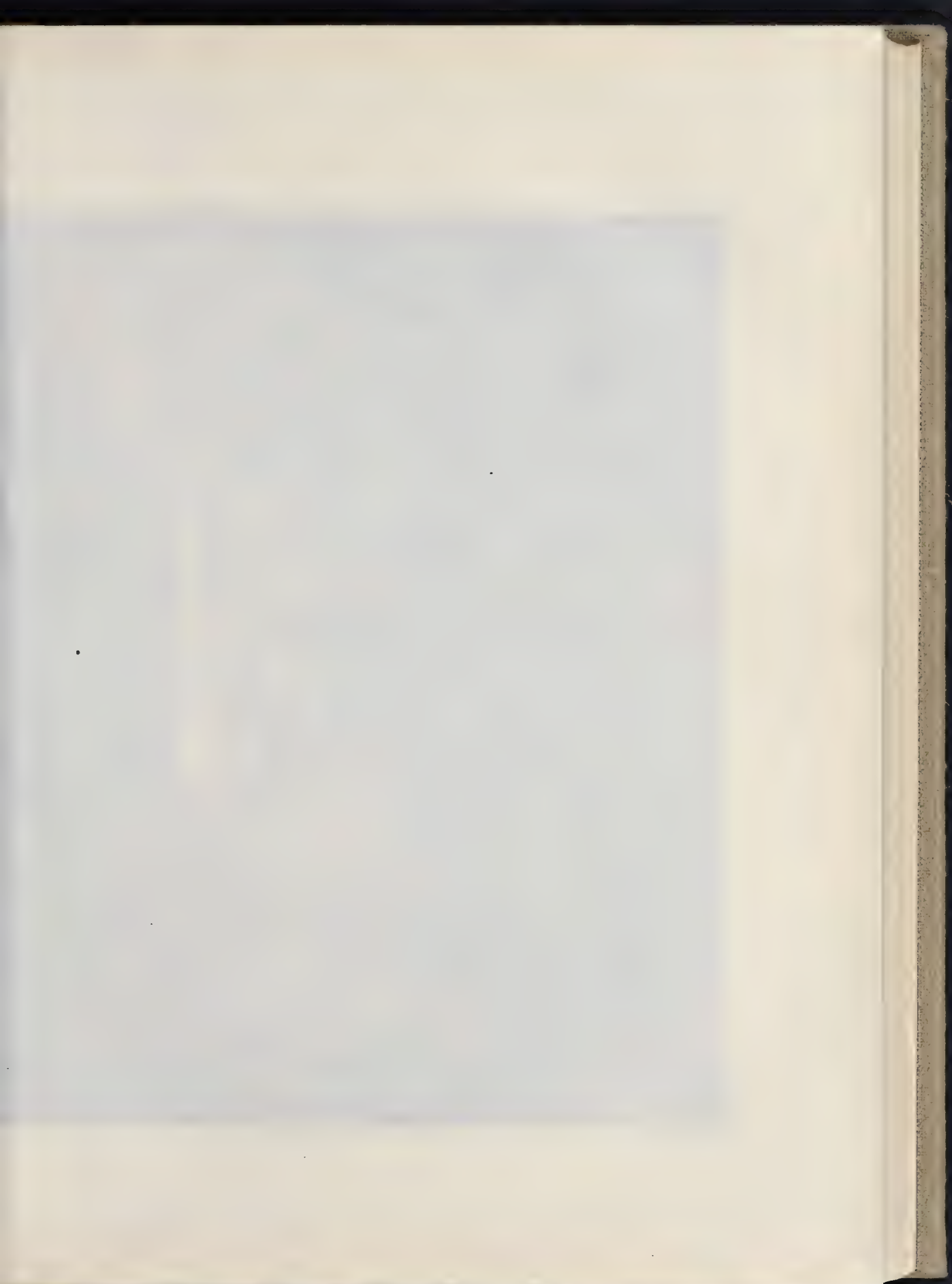
MR. BOUGHTON having resided in America in his early life, and his first appearance as an artist having been made there, it is not surprising we should occasionally see him referring to the history, real or legendary, of that country in its young days for subjects for his pictures; as in his 'March of Miles Standish,' engraved in our Journal in 1872, his 'Early Puritans of New England going to Worship Armed,' his 'Last of the Mayflower' and 'Ichabod Crane,' both of which, engraved as woodcuts, accompanied a brief biography of the painter in the *Art Journal* for 1873. One of Washington Irving's earliest writings, "The History of New York, by Dietrich Knickerbocker," has supplied the text for the picture here engraved. The story goes that one of the early settlers in the city, then called New Amsterdam, Wandle Schoohoven, complained to Wouter Van Twiller (an ancient burgomaster of Rotterdam, who had been appointed, in 1629, by the Netherlands governor of the province of New Netherlands) of one Barent Bleecker for refusing to come to a settlement of accounts.

"The two parties," says Irving, "being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after another, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger upon his nose and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a

man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took the pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity, pronounced that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other; therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore that Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt—and the constable" (whose duty was to serve the summonses upon the two litigants) "should pay the costs." The result, so far as concerned the New Amsterdam community, was that people, seeing a second Daniel had come to judgment, refrained from entering upon any lawsuit during Van Twiller's rule, while the office of constable fell into such ill-repute that "not one was known in the province for many years."

This very humorous incident Mr. Boughton has represented in a manner quite worthy of it. On the right is the plaintiff, stating his case with becoming deference to the court, the governor and his secretary; seated meekly on a stool, his plumed hat filled with papers by his side, is the defendant, quietly stroking his chin while listening to the charge against him; and between them is the burly governor, weighing the merits of the case as he puffs the smoke from his well-filled pipe with all the indifference and stolidity appertaining to his Dutch nationality and the important position he fills.

The picture has never been exhibited: it was painted expressly for engraving in our Journal.





MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors among the students of the Academy was made, as usual, on the 10th of December, by the President, Sir Francis Grant, who was supported by several of the Academicians and Associates. We were sorry to hear Sir Francis claiming the indulgence of his audience on account of indisposition, while he addressed to them a few opening remarks, in which he stated that the progress of the students had this year been most satisfactory. The prizes were awarded to the following pupils:—

Historical Painting—James Elder Christie, Gold Medal, £25 scholarship, and books.

Landscape Painting—Allen C. Sealey, "Turner" Gold Medal.

Figure Painting from Life—H. H. La Thangue, Silver Medal.

Painting of a Head from Life—Blanche Macarthur, Silver Medal, and Henry Gibbs, Silver Medal.

Copy of an Oil Picture—William Walker, Silver Medal.

Drawing of a Figure from the Life—First prize not awarded; second prize, Charles Knighton Warren.

Drawing of a Head from Life—Edgar Hanley, Silver Medal; Lewis Will Jackson, extra Medal.

Sculpture Composition—Thomas Stirling Lee, Gold Medal, £25 scholarship, and books.

Model of a Statue or Group—Emmeline Halse, Silver Medal; second prize not awarded.

Drawing of a Statue or Group—Bernard Evans Ward, Silver Medal; Arthur William Hayes, second prize; Richard Alfred Williams, £10 premium.

Design in Architecture—Edward Clarke, Gold Medal, £25 scholarship, and books; Eley Emlyn White, Travelling Studentship.

Architectural Drawing—George H. Rayner, First Silver Medal; George E. Langford, Second Silver Medal.

Perspective Drawing and Sciography—Harriette Edith Grace, Silver Medal.

Composition and Design of a Figure Subject in Water-colours—James Elder Christie, first prize of £30; Henry Marriott Paget, second prize of £10; *proxime accessit*, Walter C. Horsley.

These last prizes are the gift of Mr. E. Armitage, R.A., who has presented the sum of £1,000 for the purpose of founding these prizes annually. Sir Francis Grant, in presenting a prize to one of the lady competitors, remarked it was not improbable that ere long there would be a Ladies' Academy, of which he hoped the Princess Louise might become President.—At a General Meeting held on the 13th of December, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, A.R.A., and Mr. R. Norman Shaw, A.R.A., were elected Royal Academicians.

MR. SYDNEY SMIRKE, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.—On the eve of putting this sheet to press we heard of the death of this eminent architect, at his residence, Tunbridge Wells, on the 8th of December and in the seventy-eighth year of his age. We must postpone to another month any further reference to him.

TURNER'S ENGRAVINGS.—On two occasions during the last year, reference was made in our columns to the actions in the Court of Chancery respecting these works. The suits were instituted by the representatives of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., for the purpose of setting aside a certain arrangement made by them with the late Mr. Jabez Tepper. During the past summer the case was heard before Sir R. Malins, and by him decided in their favour. Against this decision the representatives of Tepper have recently appealed before the Lords Justices, who have upheld the verdict of Sir R. Malins; but they stated that in estimating the proceeds of the sale of the prints, which realised £42,000 at Messrs. Christie and Manson's galleries, allowance should be made for the rent and taxes of the house in Queen Anne Street, where the property was deposited before the sale; and also that some just remuneration should be given to Mr. C. Turner "for his care and trouble in getting up the sale."

1878.

MR. BRUCE JOY, two of whose commemorative statues have been recently placed—the one in Liverpool, to the late Macgregor Laird, the other in Dublin, to the late Dr. Graves—is an Irishman, and adds another to the long list of great sculptors, natives of Ireland. The local newspapers are full of praise of these remarkable works, according marked homage to the artist. The commissions were obtained by competition, and in both cases the committees have given to him earnest thanks as well as substantial recompense. He has been duly appreciated at "the Exhibition," and is certainly one of the younger men who are destined to uphold and extend the honours of the profession.

MARGARET F. FOLEY, the sculptor, a native of America, but long resident in Rome, died at Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, on December the 7th. She was a most estimable lady as well as an accomplished artist; her loss will be deplored by large circles. For some time she had been in weak health, under the charge of her devoted friends, William and Mary Howitt and their daughter, who were with her when she left earth. We shall, we trust, furnish some particulars of her life.

'THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN' by J. K. Thomson.—Our readers are doubtless familiar with the engraving published by Mr. Arthur Lucas, after this artist's 'First Eastern Dawn,' showing some angels cleaving the darkness and peering as they fly at the early morning breaking over the top of Calvary. The picture has been what is called an "immense success," and in consequence thereof the artist has been induced to paint a companion to it, which is now on view at Mr. Lucas's gallery. It is called the 'First Christmas Morn,' and shows a group of angels staying their flight above some rugged ground where shepherds sleep. The shepherd in the immediate foreground has just awoke and holds his hand between him and the effulgence of the floating angels, while to the right the Star of the East is shining serenely over Bethlehem. The sentiment of the sacred incident has been caught most happily, and we have no doubt it will prove as great a success as its predecessor.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S well-known picture, 'The Light of the World,' has found a home in the library of Keble College, Oxford, to which it has been presented by Mrs. Combe, widow of Mr. Thomas Combe, of the Clarendon Press.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON has agreed to purchase Mr. John Bell's marble *relievo*, entitled 'Peace, and the Soldier's Return,' for the sum of 300 guineas: its destination has not yet, we believe, been determined.

THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY (of which there is a branch at Rathbone Place, London) issues a supply of photographs, of several sizes, from pictures by all the best masters of Germany. An examination of its enormous Art-store is a rare treat. The company claims the merit of a process by which rapidity of production is combined with accuracy of finish; the advantage of cheapness being thus obtained while satisfying the artist, whose productions are multiplied to his honour. It is impossible within our limited space to indicate any of the many copies; our readers must accept our assurance that they are of great excellence and very varied, and that an album, calculated to give much delight and much instruction, may be made up by selections at very small cost. There is one series, however, to which we are bound to refer: six very large photographs (they have not yet been reduced) represent scenes in the play of *Henry IV.*, in which Falstaff acts the leading parts. The artist is Herr Gruetznar. He has admirably portrayed the fat knight and other characters who "flourish" in the immortal drama. It is not a little singular that the painters to whom Shakspeare is most indebted are Germans. The photographs we have thus commended are from frescoes; they are of great size as well as great merit. It is likely they will be exhibited in London during the Art season of 1878.

MESSRS. DELARUE, as usual, send us a supply of diaries, pocket-books, and memoranda books, for the coming year, and—as usual—they are all that can be required or desired in such indispensable productions. Everybody needs at least one of them. They send us also a budget of Christmas cards, very pretty, well designed, and carefully printed; the best of them represent fairies at all conceivable earthly sports, and will be equally welcome and amusing little presents at all seasons. They issue no cards that are peculiarly Christmas cards, and none with what are termed “appropriate” verses; acting wisely, we think, if they would be compelled to put up with the very mediocre “poetry,” so called, that is associated with a large number of these graceful and beautiful Art compositions. What Messrs. Delarue do is always done well: they have long been public benefactors, by ministering to pure taste and refined sentiment. The firm has long been renowned for the production of playing cards, and if universal repute is to be accepted as proof, their cards are the best to play with. They are also of much excellence as to their Art ornamentation. This year they have introduced a novelty; it would take too much space to describe it. We doubt if it will overcome the long-established prejudice in favour of the old style; we doubt, indeed, if it ought to do so.

THE Christmas cards of Messrs. Tuck and Co., of the City Road, demand a word or two of praise. The publishers have aimed at novelty, somewhat difficult to explain; it is such as we think will find favour. The verses they have obtained are surely above the common.

MR. THOMAS STEVENS, of Coventry, to whose lesser Art-works we have made frequent reference—year after year, indeed—contrives to progress in improvements; his productions are principally book-markers, and these are very varied, of much

refined beauty, and often with eloquent verses from some of our loftiest poets. There will be no better Christmas gifts for those who desire graceful offerings that shall not be costly. We may compliment Mr. Stevens also on the grace and beauty of his Christmas cards, more especially those into which he introduces specimens of his own peculiar art; they are, in most cases, charmingly grouped and arrayed flowers, good as the best chromo-lithographic prints, while refined in character and capital examples of true and pure art. Mr. Stevens, certainly takes a foremost place among the caterers of welcome things at Christmas.

MR. WILLIAM WOOLLAMS, who has long been at the head of the wall-paper manufacture of England, has recently patented a very remarkable improvement in his important art: an art that is an essential in all houses, patrician or plebeian. The new paper we call attention to is necessarily, comparatively speaking, costly, unless its great superiority in many respects be considered. It is a flock-paper: its novel feature being that the design is raised considerably above the level of the surrounding ground, and is afterwards embossed or modelled by pressure so perfectly that any effects a skilful artist can create by modelling, chasing, or carving in bas-relief, can be readily produced, with so great a truthfulness of expression that the artistic excellence of the work cannot fail to commend itself to all persons of cultivated taste. The eye at once notes the superiority of these above the old flocks. The designs (such of them as we have seen) are pure and good. They are made in coloured flock, with or without gold, ready for use in every variety of tint, and also in white or undyed flock for painting over, if required. They are especially suited for dining-rooms and libraries, but no doubt the patentee will be able to supply the public with this paper in designs and colours suitable for the drawing-room.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

AT length General di Cesnola has issued his book: it has been long promised, and is worth waiting for. A more interesting and valuable volume has rarely issued from the press.* It is a learned work; the author has carefully read and studied all that has been written on the subject, from the earliest times to the present; the history of Cyprus is given, briefly, but at sufficient length for the general reader, the purpose being to make him better comprehend the records that follow. In 1865, fortunately for his adopted country and for the world, the General was appointed by President Lincoln United States consul to Cyprus. There, “off and on,” he passed ten years—he is yet in the prime of life—leasing and purchasing acres of waste land, bought “for a song,” digging and delving and collecting Art treasures that will make the mouths of archaeologists water, and the merest tyro in collecting envy the lot of one who was placed in the midst of marvels with free licence to help himself. But the reader must not think he had an easy task; probably he knew but little on the subject when his toil commenced; he gathered knowledge as he proceeded; his enterprise and endurance were great, his manners conciliating; he kept on good terms with his neighbours, was indeed largely aided by them. It would appear that he ransacked fifteen hundred tombs, fearless of the departed, and protected from the living by the spell of the star-spangled banner, that is ever protection enough for citizens of the States. The result is a wonderful accumulation of treasures of ancient Art, in every variety of material, style, and character, from large masses of stone carved into grand forms to the tiniest bit of gold that has given employment to a

skilful and intelligent artist, whose work survives, thousands of years after he became dust, to enlighten and instruct and supply models to artist successors. It will therefore be easy to imagine the vast wealth of Art the indefatigable explorer collected; but it must be noted that he toiled to collect it entirely at his own expense and risk; he had no government aid; not until a much later period did his name appear among men to whom subsidies are awarded for work well or ill done. America did ultimately reap the benefit of his labour, but it was by purchase; and England lost a great chance, for to the British Museum the collection was first offered. It was entirely the produce of private exploration and discovery, and the precious harvest was rightly gathered into garners that belonged to no State.

From what we have said our readers will understand that this work is one of great value and importance. Evidently great pains have been taken to condense so much information into a single volume. It would have been easy, we think, to have doubled its size, and certainly there are plenty of travelled authors who, with such abundant materials, would have done so. There is not, among the four hundred and fifty pages, a single wasted page—not one that tells us nothing. The explorer is not a bookmaker; the soldier is not, at all events by profession, a man of letters: yet he writes as fluently as if he were both. The style is simple but graceful, and the reader has never the slightest difficulty in understanding the author.

The book is illustrated by more than a hundred engravings on wood, admirably executed. These serve to make the text clearer, while they greatly assist those who would derive profit from its study—such as the goldsmiths and potters of our time.

General di Cesnola's volume, we must repeat, ranks among the very foremost of recent publications; it is a work in every way well done. The Author has earned and received the

* “Cyprus, its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence as American Consul in that Island,” by General Louis Palma di Cesnola. With maps and illustrations. Published by John Murray.

cordial thanks of the country of his adoption, which will largely profit by the results of his most useful labours.

The book is dedicated by the General to his wife, "as a tribute to her love and devotion under great trials;" it will suffice to state that she was his constant companion during the whole of his ten years of work, taking her full share of toil, anxiety, labour, discomfort and danger. No doubt to her encouragement, consolation, and aid, he, and we also, owe much for these successful researches, from which vast benefit will be derived; and when we thank the General we are bound to thank her who was, in the best sense, his helpmate.

THERE has been no print of its class so interesting as one recently issued by the Autotype Company in Rathbone Place. If it be permanent (and on that ground we are told to entertain no doubt), it is as thoroughly good as any actual engraving, while certainly more true to the original than the work of the burin can ever be. We have under notice the autotype from the painting, by Louis Desanges, of the 'Garden Party given by the Prince of Wales at Chiswick.' It contains thirty portraits of the Queen and various members of the royal family, and one hundred and eighty portraits of invited guests, principally persons of high rank, and including a few artists, but (strange omission, the blame of which cannot, we suppose, be laid on the painter,) not a man or woman of letters of any grade! The difficulties incident to the treatment of such a subject have, we think, never been so successfully overcome; it is easy to fancy such an assemblage—how each conspicuous person had of necessity to be introduced somewhere, while each must be a likeness sufficiently true to be at once recognised. The assemblage is around her Majesty, therefore those who compose it are necessarily in comparative repose; there is no variety of attitude to vary the quiet character of the scene, and but one seated figure. No breaking up into groups would be admissible; two children are happily introduced with their dog in the foreground, but they are the only children present, except the daughter of the Prince and the grandson of her Majesty, seated on her lap. The young and beautiful abound certainly, but the majority of the guests are the aged or middle-aged, her Majesty's ministers and the peers and peeresses of her court. Nature, so called, has given little aid; some trees and hillocks in the background have helped the artist a little, that is all. Yet few prints so attractive have ever been issued, and no picture that gives such indubitable evidence of ability approaching genius. Mr. Desanges is known as an accomplished portrait painter, and perhaps no living artist can paint a lady so well as he does; but here the largeness of his task might have terrified him. It has not done so: he has succeeded in producing a work that will be regarded as a volume of portraits of worthies of the Victorian era of Great Britain. Moreover, it is a singularly pleasant print, one that gladdens the heart, for all the personages thus met together seem happy, the giver of the feast especially so. It was surely a brilliant scene, one that Art right worthily commemorates. The print will find its way into many British households—to many in India, and in all the colonies and dependencies of the crown; and in America too, where are tens of thousands who claim kindred with the British aristocracy—to grace the walls of mansions and of homes that are not mansions, as a happy record of the court at a period perhaps the happiest, because the most tranquil and prosperous of the century. We thank Mr. Desanges for painting so interesting and excellent a work, and the Autotype Company for the admirable manner in which they have produced it. It should be added that a key accompanies the print. We shall take an early opportunity of calling attention to other and scarcely less important issues of the company in Rathbone Place.

A POWER to appreciate the value of pure etching is growing strong in England. There have always been a select few to whom etchings are the best of engravings; but to the public generally, until within a recent period, they were merely unfinished prints. We receive, with much pleasure, a series of very beautiful productions of the class—British and Foreign. They are all admirable examples of the Art, and chiefly by

renowned painters.* There is obviously a leaning towards the severer school of the Pre-Raphaelites; but probably theirs is the style that will etch best. The collection is certainly one that every Art-lover will covet. It would receive greater justice at our hands, but for the pressure of Christmas books by the dozen, the whole of which would be to many as valueless as waste-paper compared with this single volume of rare specimens of true Art. Moreover Mr. Carr is a sound and able critic; from his judgment, generally severe, there is seldom a just appeal, but those whose works he lauds obtain thereby distinction. We associate with this valuable volume a good and graciously illustrated book, written by Mrs. Comyns Carr. It consists of pleasant and useful rambles in the North of Italy.† It is a very pretty volume; but that is not its principal merit: it is exceedingly well written. The style is easy, graceful, and harmonious; there is ample evidence of thorough acquaintance with the subject, and of intense love for it. As enabling us to know something—to know much, indeed—of domestic life in Italy, it is almost alone; it is just the work that was wanted, and the fair author, while laying the English reader under deep obligation, renders large service to Italy.

E. W. COOKE, R.A., F.R.S., has published a second series of "Leaves" from his Sketch Book. They are very varied in subject. The greater number are from Venice, Naples, and the Nile; the latter having the recommendation of comparative novelty, for the painter has travelled into many out-of-the-way places. Each print is accompanied by brief descriptive letterpress. The reputation of the artist will be enhanced by these sketches: they show the master-mind in every touch. It would be difficult to find a series of sketches calculated to be so instructive to any Art student, no matter how high his rank.

MESSRS. NELSON have this year issued several valuable books. Passing over an exciting volume, extensively and exceedingly well illustrated, for boys, by our old friend Mr. Kingston, being "much as usual," a story of war and wild life in Venezuela,‡ more time, and certainly more attention, is demanded by a book of very deep interest, entitled "The Catacombs of Rome, Historical and Descriptive."§ The author does not write from personal examination of "underground Rome;" he has simply collected and arranged from a variety of sources all the leading facts connected with the important subject, or that might illustrate the lives of the early Christians. No doubt very much of the story must be mere guess-work, but there is enough of the actual to stimulate all readers who desire evidence as to the earlier struggles of the disciples and followers of Christ. The story, from beginning to end, is remarkably well told and is abundantly illustrated. The author acknowledges his debt to Lord Lyndsay; he does not accord equal justice to Thomas Heaphy—for we can scarcely believe him unacquainted with the work of that artist, who spent many days and nights in the Catacombs, and whose pen and pencil have given accurate descriptions of a place full of the deepest and holiest associations.

A more ambitious work—at least in so far as form and cost are concerned—illustrates "The Mediterranean."|| It is truly a picture book; but not only that, it is full of anecdote and of animated, sometimes brilliant, descriptions of scenes and incidents associated with British history—Malta, Sicily, and Gibraltar, for examples. The record of the famous siege in 1780 reads like a chapter of romance. But it seems to us far-fetched to write so much as we find in this volume concerning Rome and

* "Examples of Contemporary Art: Etchings from Representative Works, by Living English and Foreign Artists." Edited, with Critical Notes, by J. Comyns Carr. Published by Chatto and Windus.

† "North Italian Talk: Sketches of Town and Country Life." By Mrs. Comyns Carr. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. Published by Chatto and Windus.

‡ "The Young Llanero. A Story of War and Wild Life in Venezuela." By W. H. G. Kingston.

§ "The Catacombs of Rome: Historical and Descriptive." By the Author of "The Buried Cities of the Campana."

|| "The Mediterranean Illustrated. Picturesque Views and Descriptions of its Cities, Shores, and Islands." By the Author of "Buried Cities of the Campana," &c.

Venice in treating of the Mediterranean. The engravings throughout are of great excellence; they are very numerous, and are all well drawn and engraved, no doubt chiefly from photographs; they may therefore be accepted as accurate. Although, strictly speaking, no artist has been employed to make drawings, the names of the engravers should have been given. It is a very beautiful and very interesting book, and will, no doubt, obtain the popularity to which it is eminently entitled.

A YET more charming book is "The Bird World,"* the letterpress by Davenport Adams, the drawings by Giacomelli. The author and the artist have both done well: a more exquisitely illustrated volume has very rarely issued from the British press. Each print, no matter how small, is an Art gem. It would be difficult to find a gift so welcome or so perfect as this: appropriate for the season, it will be an acquisition of great value at any time.

"GOOD out of Evil" is also a story about birds.† The fair author understands children well, and therefore writes well for them. This is a pretty, and also a good book for the young, at Christmas time or at any time. It is admirably illustrated. Perhaps the illustrations are the best of the year.

THE principal value of "The Picture Amateur's Handbook and Dictionary of Painters"‡ will be found in the short essays introductory to the Dictionary, on a variety of subjects relating to and explanatory of the art of painting and the method of dealing with old pictures. The latter, and of course the larger, part of the book consists merely of an alphabetical list of deceased painters of all schools, from the earliest period of the revival, enumerating the special subject of their Art and the dates of the birth and death of each. A few of the most distinguished artists have assigned to them a brief biographical and descriptive notice.

IT would be difficult to overpraise the serial publications issued by Messrs. Partridge, all superintended by Mr. T. B. Smithies. One of them, the *British Workman*, is known and appreciated, it is not too much to say, throughout the world. But it is not the only one; the *Family Friend*, the *Children's Friend*, and the *Band of Hope Review*, are almost as famous. They deserve the reputation they have acquired; for the young there are no better books, few so good; religious in the best sense of the term, soundly instructive upon a hundred useful matters, ever inculcating duty to neighbour as well as duty to God—there is not a page in any one of them that might not be read and studied with advantage by any household. Yet there cannot be found a sentiment or a passage to which any reader of any denomination among Christians can object; all their lessons are charitable, in the highest sense of the Holy Word. So much for the letterpress; the Art is quite as sound and good. The costliest books of the year contain no engravings of their kind superior to those of which the buyer obtains half-a-dozen for a halfpenny. Fortunate are the children, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, for whom Mr. T. B. Smithies caters month after month.

ONE of the prettiest and pleasantest books of the season is a collection of genuine fairy tales; they are not of home manufacture, they are only translations from the German;§ yet they are very welcome, for they will delight the young and bring back to the old the memories of happy childhood, when there was little disposition to inquire whether the stories were or were not actually true—that is to say, by those who had doubts on the

subject—and the number of such doubters was very small. The very title smacks of a relish; there is a rare treat here for young or old. Art has much aided the inventor. The book will be a delight in many a cozy nook at Christmas.

WE allude to Messrs. Marcus Ward's edition of the Waverley novels, rightly commencing with the first of the mighty series, in order to state that it is exceedingly well illustrated. A very large number of skilfully engraved woodcuts give vigour and animation to the story, read with delight so long ago as sixty-four years, and read as eagerly and with as much pleasure to-day as it was in 1814, when it first startled the world: so it will be to the end of time. We ought to know the name of the artist by whom the drawings have been made.

MESSRS. WARD issue several other books for the young: "children's books" that are not books for children, but for little masters and misses who want to be men and women, and who think it derogates from their dignity to read what their grand-mamas and grandpapas once delighted in. Messrs. Ward, like most of the other publishers of to-day, will do well to study the wise words of Mr. Goschen when addressing a large Liverpool audience on the value of imagination in words of fiction. "The Flag Lieutenant," by S. W. Sadler, R.N., "China," by Mr. Ch. C. Eden, "Coralie," by Mr. Eden, and more especially "The Heroes of North American Discovery," by N. D'Anvers, are charmingly printed and illustrated, and are very "readable" publications, admirably adapted for those who require facts and acts only.

AMONG books for the young—for young boys, that is to say—we must give a high place to the "Heroes of Young America," by Ascot B. Hope. But the Young America is that great continent in its infancy, some two or three hundred years ago, and its historic heroes are the pioneers and the Pilgrim Fathers. Their adventures are full of dramatic interest; every page of the book relates some marvellous incident, and boy-readers will accept the volume as a rare and valuable addition to their store of knowledge. It is capitally illustrated by a large number of wood engravings as exciting as the text.

SOME years ago there appeared in a monthly periodical, entitled *St. Paul's Magazine*, a series of papers on the subject of Beauty, both personal and as expressed by costume. They were from the pen of a lady who, after repeated solicitation, has at length been induced to reprint them, and they now appear remodelled and considerably amplified in a neatly got-up volume, with the title of "The Art of Beauty."† It is a book intended solely for the study of women, and this, not with the object of adding to their frivolity, vanity, or any other feminine weakness, but to train them in those physical refinements, as they may be termed, which add so greatly to their social influence. "I should be the last," writes the author, "to imply that physical beauty is the only thing that can make a woman attractive. Many are attractive and magnetic without beauty, as it is commonly understood, and some are too useful to provoke criticism; but physical beauty remains one of the sweetest and strongest qualities, and one which can scarcely be too highly valued and still less despised." Independent of the lessons on dress and manners inculcated by Mrs. Haweis, that lady does not forget to lay down some valuable rules for the preservation of health, while all is conveyed in an interesting style of writing, that renders her book pleasant reading. The illustrations of costume, &c., are good, while some show that the lady has not only learned to use her pencil skilfully, but has also been a student in the school of anatomy. Some chapters under the head of "Beauty and Surroundings," treat discriminatingly on the furniture, decorations, &c., of our dwelling-houses; and if we do not share the opinions of the author in all she says respecting some of our painters, her remarks generally are calculated to be useful.

* "The Bird World, described with Pen and Pencil." By W. H. Davenport Adams, and H. Giacomelli. Published by Nelson and Sons.

† "Good out of Evil: a Tale for Children." By Mrs. Surr, author of "Our Children's Pets," &c. With Thirty-two Illustrations by Giacomelli. Published by Nelson and Sons.

‡ "The Picture Amateur's Handbook and Dictionary of Painters; being a Guide for Visitors to Public and Private Picture Galleries, and for Art-Students." By Philippe Daryl, B.A. Published by Crosby Lockwood & Co.

§ "Fairy Circles: Tales and Legends of Giants, Dwarfs, Fairies, Water Spirits, and Hologoblins." From the German of Villamaria. With numerous Illustrations. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

* Published by E. Stanford.

† "The Art of Beauty." By Mrs. H. R. Haweis, author of "Chaucer for Children." With numerous Illustrations by the author. Published by Chatto and Windus.



OLD AND NEW FESTIVALS OF FLORENCE, PRATO, AND SIENA.



HE tenacity with which old customs and beliefs based on the popular passions and sentiments of the people hold their ground in Italy, away from the greater centres of population, is quite as remarkable as the ease and rapidity with which they have disappeared, without being missed, in the latter sites, although the distance between the two may be a few miles only. But it must not be forgotten that a few miles, before the unity of Italy became a fixed idea, placed an impassable gulf of jealous rivalry and ill-will between Italian towns, and made their inhabitants foreigners to each other, as regards feelings and intercourse, both in name and practice. Consequently we need not be surprised that propinquity had little, if any, influence, in hastening or developing the newborn sentiment of nationality which so recently, like a tidal wave, swept over the whole country with equal and contemporaneous force. Indeed the nearer the towns were to each other the more strictly they clung to their municipal and local characteristics, giving to each a definite psychological as well as materialistic physiognomy peculiar to itself, and more or less in striking contrast or hostility to its rivals. Thus it has happened that Italian cities, after accepting the general life-renewing sentiment of a common brotherhood and nationality, have retained their special features in large measure, or else have modified or abolished them with little or no reference to what their neighbours were doing; although in many instances magnanimously giving back, in the enthusiasm of their aroused fraternal feelings, to their original possessors trophies of ancient victories wrested rough-hand from the conquered, in order that there should be left no tangible tokens of former ill-blood between them. When nations, imitating this generous example, shall restore to each other their blood-won flags, cannon, and other evidences of the tiger-nature in man, the world will have gone another great step forward in its road to universal peace and good-will.

Florence of A.D. 1877, in its fêtes, is already as unlike Florence of A.D. 1847, and its old-time outlook, as if it were a newly-founded city. Except its unchangeable landmarks and ancient architecture, everything else is altered, including the manners and ideas of the people. A writer in one of its journals already sighs for smoking factory chimneys as the sign of the much-desired industrial life in its midst, quite willing to darken the clear skies and poison its atmosphere with foul vapour, provided that Florence shall become a flourishing manufacturing town of the approved modern pattern. How deeply rooted this ambition has become was evinced this year by the hearty attempt, under the auspices of the conservative-clerical party, to revive the special fête of San Giovanni, its patron saint, with somewhat of the old-fashioned zest and attributes. The result was like the play of *Hamlet* minus *Hamlet*; for the new spirit played its part only to suit itself. A very substantial and creditable fête became organized, but its features were strictly nineteenth century ones: such as Art and industrial exhibitions, with premiums, monster concerts, elaborate fireworks, and whatever progressive souls now most delight in and thirst for as stimulating to material advance and decorous entertainment. The chariot races after the antique, church processions, and olden kind of junketings and street fooleries, all proved to be as dead

as Julius Cæsar, while the illuminations were but the ghost of their former splendour. Everybody, however, was abroad on instruction and pleasure bent, and the behaviour of the crowd was simply perfect, as it always is with the temperate Latins. If the festival proved a complete failure in its mediæval aspect, on the other hand, as an exhibition of Florence in her new aims, more in harmony with modernism, it was a complete success.

One by one the towns of Italy are shedding their old customs like dead leaves, with good grace and benefit; albeit the foreign tourist is given to complaining at the rapid disappearance of the fashions and customs of the dead centuries he came here to see masquerading in the cold, analytical light of the unromantic living one. But Italy cannot become a "great power" and keep a bric-a-brac shop too. All her energies and resources are needful to hold her own in the newly-started race of nationalities, and the sooner she rids herself of whatever cumbrous her skirts the better. As an example in point take Prato, which, in utter disregard of its historical, belligerent, picturesque past, has transformed itself virtually into a thriving manufacturing suburb of Florence, of most practical and homely aspirations, more happy in the busy hum of its looms than ever it was in its trumpet calls to man its now useless walls against Florentine enemies. Yet it is not very long since I there witnessed the most solemn and suggestive of mediæval fêtes, representing the mystery of the Atonement, which the Catholic Church could conceive, and done with a vividness all but appalling to the senses, besides profoundly moving to the imagination and emotions.

For many centuries this panoramic festival had been held at Prato every four years, at Easter, maintaining its seriousness to the last, as I can bear witness, having seen its latest but one. The spectacle was intended to be as literal a representation of the procession to Calvary as could be improvised by the clergy and authorities, including the anachronism of the return of the corpse of Christ after the crucifixion, with such an intermingling of realistic and mystical elements as should most effectively touch the hearts and enkindle the faith of the spectators. Indeed, in seeing the long procession slowly file by, with its escort of Roman soldiery, Jewish magnates and populace, the Divine Victim and the instruments of his passion, followed by his relatives and converts, it required no great stretch of fancy to carry the gazer back to the actual spectacle nearly nineteen centuries before, and in the present actors revive its momentous realities, intensified by the full significance as interpreted by Christian faith and its subsequent consequences to mankind. Probably not one of the spectators in the streets of Jerusalem, not even the sorrow-stricken mother herself, could feel the full force of the impressions awakened in those who looked on the fictitious spectacle with thoroughly devout minds, alike sensitive to its simple material aspects of guiltless suffering and the ransom of their souls in the light of the doctrine of the Atonement.

To heighten these impressions, the procession took place after dark and by torchlight, causing the mysterious lights and shadows to give a phantom-like look to the whole scene, as if the ghosts of those who had participated in the stupendous tragedy had risen from the dead to rehearse it to the living for the good of their souls. Slowly, solemnly, and in throbbing silence, the

weird troop passed through the streets, gazed at by breathless thousands pallid with emotion and hushed to supreme stillness; for as it went by not a whisper or sound of any kind was heard; the very horses seemed miraculously hushed, as if under a spell. To speak or give way to any audible emotion would have been considered sacrilegious, and perhaps promptly suppressed by the bystanders. There was literally nothing to break the intense effect of the muffled sweeping by of the feet of the Roman guards, the Sufferer and his ominous *cortège*—rolling on the hearts more than on the ears of the listeners, like the pulsations of destiny—freezing the blood, as if the icy shadow of some indescribable sorrow nigh at hand was falling alike on all. This deep silence was as awesome as contagious, making the spectacle, with its lurid, broken lights, diversified costumes and actors, and mingling of past and present in one passionate tableau, to partake of the supernatural with a vividness of representation that none appeared capable of resisting. Night, silence, human woe, and the profoundest mysteries of our faith, were indeed the chief elements of its hold on the feelings, and without them, in broad daylight, doubtless it might have been beheld as an empty theatrical display, only indifferently well combined and managed. But whatever judgment our practical-minded age may pass on such an exhibition, I must confess it left a profound impression on me in full sympathy with its meaning, which intervening years fail to weaken.

Siena is one of those Italian cities which cling most stoutly to their mediæval aspect and ways, partly from choice, and partly because of its isolated, mountainous position, which almost debars it from playing any other rôle than that of living on its past fame. Those ancient hill-towns, which, like it, are girdled with stout walls, and straggle up and down steep ravines in a network of labyrinthine streets bordered by massive façades of topping, emblazoned palaces, with their beetling cornices and prison-like iron bars, scaring away the joyous sunlight, are as much out of place in our century as would be a feudal lord in his coat of mail taking his "constitutional" in one of our modern boulevards. He, however, could exchange his metal for a cloth suit, and adapt himself at will to his new position. Not so Siena, and those sister-cities which, having no fertile plains at their feet to spread themselves out on, are forced to shiver and pine away in their stone armour in their bleak eyries, vainly eyeing and envying the material progress and comfort that the whirligig of time now carries away from their doors to gladden the more lowly homes of those who were of old the first to bear the brunt and disasters of the wars of their liege lords, perched in comparative security in their lofty citadels.

There still remains, notwithstanding, in every Siennese breast much of the primitive spirit that gave the population high renown for all knightly qualities and most loyal devotion to their religion and city. Among its institutions none has contributed more strongly to cherish this feeling than the games instituted upwards of six centuries ago, and kept up with all their ancient earnestness ever since. They constituted a festival of a very different character from that of Prato, for they hotly appealed to local passions and interests that sometimes found vent in serious contests. But, like all matters of public import in their believing days, they had their consecration, if not origin, in religious feeling, which in Siena emphatically was synonymous with love of country. The Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven, was its elected chief and guardian, its celestial symbol and champion, and its favourite worship. At the festival of her Assumption in August of each year these games were held in their joint honour, with all the pomp and enterprise the city could command, as an exhibition of its munificence and power, and a friendly challenge to other communities to surpass them if they could. Faith and country being so indissolubly united, the allegiance due to the one became the common sentiment of both, so that the authorities and pleasures of heaven and earth in the minds of the average Siennese were very much on the same level, and chiefly directed towards themselves and their civic and individual welfare, of which Divine favour they felt very proud. And this pride, held in all due reverence and sincerity, in the main elevated their standard of action and view of tangible

things, as does all deep enthusiasm founded on beliefs in the special favouritism of celestial beings.

Before the pestilence of A.D. 1348, Siena was divided into sixty *contrade*, or districts, under a mixed military and civil organization, electing its officers. Losing then, as was said, eighty thousand inhabitants, it was reduced to forty-two, still animated by the intensest rivalry, frequently promoted by the festivals to blood heat during the games, but speedily subsiding into orderly citizenship afterwards. On the evening previous to their opening, August 14th, the various bands, headed by their captains and magistracy in grand gala costume, with waving banners, and sound of drums and trumpets, bearing gifts for the altars, went in solemn procession to the cathedral to hear divine service and consecrate themselves afresh to the service of the Divine Lady and their ardently loved Siena, which they were always as ready valorously to defend by their swords as to magnify by extravagant feasts and praise. With all this devout preparation it was forsooth a festival largely imbued with the fierce and combative disposition of a people that boasted of a descent from the founders of Rome, and had taken for their symbol of war the she-wolf of the pugnacious twins. For a time they indulged in contests of savage animals and wild bulls—in honour of the sweet Mother of Jesus!—until they became so destructive to men as well as beasts that they were abolished, and the competitive *contrade*, after A.D. 1650, was forced to settle its rivalries through the medium of horse races of a very primitive sort, although with no diminution of extravagant display and feeling.

During the republic's most palmy days each district was represented by upwards of one hundred champions on foot or on horseback, clad in richest armour, bearing diversified allegorical symbols, or costumed in costliest velvets and brocades, heavy with jewels and gold and silver embroideries, accompanying elaborately decorated military cars, with their appropriate banners; the whole displaying a picturesque splendour and luxurious opulence which would seem incredible to our eyes now. On these occasions the grand old piazza fronting the Town Palace, with its imposing mediæval beacon-tower seemingly suspended in the air, was turned into a garden of flowers, whose joyous colours were repeated in silk, velvet, and gold hangings from every window, balcony, draped scaffolding, and terrace overlooking the scene; each available point crowded with spectators, in their bright holiday attire, keenly alive to the beautiful display, the imposing figure their native city was presenting to its guests, and the merits of their respective champions, as they marched, with martial music and flaunting devices, around the enclosed circle which was to be the race-course.

Every year, even now, Siena renews this spectacle; it is true with somewhat faded magnificence and lessened numbers of champions, but still making a brave and interesting show, with no abatement of the old spirit—stratagems to win of the rival *contrade*, and ecstasy of victory when won, especially if the victorious party be popular. Although but a semblance of the antique display, enough remains in the allegorical banners, costumes, and general pageantry to give a fair idea of what the spectacle must have been in its full glory. The passions of the rival *contrade*, their intense emulative and frenzied excitement, as the bare-backed horses, with the shouting, flogging, mad riders trying to pull each other off, and sometimes getting perilous tumbles, rush wildly by in pell-mell speed, communicate themselves to the crowd, who gibe or cheer as the mood moves them until the decisive moment of victory, and then give voice to vociferous but brief shrieks of triumph or to verbal contests more energetic than elegant.

With these emotional southern races such scenes become earnest affairs of the heart, and a tension of feeling, controversy, and gesture is excited by them, independent of all betting interests, that no northerner can comprehend without witnessing. As the news of the winning district was carried to its streets by breathless runners I saw women, no longer young, crazy with excitement, jump straight into the air, as a deer bounds when shot in the heart, others making rapid and successive leaps, clapping their hands frantically together, and then start off at a surprising

speed, petticoats dancing in the air, screaming the glad tidings as they ran towards their homes, and looking like the inmates of a Bedlam out on a scrub-race. But these fierce flames soon consume themselves, and a little later the churches are filled with grateful worshippers, thanking the Virgin for the victory, as if it were a matter of special interest in heaven itself. It is astonishing and edifying to note how quickly an Italian crowd melts peacefully away after any such excitement, all carrying in their countenances traces of real enjoyment, and without quarrels or intoxication, although wine shops are abundant, and total abstinence would be viewed as an eccentricity.

The Count Antonio Herculani, in his "History and Customs

of the Sienese," pleads with some justice for the continuance of this festival in these words: "Do not laugh at the popular customs, for they are amiable and entertaining. There is nothing in them vile, superstitious, or degrading. Indeed they are useful in regenerating and retémpering the growing generations; too often enervated by idleness and a deficiency of masculine and civic virtue. As for myself, I love better the applause that a people bestows on one of these riders than that the public give to a ballerina, because I prefer the art which strengthens the spirit and body to that which serves to corrupt and weaken them."

Florence.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

THE RECOVERY OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE people of England have taken a lively interest in the Holy Land for more than fifteen centuries. It is true that it is only twelve hundred and eighty years since Gregory the Great introduced in all the churches of Christendom the prayer, *Diesque nostras in tua pace disponas*, and sent that famous minister to England who established the ecclesiastical order which endured to the reign of Henry VIII. But a great battle between the Catholic hierarchy of saints and the wild brotherhood of the Teutonic gods had been fought before the days of Augustine. Unless earlier preachers of Christianity had trod the soil of Britain, it is not conceivable that we should hear of two thousand monks being gathered at Bangor, in 603, six years after the landing of the Romish missionaries at Ebbwfleet. The Arthurian legends are redolent of Christian faith. The wave of Saxon conquest swept over the sites of early Christian churches, relics of the later Roman civilisation of the island. In the Episcopate of Eleutherius, the fourteenth Bishop of Rome (according to the history written by a Pope himself), Lucius, a British king, was baptized in the Eternal City. It was under the rule of Eleutherius (163—171 A.D.) that twenty-five Roman flamens were made bishops, and that the first three archbishops of the Christian Church were appointed. Whatever authority we ascribe to the history of Pope Damasus, it is the general tradition of Christendom that St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, was an English princess, the daughter of that famous King Cole who gave his name to Colchester, and whose memory is renowned in ballad. Nor has any prince, dame, knight, or priest, from the legendary pontificate of St. Peter himself to our own times, done so much to localise Christian tradition in the Holy Land, and to make the ruins of Jerusalem vocal with mediæval legend, as that famous Empress. To her was due the designation of the Holy Sepulchre, the truth of which has been so fertile a theme of dispute in our own time. After the brief reaction during the reign of the Emperor Julian, the Christian religion was established by Jovian, his successor, in A.D. 363; and the stream of pilgrimage which then set in towards Jerusalem has never since run entirely dry. Justinian built churches, of which traces are yet to be found on the site of the ancient city, and even within the precincts of the Temple. In A.D. 614, Chosroes, King of Persia, took Jerusalem, burned the churches, and slew the Christians. The Emperor Heraclius restored the Christian worship thirteen years later. In A.D. 637 the Caliph Omar took Jerusalem. Fifty-five years later the Caliph Abd el Melek, in the seventy-second year of the Hegira, built that beautiful structure over the site of the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon which is known by the name of the Dome of the Rock, and which is held by the believers of the three monotheistic religions—the Jews, the Christians, and the Mohammedans—in almost equal veneration. Under the Moslem rule, although pilgrimages were permitted, the condition of the Christian residents in and pilgrims to Jerusalem, grew worse and worse; until, while Urban II. was Pope, Henry IV.

Emperor of Germany, Philip I. King of France, and William Rufus King of England, Peter the Hermit travelled bare foot through Europe, kindling in men's hearts as he went a fire which flamed up into the First Crusade.

From the date of the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, on Friday, the 14th of July, 1099, to our own times, English history and English literature have been deeply tinged with an Eastern element. Pilgrims of all classes have left our shores for Jerusalem; and the few who have returned have often raised the interest of those who staid at home to a white heat. Seven crusades have sailed from Europe, with the aim of establishing, maintaining, or restoring the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Men of the highest rank, among whom King Richard Cœur de Lion is conspicuous, have gone thither in arms. Many of the people have made their way thither on foot, aided only by the transport of fishing-boats across the waters of the Channel and of the Mediterranean. The names of the localities of Palestine are lisped in every infant school; the psalms of the saints and prophets of Palestine echo in every Christian Church. Nor can it be said that this interest is decaying. In the æsthetic movement which, for good or for evil, is so marked a feature of the day, no name is held in more honour than that of the English poet who brought back to our firesides the cadence of the ancient Latin chants. So thoroughly have men's minds been impressed by the continued use of language that once was wholly allegorical, that it is with something like the home-love of the Swiss peasant when he hears the "Ranz des Vaches" that we now listen to the line "For thee, O dear, dear country!" and mingle a topographical and a theological meaning in the words "Jerusalem the Golden."

Nor is it in chants and hymns alone that we prosaic Englishmen have, in this hyper-prosaic nineteenth century, shown our interest in Palestine. That interest has taken a shape which is eminently practical, and which is on the point of securing an important and imperishable benefit. To give honour where honour is due, it is only fair to say that it is to Mr. George Grove, long known as the energetic Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, that the organization of a serious and sustained effort for collecting and publishing a full and accurate description of the Holy Land, as it now exists, was principally due. Other men, of whom it would be invidious to name one without naming all, joined in the formation of a committee for this purpose, under the title of "The Palestine Exploration Fund." Her Majesty the Queen graciously allowed her royal name to appear as that of Patron. The Archbishop of York is the president of the general committee, on the list of which occur the names of the Lord Primate of All England and of seven bishops. The ancient rite is represented by the Marquis of Bute; the Church of England by Dr. Pusey and the Dean of Westminster; the Dissenters by Dr. Allon and Dr. Angus; natural science by Sir Joseph Hooker and the venerable Professor Owen; Egyptian antiquities by Dr. Birch; architecture by the Count de Vogüé and Mr. Fergusson; and the inhabitants

during the 1570 years from Joshua to Titus (though the research on hand takes us back to times long before the invasion by Joshua) by Baron Lionel de Rothschild. It would be difficult to find in any page of recent chronicle so thoroughly ecumenical and representative a body of men, associated for a purpose the completion of which cannot fail to have a powerful effect upon, at all events, the intellectual side of religion.

By the weight of this committee, and by the active exertions of an executive committee, of which Mr. Walter Besant is the acting secretary, rather more than £4,000 a year has now for some years been raised. The authorities of the army have allowed the services of certain officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers to be devoted to such an actual survey of Palestine as it would have been probably idle to attempt without the aid of military resources. The survey of the whole of Palestine proper, west of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, is now complete. Considerable progress has been made in the preparation of a map, on the scale of the Ordnance Map of England, namely, an inch to a mile, as to which it is not too much to say that in beauty of workmanship it is equal to anything that has yet been produced by that distinguished corps. We omit any further reference to these points, partly because many details are already accessible from the quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, published by Messrs. Bentley, and also at the office of the Society, 9, Pall Mall East; and partly because the Engineer officer in charge of the survey, Lieutenant Conder, R.E., is now preparing, in addition to the scientific memoir that is to accompany his map, a popular and illustrated work, which, under the title of "Tent Work in Palestine," will also be published by Messrs. Bentley.

In so far as the publication of this important map can be hastened by pecuniary aid, it is hardly necessary to dwell on the importance of the object in order to excite inquiry on the

part of those who are not among that small body of subscribers whose money is doing so much for the country, the Church, and the world. From a military and political point of view, the value of a thoroughly reliable map of Syria is primary. From the point of view of the historian, or of the literary man, the collection of data which give exactitude to the description of the Holy Land under each of those seven phases of its history* which have occupied the term of four thousand years, is indispensable. For the Biblical student, the promised identification of every place of any importance in Palestine mentioned in either the Old or the New Testament, will be a boon of the utmost value. Upwards of six thousand ancient names have been collected and identified with their proper localities. Not a few of these are older than the conquest by Joshua—older than the time when Abraham wandered, not knowing whither he went. The hieroglyphics, or rather the hieratic writings, of Egypt, give histories of travels and of battles in Palestine, in the reign of that very king of Egypt who issued the edict that led to the consignment of Moses to the bulrushes. The names of the Egyptian record, those found in the Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek Scriptures; those preserved in the Talmud; those found in the pages of St. Jerome, St. Cyril, Arculphus, St. Willibald, Theodoric, William of Tyre, Michaud, and Gibbon; those yet lingering in the memory of the natives, have all been traced to their Aramaic, or yet ruder forms; all compared with their Arabic equivalents. Half a century ago our ignorance of Palestine was so utter that almost any theory as to any sacred spot was possible, and was maintained with pretty equal plausibility: three years hence, if the work now in progress be completed, theory as to the localities of Palestine will be at an end, as we shall know far more of every spot of any importance within its borders than we now do of the topography of the Arthurian legends of our own island.

FINE ART EXHIBITION AT DUNDEE.

THE rapid growth of Dundee in wealth and importance is mainly due to the jute manufacture, an industry to which her citizens turned their attention during the late American war, and with such success that the material prosperity of the town, in many different ways, became speedily manifest to all acquainted with the place.

Academic Aberdeen could no longer dispute with her the claim to being the third largest town in Scotland, and she has shown by her enterprise and many activities that she intends maintaining her place. In the conduct of her newspapers Dundee shows a masterly efficiency; her docks have long been the admiration of every visitor; and now she has capped all her other engineering feats by throwing an iron railway bridge across the Tay—a marvel of construction, lightness, and strength—spanning the greatest volume of water that in this island rolls to the sea.

But Dundee, like the man suddenly become rich, believed all these things availed her nothing if she could not show the world that she too could be æsthetic, and could acknowledge, if she could not yet quite feel and enjoy, the influence of Art. Dundee, in short, determined to have a Fine Art Exhibition of her own, and the Albert Institute, lately erected in the very centre of the town, after the design of Sir Gilbert Scott, was just fitted for the purpose. In architectural style the edifice is a blending of a certain phase of the Gothic with the so-called Scottish Baronial, and the general effect is extremely picturesque. Internally the leading feature is the great hall on the first floor front, which is lofty and imposing in its proportions, measuring in a rough way about ninety feet in length by forty-five feet in breadth. Behind this, running in a straight line, are four or five lesser apartments, all admirably lighted,

and adapted, in a degree rarely seen in edifices of this kind, for the full and perfect display of works of Art.

Accordingly an exhibition of Art, pure and applied, was opened in this building in the autumn of last year. In the great hall was set forth a collection from South Kensington, including all manner of Art manufactures in textile fabrics, pottery, metal, marble, and wood work, jewellery, cabinet work, and furniture. Our leading Art manufacturers both in Scotland and England were amply represented, and their works arranged with great taste and judgment.

Photography, though covering so ample a field, and embracing so many followers, was represented by only six names, but Wilson of Aberdeen, famous throughout the world for his landscapes, was not one of them. The display of sculpture was likewise very limited in its range; and although the works of W. Brodie, D. W. Stevenson, George Webster, A. Fontaine, A. Bruce Joy, and J. Adams-Acton, were numerous and good, they by no means adequately represent the present state of British sculpture.

When however we came to the picture galleries we found no occasion for complaint. They were filled with upwards of a thousand works in oil and water colours, and although now and then we stumbled upon a picture scarcely worthy of its place, in the main the collection spoke well for current British painting at its best.

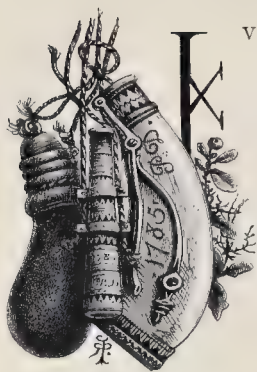
Altogether the exhibition was most satisfactory, and those public-spirited men who suggested and carried out the idea have their reward in seeing its success, and knowing that the seed they have sown has not fallen on stony ground.

* See the "Child's History of Jerusalem, from the Earliest Historic Notes to the Present Time," by F. R. Conder, C.E. London, published by Daldy, Isbister & Co., for the seven phases of the history of Palestine.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV.



temper, and less kindly than we are naturally. Such a happy landmark is "after reindeer" in Norwegian travel. Let us then look back to it, and enjoy it over and over again; and may others derive equal pleasure from similar outings.

The 1st of August is the opening day for reindeer shooting. About the end of July the enthusiasm gradually increases, everything is supposed to be ready—lists gone over, fine weather looked for, and the 1st of August especially longed for. On

VER and anon we arrive at some landmark in life which stands out prominently for the rest of our journey *ici bas sur la terre*; perchance it is one that, surrounded with pleasant associations, invites us back to chew the cud of past happiness, and rises before us as an angel of comfort from time to time, when shadows, storms, and squalls of trouble cross our path, the hurry and scurry of advanced civilisation have ruffled our calmer nature, and we have become irritable and overstrained, liable to spontaneous combustion of

our way to Gudbrandsdalen we stopped at Aalesund for the night—and what a night! We had hardly settled down to our "aftenmad," or supper, before a servant came in to tell us of a grand sunset, which she thought the English gentlemen would like to see. We all rushed up-stairs, clambered through attics, and finally came out on a kind of platform; and what a sight met us here! The whole heavens were bathed in the most astounding crimson, at our feet the harbour of Aalesund, and on the horizon, out in the Atlantic, small long ultramarine purple islands—sundown in its most intense arctic grandeur; a few golden scraps of cirri in the upper heavens. So impressed were we that we silently mused; adjectives had no power of expression; we tacitly admired with awe and reverence.

On our return to the table some Cantabs had just arrived; finding we were compatriots, the all-prevailing subject of the latter days of July rose to the surface. "Were we going after reindeer?" and a sort of mitrailleuse volley of inquiries soon followed. They had heard of three Englishmen—did we know them? as they were anxious to meet them before starting. At last the suggestion was thrown out, Had we not better go another time? We thought not. Then they divulged the name of him they sought, and the Patriarch revealed himself, quoting the *Duke's Motto*, "I am here." General rejoicing, fraternity, "Schaaal" for good sport, and the next morning we all started off together by steamer for our happy hunting grounds.

July 31st, on the high plateau of the Lesje Vand, we made our head habitable quarters. The ponies were packed with



Thorbeu—Encamping.

their curious birch twig saddles, waterproof sheets for cork bed, deer skins and air cushions, provisions, a small spade to trench round the tents, cooking canteen—a great work most cunningly carried out by the Tent-master—lint, chlorodyne, &c.; steel nails to screw into boots for ice work, "vanters," or mufflers, and long flannel night-shirts for cold, and blue spectacles for snow, a little glycerine, telescope and compass, &c.

Our beds were made with Iceland moss, waterproof sheet, cork mattress, and skins, and we slept in thick socks, gloves, and long flannel night-shirts with hood to keep off the flies. Hans Luther was with us, and Trophas the faithful, the doggie with sharp nose and curled tail. The tents had been sent up to the fjeld before us, and, after about six hours' walk, we spied the white dot—the tent. In making the ascent to the upper plateau the gradual decrease of vegetation was very interesting, culminating in the reindeer flower, or *Ranunculus glacialis*. The

Continued from page 24.

flowers are much liked by the reindeer. Happy and buoyant with hope the hunter who finds the flowers nibbled off! Their peculiarity is to grow most freely where the snow has melted back. At the tents we found Ole of Lesje, whose first news was that he had seen a herd of about fifty reindeer, and then a great subject was mooted: a glutton had been seen the night before near the tent. Danjel Kulingen had been thirteen years after reindeer, and had never seen one. On the other hand, Hans Luther had shot one, and a skin was at the station at Mølmen, which reminded us that at fishing inns, on the banks of the Thames, larger fish are seen stuffed and glazed than the itinerant angler generally hooks and lands.

All at once the dogs, three in number—Trophas, Barefoed, and Storm—opened a barking chorus; but we did not seize our rifles, as the telescopes revealed our Paymaster-general, who was returning from his *chasse de bagage*, which he had happily recovered. The aneroids registered 5,000 feet, and all was full of promise, save the one fact that the rifle of our friend was below in the valley. The despair and ferocity engendered by this unhappy discovery was soon dispelled by good food—plenty of it—a word of comfort and sympathy, and last, not least, a little whisky, after which he took a siesta in his tent, on which we wrote *Requiescat in pace*, and left our cards as a welcome.



Easing down the "Patriarch."

Being Sunday we made it quite a day of rest, and revelled in the flora, mosses, and lichens of our new ground; always, however, with an eye to the glutton, which evidently had a day of rest also, as he never appeared. In the evening a hunter's chorus at 6.30, as the Norwegian Sunday terminates at 6 o'clock. Ole sang "Saga's Hall." Luther, with his sweet high tenor, was very good, and eventually a bouquet was thrown to him. The delicate attention seemed to be appreciated, although it was composed of straw and red labels from the tin cans of our preserved meats, &c.; a bar or two of "God Save the Queen," and into our tents. The next day we made a long journey; much snow and heavy winds. In the afternoon we had to swim the ponies through a river—a very pretty sight indeed—the only drawback being clouds of mosquitoes; perfectly awful! no avoiding them. We were even thankful to think we had not them at home for a continuance. The remark that we should soon get used to them offered no comfort.

At this altitude we found the ptarmigan sitting about. The shooting of these birds does not commence until August 15th, and they seemed to know that we, as Englishmen, would not shoot before that day. So we actually threw stones at them, and one old bird, when knocked off the top of a large stone, positively came back to see what it was all about. Soon after this we discovered "freske spår" (new deer slots). The dogs livened up for a time. All soon settled however into steady

travel again. Danjel was telescoping continually; frequently a supposed reindeer turned out to be only a stone in the snow, till at last the Patriarch ventured to remark that there were "mange stor steen in Gamle Norge, og maget got telescope jagt," which Danjel understood to suggest real deer instead of stones, and we would all have preferred, as it was one of the objects of our expedition, shooting reindeer to telescoping them. They are very wild, and quite justify the old saying, "Mange dyr, mange øine,"—Many deer, many eyes. Our course now was laid from Buvalden, due north, and we started in good time from Thorbvu for the snow ranges, leaving the horses and baggage



The Gralloch.

below, we going as light as possible, with our own food for the day, and plenty of goat cheese. At lunch Danjel explained to the Patriarch that he should eat much goat cheese; if he ate sufficient he would partake of the nature of that saltatory animal, and in time jump cleverly and boldly from rock to rock—an accomplishment much called for during our wanderings.

An incident of fishing interest occurred here. We sent a hunter, who had never had a rod in his hand before, down to a lake, or "vand," to try for some trout. In about an hour he came back with about twenty, averaging nearly one pound each. Of course he was not casting, or "flick" would have been the



An Anxious Moment.

fate of the fly; he only trailed. Still his success was perfect, and he was delighted with his new sport.

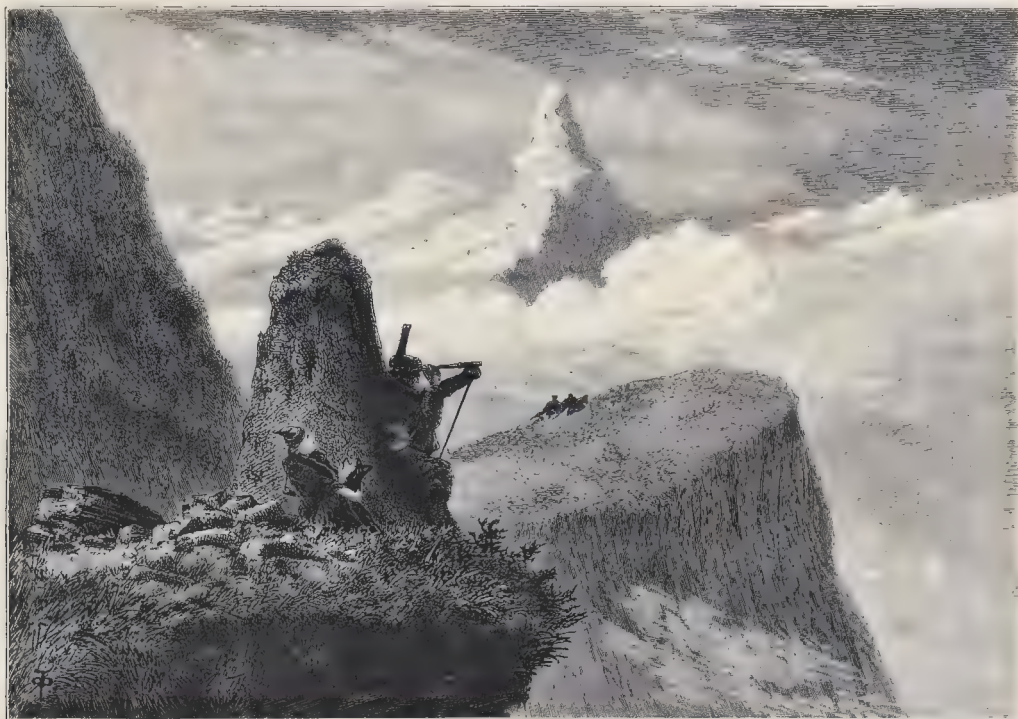
The male reindeer are called "bucks," the female "ko" and "semle ko," and the young "kalve." In the day time they roll in the snow, if they sleep it is certainly with one eye open. Having seen and telescoped many big stones, and taken them for deer, there was a strong inclination to inquire more closely as to the probability of sport, and a suppressed anxiety to hear a definite opinion as to our chance of a shot, if nothing more. The hunter must be patient, persevering, careful not to appear

even as a moving speck on the interminable expanse of virgin snow; he must take his sport quietly, for better or worse. Our Tent-master had made many expeditions, had seen many deer, and even when his chance came an impetuous—shall we say "friend"?—rushed out in front of him, fired, and missed. So tradition said. We are glad to state that this did not occur during our present trip. His happy successes arrived, however, after a time, and long will he remember the day when he killed his first reindeer. May he live long to kill more!

It would be well here to mention the tents and their arrangement. A regular *tente abri* carries two very well. Of course there is more room and more comfort for a single inhabitant; still, for general travelling, where luggage may only too truly be described as *impedimenta*, the tent referred to may be used. Every morning, if the weather permits, the waterproof sheet and cork bed should be laid out to dry, the skins also.

The trench round the tent must be well looked to, and the lines tightened and the ponies tethered. It is so disagreeable when, about 2 A.M., you are awakened by a storm of rain and wind, and discover your pony, with his linked fore-legs well tangled in tent lines, doing his best to pull down the whole concern on the heads of the occupants. Far more delightful to wake on a summer morning, bright, crisp, and fresh, when, if near a sater, the cause of your awaking may be the jodelling of a "pige" in charge of the cows, Swiss as to character of song, exceedingly Norske as they call to the cows to follow. In the country districts animals follow more than they are driven. Kindliness is the rural influence, coercion the town.

Many of our readers will notice that, under the initial letter, the powder-flask and general arrangement are very much like the old bandoleers which are still hanging in the guard-chamber of Hampton Court Palace and others at Portsmouth. They were



Near Orendal: after Reindeer.

most general in Charles I.'s time, and are beautifully shown in De Gheyn's costumes of Culverin-men and Harquebusiers. In this case this bandoleer was made of steel, and it is faithfully rendered, with the cord by which the whole arrangement was hung over the shoulder of the hunter.

By this time we deserve sport. We have travelled far and worked hard for it. Let us see the result. We had arrived at a great height, at the snow fields called "Snee breiden," like the "Folge fond" in the Hardanger. We had slid, crawled, and struggled, sometimes moving one behind the other at an angle, to reduce our surface, creeping on the crisp, dry, hard snow, wading rivers of snow water (very cold tubbing indeed), sloshing at the edge of the snow, where the reindeer-flowers bloom, going through various other incidents of snow travelling, till at last we arrive at a smart drop, previous to another fond. Here the Patriarch had to be eased down, and his pendent position is only suggested in the cut. Soon Trophas began to draw upon

some slots in the snow; it was the unanimous opinion that they were "fresh." Trophas pulled hard, held back by Ole, who eventually began to half trot. To the unsentimental mind, the action was that of a blind man's dog eyeing coppers in the distance; but Trophas was in earnest, and at last the top of a horn burst upon us, and in a second our fate was disclosed to us. There was nothing but the gralloch of a reindeer kalve shot yesterday—one horn, one hoof, &c.—as shown in sketch. How could it be accounted for? Many suggestions were thrown out, many improbabilities considered feasible, and at last a matter-of-fact of mind launched the frightful proposition that the glutton seen by Ole near our tents the night before our arrival was nothing but a native hunter, who had been stalking us, and had killed the kalve of which the remains were now at our feet. Nothing daunted, we flattered ourselves that at all events we had now commenced in earnest, and remembered the saw that the worst beginning has the best ending.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The following artists have been elected Associate Members of the Royal Scottish Academy: Messrs. D. W. Stevenson, sculptor; J. Docharty, and W. D. McKay, landscape painters.—Messrs. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., and Peter Graham, A.R.A., have been elected Honorary Academicians of the Royal Scottish Academy, and Mr. John Hutcheson, R.S.A., is appointed librarian in the room of the late Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A.

GREENOCK.—Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., has, it is stated, presented to the Watt Institute, Greenock, a portrait of the late Sir Robert Peel, painted by Mr. John Linnell.

BIRKENHEAD.—A colossal bronze statue of the late Mr. John Laird, M.P., has been erected on the south side of Hamilton Square: it is from the design of Mr. Bruce Joy, sculptor.

BRECHIN.—An exhibition of pictures was opened towards the close of last year in this town: the works of Scottish painters predominated, as might be expected, and among these were works by Sir D. Wilkie, T. Faed, R.A., E. Nicol, A.R.A., Sir N. Paton, R.S.A., J. MacWhirter, A.R.S.A., S. Bough, R.S.A., and others. English and foreign artists were represented by Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., J. Linnell, Corot, &c.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the Fitzwilliam Museum more than five hundred engravings of the early German, Dutch, and Flemish schools have been mounted and incorporated in the collection, and the Syndicate has had all the etchings of Rembrandt and his scholars, numbering one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight, stamped, arranged, and catalogued.

IPSWICH.—Great efforts for diffusing a knowledge and love of Art among the inhabitants of this part of Suffolk have, during the last ten years, been made by several of the leading members of the community; among other things, they occasionally invite some one assumed to have a knowledge of the subject to give a lecture upon it. A short time since a lecture upon "British Art, Past and Present," was delivered in Ipswich by Mr. James

Dafforne, when Lord John Hervey, President of the Suffolk Art Union, occupied the chair. This Art Union is doing as much in the cause of Art as its limited resources will allow; but it deserves far more extended support than it receives: its labours are supplemented by an annual exhibition of pictures, — distinct from the Suffolk Art Union — chiefly by artists of the county, with Art works from South Kensington. The interest felt by the working classes of the locality in these exhibitions is evidenced by the crowds attending them. Mr. John Head, of the well-known engineering and mechanical firm of Ransome, Sims, and Head, remarked, in a short speech he made after the lecture, that the Ipswich Museum was one of the best of its kind in the kingdom, and the lectures delivered by the curator, Dr. Taylor, in connection with it, were listened to with marked attention by large audiences. The Ipswich School of Art, under the superintendence of Mr. Griffith, is also effectually aiding in the work of educating the masses. Looking recently over some drawings by his own children, who attended the school, Mr. Head observed that he only wished he was young again, in order that he might have the advantages enjoyed by them.

MANCHESTER.—The gold medal offered by the Council of the Royal Manchester Institution was awarded to Mr. Spencer Stanhope for his picture of the 'Temptation of Eve,' considered to be the most meritorious work in the society's exhibition of last year.—We understand that the committee of the School of Art has decided to hold in the spring and summer an exhibition of works of Art, consisting of pictures, sculpture, and all forms of Art workmanship, the proceeds to be applied to the building fund for the new School of Art. A large and choice selection will be contributed from South Kensington, and the committee has already received promises of loans of examples from private collections. The design contemplates a representative exhibition of the highest character, both in respect to the variety and excellence of the objects displayed. The committee relies on the owners of rare artistic specimens, and indeed on all friends of Art, to aid them in rendering the exhibition in every respect worthy of its object and of the City of Manchester.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF CHARLES T. LUCAS, ESQ., WARNHAM COURT, SUSSEX.

J. C. Horsley, R.A., Painter.

LUMB STOCKS, R.A., Engraver.

LOOKING to the subjects of some of Mr. Horsley's pictures, one may consider he has become fairly entitled to be called *par excellence* the painter of merry youthfulness: he is skilful in representing scenes of *galanterie* and *coquetterie*, more or less after the kind of that we have engraved. The building in a state of siege is assumed to be a part of that noble old baronial mansion, Haddon Hall, in a room of which several pretty girls vigorously defend themselves from the assault of some merry cavaliers, who have borrowed one of the gardener's ladders and are using it for the purpose of escalading the fortress. The brave fellow forming the "forlorn hope" has already suffered damage in the impertinent attack, for one of the ladies has, with her fan, knocked his plumed cap off his head, and is making strenuous efforts to repel the enemy by harmless blows with the extemporised weapon, while another lady at the central window pours down a terrible fire of bouquets upon the daring assailants, who, with the besieged, are dressed in the costumes of the time of Charles II. At the third window is another girl, apparently an unconcerned spectator of the conflict, as she watches it while holding in her arms a pet King Charles's spaniel; and behind the lady in the centre is an attendant, as we judge by her attire,

supplying the garrison with ammunition from a basket of flowers.

Towards the base of the composition is the old gardener, in league with the besieging army. He has just left off his work to aid in the attack; his clipping-shears are under his arm, and his bag in front holds the hammer, nails, and shreds he has been using for the wall-trees. He grasps the scaling ladder firmly, and doubtless expects a suitable honorarium when the siege is raised or the fortress surrenders. The last will assuredly be the result; at least one would be inclined, looking at the comparative strength, condition, and circumstances of the combatants, thus to prophesy. From an opening in the wall below an old woman looks out in dismay on the strange encounter, probably anticipating that it will afford her work of some kind or other, either before or after peace is concluded. The din of battle too has fluttered the dovescots about Haddon Hall, whose winged tenants, flying in all directions, add greatly to the interest of a picture as original in subject as it is cleverly, elegantly, and impressively put on the canvas. We congratulate its owner, Mr. Lucas, upon possessing so attractive a work, and we cordially thank him for allowing us to engrave it.





THE BIRD-SELLER

THE BIRD-SELLER. A STORY OF THE LIFE OF A BIRD-SELLER IN A LONDON STREET.

ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

LONG before Shakspeare's time ballads were the "dayes meet, the foode, and the drinke" of the lower as well as the middle and higher classes of our countrymen and country-

do me no harm, good man!'—puts him off,—slights him, with, 'Whoop! do me no harm, good man!'

"Clown. What hast here? ballads?

"Mopsa. Pray, now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a'-life, for then we are sure they are true.

"Autolycus. Here's one, to a very doleful tune . . .

"Mopsa. Is it true, think you?

"Autolycus. Very true; and but a month old.

"Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

"Autolycus. . . . Why should I carry lies abroad?

"Mopsa. 'Pray you now, buy it.

"Clown. Come on,—lay it by; and let's first see more ballads,—we'll buy the other things anon.

"Autolycus. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

"Dorcas. Is it true too, think you?

"Autolycus. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

"Clown. Lay it by too. Another.

"Autolycus. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

"Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones.

"Autolycus. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two Maids Wooing a Man': there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it;—'tis in request, I can tell you.



Fig. 11.

women, and *trol-lol* and *down-a-down-a* were choruses to be heard *trolled* forth in every town and field, and hamlet and home. Later on they became even more universal, and were written and sung on every public and private occasion, and each one soon became known and was spread far and wide among the people. Printed copies "with picturs a'top" were hawked and carried about the country by pedlars and strolling ballad-singers, and others were sung and sold by them; and soon learned by heart or rote by people remote from one another. How well this is brought to the mind by Shakspeare in the following passage in *The Winter's Tale* :—

"*Servant*. O, master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe;—no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money:—he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

"*Clown*. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

"*Servant*. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids . . . with such delicate burdens of 'dildos' and 'fadings,—jump her and thump her;' and, where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop!



Fig. 12.

"*Mopsa*. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

* Continued from page 20.

"Dorcas. We had the tune on't a month ago.

"Autolycus. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation:—have at it with you."

But allusions to ballads, ballad-singers, and pedlars dealing in ballads with other wares, are "plenty as blackberries," in Shakspeare and in almost all the old writers. Ben Jonson, Heywood, Fletcher, Massinger, Chapman, Dekker, Ford, Marlow,

'Letter from Kenilworth' as 'all ancient'—"What should I rehearse heer! what a bunch of ballets and songs! all auncient: az, Broom, broom on hill; So wo iz me begon, trolly lo; Ouer a whinny Meg; Hey ding a ding; Bony Lass vpon a Green; My bony on gaue me a bek; By a Bank az I lay—and a hundred more he hath, fair wrapt vp in Parchment, and bound with a whipcord,"—could not well be later than Henry

VIII.'s reign; and at Henry's death we find, with the list of musical instruments left in the charge of Philip van Wilder, 'sondrie bookes and skrolles of songes and ballattes.'" In the reign of James, however, poets rarely wrote in ballad metre; ballad writing became quite a separate employment, and (from the evidently great demand for ballads) probably a very profitable one. In James's reign, ballads seem to have been for the first time collected into "garlands"—i.e., small eight page chap books, containing three or four, or as might be, ballads, with a woodcut on the front, or title-page. Henry VIII., "Bluff King Hal," the "merry monarch," was doubtless himself a ballad writer, and some of his own more serious compositions are still extant. In 1543 a proclamation was issued to suppress "fond [i.e. foolish] books, ballads, rhymes, and other lewd treatises in the English tongue," "for the advancement of true religion," because "froward and malicious minds, intending to subvert the true exposition of Scripture, have taken upon them, by printed ballads, rhymes, &c., subtilly and craftilly to instruct his highness people, and specially the youth of this his realm, untruly." In Edward VI.'s reign ballads seem to have increased in numbers, and in that of Queen Mary an edict was issued against "bookes, ballads, rhymes, and treatises," "set out by printers and stationers, of an evil zeal for lucre, and covetous of vile gain."

It were useless, however—inviting though the subject may be and is—to trace the history of ballads themselves, or to speak farther of their popularity or characteristics. What I particularly wish to do is, to call attention to some of the woodcuts with which at different times they were adorned, and in so doing to point out some of their more notable characteristics,

and historical and other allusions.

In some, nay, in many instances, the "cuts" that "adorn" the heads of ballads and other "broadsheets" and "patters" were done specially for them, and illustrated their subjects and the incidents recounted, but in more than an equally large number woodcuts were used that had not even the most distant connection with them. The printers in those days, as sometimes in our day, used up any woodcuts they could lay hands on, without a thought or care for the appropriateness of the design



Fig. 13.

Middleton, Machin, and a host of others, might be cited and quoted to any length in illustration of the universality of ballads, the faith that was put in them, and the dread that was felt of being their subject: "I am afraid of nothing but I shall be balladed."

During the reign of Henry VIII. "the most piquant wits," it has been written, "were employed in composing ballads. Those in possession of Captain Cox, described in 1575, in Laneham's



Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

they laid under requisition to the subject-matter of the ballad itself. Grand old portraits of "Good Queen Bess," in ruff and farthingale and feather, and rendered supremely regal by the addition of crown and orb and sceptre, were made to do duty for love-sick milkmaids, while booted and spurred and cloaked and sword-begirt cavaliers became substitutes for heart-broken shepherds and dying swains. A picture was as essential then as now

to make the printed ballad popular and saleable, and doubtless they answered their purpose in educating the public mind. They were pictures for the "hundred" then, not for the "million" as now, and even if they did not often illustrate the subject-matter of the ballad itself, they presented faithful pictures of persons and objects and events that must have been especially edifying to the possessors. Fancy the interest, for instance, that would

be excited in the remote districts of the kingdom, whose sanctity was invaded now and then by the ballad-singer and pedlar, by the representation in all her fine array of Queen Elizabeth as just named, or of other royal and noble personages, bedizened in their regal finery, and surrounded by all their grand emblems of imperial sovereignty! Their dresses would be subject of wonder and conversation and study to the "common folk" of those times as much as our own fashion books now are to the people of every class; and "London pride" in apparel would take root and increase as much in the hearts and minds of the country people of those days as the plant bearing that same name did in their gardens and pleasaunces.

Often, however, as I have said, artist and ballad-writer went hand-in-hand together, and the one became a help to the other, just as illustrations to books in our own day help forward the writer and make his labours more useful, more comprehensible, and more attractive. But how different Art was in those ballad-days to what it is now! and how differently directed people's minds must have been, and how much more easily satisfied than now! Still the engravings on broadsheets were amply sufficient for their purpose, and it is only now that Art has advanced, and people have made such rapid strides in education and in appreciation of the beautiful, that better classes of illustration are needed, and pictorial literature becomes an essential of every-day life.

To us at the present day such woodcuts as are to be found on the old ballads would, if now issued from the press, be considered coarse and rude in execution, and devoid, in some instances, of even the semblance of correct drawing; but in the days when they were issued, they were good, and answered every purpose. Many are bold, firm, and certainly artistic in style, and of clever conception, and they must have been quite as grateful to the eyes of their purchasers in the "merry days of old" as the highly finished and lovely pictures in the *Art Journal* are to the eyes of refined and educated people now.

To ballad "cuts" we are indebted for much of the most valuable information we possess on many points, historical and otherwise, relating to the ages in which they were engraved, and it is impossible, or next to impossible, to take up and examine one of them without gaining some scrap of knowledge and becoming wiser in more ways than one. To them we turn for information upon, and for illustration of, almost any branch of antiquarian inquiry we may be engaged in, and seldom indeed is it that we turn in vain. They are an endless and unfailing source of instruction, and often present to us features and objects representation of which we should in vain look for elsewhere. In

the examples I give of ballad "pictures," I shall here and there endeavour to point out some of the matters they so admirably and so emphatically illustrate. Many of them, it is well to remark, are cuts from extremely old black-letter printed books, and have been brought into use for the purpose of "adorn[ing]" the "ballad" and the "patter," and to render it



Fig. 16.

more attractive and saleable. Many are scripture illustrations, and are admirable in their design, deep-thinking in their allusions, and striking in their bold and masterly treatment.

As examples of scriptural or Bible illustrations, I would call attention to one or two I have reproduced. Fig. 7 (p. 19 *ante*) is a



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.

masterly conception illustrative of the Revelation of St. John, and is admirably comprehensive. First there is the "throne set in heaven, and one sat on the throne;" and there is the "rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald;" and there are the "lightnings and thunderings" proceeding out of the throne; and there is "the great city," with its tower and

portcullis and gate. There, in the centre, is "the woman arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness," sitting "on a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns." There are "the seven heads" of the beast, and "the

seven mountains" behind the city, and the "seven kings," five of whom "are fallen, one is, and the other is not come"—the scarlet woman kicking off the crown from the head of one. And there are they who stood "afar off," and there is the "bottomless pit," into the jaws of which hosts of the unclean and the unfaithful are hurried to be tormented in the all-devouring flames; and there too are martyrs to the true faith tied to the stake and burning with piled-up faggots.

Fig. 4 (p. 18 *ante*) doubtless has reference to the parable of the sower, and is interesting as showing not only the mediæval harrow but the sower's bag, or wallet, instead of basket. In reference to this, the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, to whom the ballad-world is indebted for much valuable research, and for the careful editing of the "Bagford" collections, as well as the "Drolleries" and "Merry Jests," informs me that the "Men of Kent" still in sowing occasionally use the wallet, as here represented, and not the basket. Another, Fig. 6, is our Saviour and the two Disciples; it is well drawn and the style of engraving is peculiarly sharp and clear. Two other scriptural subjects, Figs. 14 and 15 (p. 42), tell their own story; the contrast between the Deity in glory seated on a rainbow, his feet on the terrestrial globe, surrounded by "cherubim and seraphim and all the hosts of heaven" on the one hand, and the gaping and yawning gulf of fire—the mouth of

hell—with its black fiends and crowds of suffering sinners on the other, being strikingly and effectively portrayed.

Passing for a moment from scriptural to historical subjects, the three engravings, Figs. 8, 9, 10 (p. 19 *ante*), present vivid pictures of the good old story of King Alfred and the Swineherd. These are taken from a black-letter ballad, entitled "The Shepheard and the King, and of Gillian, the Shepheard's Wife, with her Churlish answers: being full of mirth and merry pastime." It is evidently founded on the old monkish story, but is altered in that the king is made, for a frolic, not through disaster, to assume ragged clothes, that he might

"... see that joviall sport,
How Dick and Tom, in clouted shoone
and coats of russet gray,
Esteem'd themselves more brave than those
that went in golden ray,"

and see how the common folks lived in country places. Going "thorow Somerset-shire neere unto Newton-Court he met a Shepheard swaine of lusty limbes that up and downe did jet," and here Fig. 8 shows the meeting of the two. As a matter of course, a battle between the king and the shepherd ensues—the latter's only weapon being his crook, and at its close, after four hours' fighting, the king is engaged as a helper, and goes home



Fig. 20.

with the shepherd to his wife Gillian. This churlish woman in the evening—

"... brought forth a piece of dowe,
which on the fire throwes shee,
Where, lying on the harth to bake,
by chance the cake did burne -
'What! can'st thou not, thou lowt,' quoth she,
'take paines the same to turne?
Thou art more quick to rake it out
and eat it, half dowe,
Then thus to stay till't be enough,
and see thy manners shewe;
But serve me such another trick,
He thwack thee on the snout!'"

Thus the disguised king in disgrace went to his sorry bed, and early in the morning blew loud blasts on his horn, which called his knights and courtiers to him, to the terror of Gillian and her husband, whom, however, he rewarded with a thousand wethers, a stately hall, and pasture grounds of sufficient extent to feed his flocks. Fig. 9, graphically shows Gillian "thwacking" the king; the cake burning in the fire. To make his story more telling, however, the old artist has drawn the king throughout in all his "regalities," even to the chain round his neck and the crown on his head! Purchasers of the ballad, doubtless, would never have known it was a king, had he not thus bedizened him instead of representing him in rags.



Fig. 21.

A singular illustration is Fig. 5 (p. 18 *ante*) copied from the black-letter ballad of "The Spanish Tragedy; Containing the lamentable Murders of Horatio and Bellimperia; with the pitiful Death of old Hieronimo," a stirring and sensational ballad founded on Kyd's play, "The Spanish Tragedy," of which several editions were printed between 1579 and 1638. It is deeply tragic, as may be gathered from the "picture" or "cut" we are enabled to give.

Figs. 17, 18, and 19, are three out of four cuts that "adorn" a curious old black-letter ballad of the time probably of Charles I. or James I., entitled "A pleasant new Ballad of Tobias, wherein is shewed the wonderful things which chanced to him in his youth: and how he wedded a young Damsell that had had seven husbands and never enjoyed their company: who were all slain by a wicked spirit;" it is, Mr. Chappell says, taken from the Book of Tobit. The first of the three cuts represents "old Toby" giving to his son Tobias the writing to take to Gabael "at Raguel's in Media land"; the next is Tobias and his attendant angel, Azarias, arrived at Raguel's house—

"Where Sara met them, faire and bright:
And, after salutations done,
She brought him to her parent's sight;"

and the third represents the marriage of Tobias with Sara "by Moses law."

(To be continued.)

DOVER CASTLE AS IT IS.

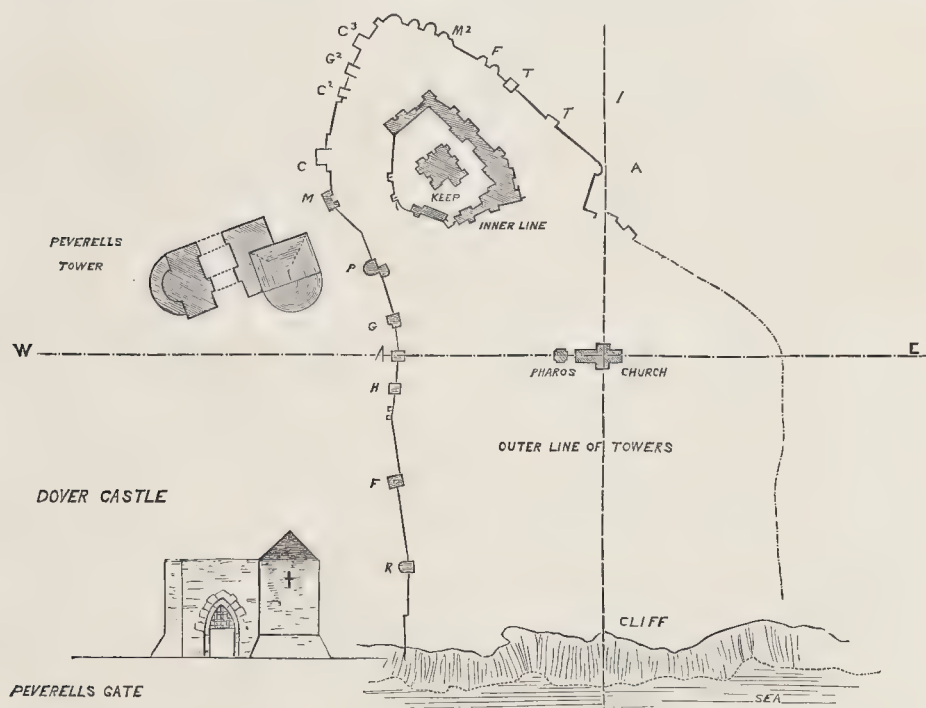


THE Normans, said Lord Macaulay, were, at the time of the Conquest, the very foremost race of Christendom. In valour and ferocity they managed to distance all competitors, even in that age of fighting. They were at the same time more than this, for there was a *refinement*—to use a somewhat too general and

vague term—which also distinguished them from all their neighbours. Stately edifices, fine armour, gallant horses and trappings, and indeed all else which could come under the general name of Fine Art, they most assuredly made their own; but in nothing did the Norman of those modern classic days excel more than in the building of such strongholds as Dover Castle, which nowadays go by the name of "Norman castles." The Normans were, it is certain, just the race of men to erect such strongholds, and these castles were just the structures we should expect them to be, and the Normans the men who *must* have built them. It would seem a little strange that something

more has not been said about them and that they should not have been more prized than they have been, and valued, not as mere antiquities and things of the past, but as works of high artistic feeling, which, if looked at closely, they really are. We have selected Dover Castle as a typical example of the work of the Norman builders and workmen.

We have here to do with the castle architecture of the Normans, and not with their "history," but it may just be glanced at for the sake of clearness of view. The Battle of Hastings, as is known, not only placed a Norman duke on the throne of England, but it gave up the whole population of England to the rule, hard as it was, of the Norman race; and these strong stone-built castles were the centres of its force. Lord Macaulay says, that so hard and unrelenting did this rule become, that the sturdy Saxon, with characteristic obstinacy, perpetually rebelled against it, and, in defiance of curfew laws and forest laws, waged constant warfare against his oppressors. To meet and to keep perpetual guard against this, these famous feudal



castles and strongholds were built; and right well did the Norman architects and builders do their work, and impress on it a feeling of really High Art, of which the style and purpose of the building would hardly seem to admit the possibility. It is all but a new subject, for the Norman architects have not usually been credited with any "classic" power over the materials they used and the forms which they borrowed or invented; for they did both. But a classic feeling there is, which has only to be looked for to be found, and, if attentively studied, admired. And in no place can the Art-skill of the Normans be better seen than in the ruins at Dover.

We have not selected Dover Castle as containing any very

special examples of this power over the rough materials provided by nature, but as being pretty well known, and right famous in history, and accessible, and from the fact of its affording a typical example of such a stronghold. Nothing could well be better than the precise spot of ground fixed upon for such a building than is the point of land on which it is built, on the verge of a high sea cliff, with the sea at the very foot of it, and on clear days the opposite coast of France plainly visible from it. The annexed plan may be relied on for general accuracy, though many *details* are wanting. It will be seen on referring to it, that the whole of the works occupy a considerable extent of ground, and that no attempt would seem

to have been made to insure any sort of uniformity of plan or regularity of outline anywhere, and it is this indeed which makes it the picturesque object that it is. The building, or buildings, have not ploughed up or altered the rough character of the ground. It is the ground and its natural irregularities which have regulated and indeed laid out and placed the building, for a building we must needs call it, when the range of towers and their connecting walls are looked at together, the outer towers extending from the sea cliff to the north, and from the north again to the sea.

What we have said applies to the outer walling, and the irregular line of towers it connects, beginning on the western side, on the sea cliff, with Rokesby's Tower, round to the most northerly tower, Magminot's, to the most southerly, Averaanche's Tower; that is, the most southerly, as things are now; for as will be noted by following the dotted line, the whole of the series of towers *eastward* are gone, not a vestige of them, we believe, remaining. It may here be noted in passing, that nothing can be more disappointing than an examination of this Norman stronghold, for nothing can be worse than the way in which it has been, and is being now, treated by those who have had and now have charge of it. It is simply remorseless and destructive. If but the smallest of modernisations be required, or be supposed to be so, away goes the old work, without scruple. Our plan annexed shows but the skeleton of what was, and we give below a mere list, with references, of the towers which yet, in more or less ruined and dismantled state, remain. The main, or entrance tower, is named the Peverell, or Beauchamp, or Marshal's Tower. This tower indeed demands special attention from the fact of its being in a somewhat more perfect state though so badly used. We give a larger *plan* of it, and an *elevation* as it now is, showing what is left of it. It is most curious and unique, from the fact of the *roof* of the round tower, to the right of the gateway arch, being *original* work, as is the opening under it.

In this tower or gateway may be seen much of the architectural skill and power of design of the Norman builders. In words this is very difficult, if not impossible, to express, or to make evident to those who do not see the work, or even, indeed, to those who do, if they cannot see without being told. One hardly knows which to admire most—the designing skill of those who planned the building, or the *executive* skill of those who did the actual work—the stone-cutting and building. This is not peculiar to Norman work, for even in that triumph of designing and executive skill the Greek Parthenon itself, we cannot distinguish the one from the other. The old *workmen* must have been as good men as the architects, and the architects themselves must needs have been themselves workmen, and perhaps were originally such. It was not on “paper” that such work as this was done; nothing but an acquaintance with the difficulties of the material itself, and the working in it, could have accomplished what we now see and much wonder at, and try at times to rival, or rather to copy. In the Greek work this refinement of eye and hand is carried perhaps as far as by human hands it can be, and in hard and fine marble; but here there is but rough rubble and coarse sandstone to work on, and yet is the stone-cutting fully up to the Greek work. It is a singular proof of what Macaulay has said as to the refined feeling of the Normans, and shows how far we are now—though perhaps unconsciously—indebted to them.

We may now indicate, referring to the plan, the several parts of this Norman castle. Commencing at the south-east angle of the plot of ground on which the Castle stands, and close to the edge of the sea cliff, we have at

- R. Rokesby's Tower.
- F. Fulbert's, or de Dovre's Tower.
- H. Hirst's Tower.
- A. Asside, or Say Tower.
- G. Gatton's Tower.
- P. The Entrance Tower or Gateway, Peverell's, Beauchamp's, or Marshall's Tower.
- M. Queen Mary's Tower.
- C. Constable's Tower.

- C². Clopton's Tower.
- G². Godsfoe's Tower.
- C³. Crevegnier's Tower.
- M. To the north. Magminot's Towers.
- F. Fitzwilliam's Tower
- T. Watch Towers.
- A. Averaanche's Tower—

the last remaining tower before you come to the *bare* ground, nearly all else having disappeared; and this completes the succession of towers on the outer line of wall. These may seem but dull details to some readers, but with a slight knowledge of them, these rough stone walls and towers in the mind's eye, the stories even of Sir Walter Scott get to have a reality about them which they cannot otherwise have.

In the centre of the ground, all else having long ago disappeared, there is the Church of St. Mary and the “Pharos.” We have not space for an account of these, except to note that the Pharos, or lighthouse, as it was in all probability, is simply a hollow ruin, no details of any kind being left, so that it is impossible to say much about it. It is now used as a coal-store.* It would be a very curious thing indeed to see this “Pharos” and the church close to it *restored*, in the real and true sense of the word—that is, to see them as they *were*, before time, and even violence, had done their work.

We now come to an inner line of towers and defensive works, immediately surrounding the Main Tower or Keep itself, and here so much has disappeared, and so much is mere common house or shed building, for stores and barrack-rooms, that there is in reality but little more of the original work than *indications* of the plan of the place. The engraving introduced will speak for itself. Only two towers, or the remains of them, are left, with the exception, here and there, of vestiges of the old work. If the slight modern additions were removed, there would be just enough left to make a “ruin,” indicative of what *was*, and as tracing a plan. We give a name or two: there are Gore's Tower, Magminot's Tower, and another. It would be interesting to trace the origin of the *names* of the towers in this Castle.

We now come to the innermost main tower, or keep, and here too a certain power of imagination is needed to see things at all as they were. It is used partly as a storehouse for arms and apparently old and never-to-be-used military stores, and is filled with rough shelves and cases for such storage, so that but a small part is visible to the public. But it is possible yet to mount to the top of this tower, and from it a wide view is got of land and sea and the coast of France. But of the keep itself there is little indeed, for the original roof is gone, what is called a “bomb-proof” roof has been substituted, and cannon were mounted on it when first altered from its original state. These have since been removed, and without doubt wisely so, for the tower could not have stood the firing of its own heavy guns. But the whole Gothic character of the tower, as we have seen, is gone, and the value of it as a specimen of old fortification has disappeared.

It is impossible to go through this tower or keep without coming at every turn on some modern disfigurement; and it is only by looking with the mind's eye at it, if that be possible, that any distinct and true idea of this Norman Keep *as it was* can be formed. How much of this antique Castle there would or could be if but the modern work were removed, may remain a question; perhaps we ought to be right thankful there is anything at all of it left. Those, however, who advocate the “restoration” of buildings of past times may in this relic find an opportunity indeed for it—not as such work is usually gone about, but by the simple plan of removing all barrack buildings and other modern additions and alterations, and leaving the old work to tell its own tale.

C. BRUCE ALLEN.

* It is to be noted here that all this now empty space must have been originally occupied more or less with buildings, probably of *wood*, for the purpose mainly of housing the defenders of the castle, and at times of alarm, frequent enough in such lawless days, of those attached to the Norman rule, who lived outside the castle walls. But be this how it may, all has vanished.

NOTES ON ART PROGRESS.*

III.



DESIGN is a term which so frequently occurs in any reference made to Art, that it is necessary to obtain a clear and correct idea of the meaning of the word; or rather, we may say, of the meanings; for the word "design," like nearly all those terms which now bear a special technical sense in addition to their primary signification, is used to indicate various, if not discordant, ideas.

In the first place, "design" may be used as the equivalent of "drawing." Such is the sense of the word in the French tongue. Drawing is especially the art of design. It is the marking down, the delineation, of the form which is conceived by the imagination of the artist. As possessing this simple sense, the word has been borrowed in order to denote a plan. The drawings of the architect, his plan of the space which his building is to cover, the elevation or picture of its front or side, the sections, or imaginary views, taken on certain indicated planes, and giving the thickness of the walls and other details of the project, are spoken of as his "designs." And although estimate of cost is a separate inquiry from detail of structure, even this estimate of a building is so closely connected with the design of the architect that it is hardly a misuse of that term to include the statement of cost in speaking of the design for an edifice.

In a different sense "design" signifies the purpose which an artist has in view in any work that he takes in hand. Thus a glass is designed to hold water; a windlass or a pump is designed to raise water; a vessel of metal is designed to heat water. The idea here presented to the mind is, that certain conditions are necessary to effect a certain object, and that the production of such conditions to obtain the required effect is the work of the imagination of the artist. The word, indeed, may almost be used in a manner as varied as Aristotle's classification of the meanings of the word "cause."

There is yet another sense in which the conception of a design is a matter so purely artistic that it deserves special study. The word "conception" may be more appropriate than the word "design" to express this act of the mind, but neither the one nor the other is inappropriate. The power of which I wish to denote the exercise is that of seeing a picture as it exists, either in nature or in the imagination. An artist and a man who is not an artist gaze together at a sunset. One man sees a glorious poem glow before his eye; the other only sees the leaf of an almanac. Two students are sent to draw the same object—a mill, a cottage, a waterfall. One gives, it may be, a very exact diagram of the principal dimensions. You can ascertain from his faithful delineation the capacity of the building, the horsepower of the waterfall, everything that is matter of exact measure and notation. The other gives you a picture. If you ask where the difference lies, it can only be replied that it is to be felt, but cannot be reduced to rule. One student may be an excellent workman, the other has the conception of the artist. Nature, to him, is not a great workshop, a parade ground, a nursery garden, but a series of living pictures. His vision is pictorial. It is sometimes the case that the primary artistic sense is possessed by one whose hand refuses to reproduce the picture which his eye has embraced or his imagination has conceived. To some extent this is the case with all great artists. Rarely, if ever, are they content with their own work. When their power of artistic perception, or conception, is at its highest their sense of the inferiority of their handiwork is at times almost overwhelming. Such was the case with the painter Haydon. That he had the temperament and the taste of the artist no one could doubt who listened to his words, especially if they had not looked upon his works. Sir George Beaumont, an amateur

rather than a professional artist, possessed this gift of pictorial conception in a high degree. As matter of execution, his work was perhaps some way removed from the highest order. But anything from his hand was, if not perfect in execution, at least the suggestion of a well-balanced and perfect picture. It is mainly for this reason that the sketches of the greatest artists have such extraordinary value. The mind is thrown upon the canvas by a few hasty touches; all is rough; indications hinting, rather than the depicting of nature. Yet the mind is there. The late Dr. Monro had a valuable collection of sketches, some of which were by Gainsborough. In one—hanging on a screen in his drawing-room—was a donkey, that, viewed at a proper distance, was all but alive. Examined closely, this masterly sketch had neither eye nor ear. Among modern artists, none possesses this power of investing a subject, especially a landscape, with a special magic more highly than Gustave Doré. Look at such a sketch as the 'Ruins of Heidelberg,' in his illustrations of Saintine's "Chemin des Ecoliers," and compare the cut with a very delicate and exact engraving of the same spot by a well-known English artist. The former is a sketch, the latter a gracefully finished drawing; but the sketch is a poem and the drawing is very quiet prose.

The true mastery of artistic design must comprehend something of each of the meanings which we have attached to the word. To make a true artist many qualifications are requisite. Art demands the service of the eye and of the hand, no less than of the imagination. If of the various requisites one were to be selected as the central or most essential gift which constitutes the artist, it must be admitted that it is the power of poetic conception—of seeing the pictures presented by nature as individual scenes, or of conjuring up such poems by the eye of the imagination alone. When Blake said that the trees were full of angels, was he idly romancing? Not at all. There can be—to those at least who have any share of the imaginative power of which we speak—not a doubt that he saw them before him; not, it may be, so distinctly as to amount to a positive hallucination, but yet so clearly that he could sketch a portrait on paper, and look again, and not in vain, for his originals. To those who know nothing of this faculty it will be useless to attempt to explain it. It will also be very questionable whether any teaching on the subject of Art will be of any great utility to those who require the explanation. It is the scourge and the sorrow of the artist that he cannot convey to others the shadowy, or the chromatic, poem that offers its rhythm to his imagination.

At the same time, by those who would pass from the ranks of the dreamer to those of the worker the other uses of the word "design" must not be foregone. Purpose must be present in all that the artist attempts—definite, well-proportioned purpose. And this sense of purpose has a certain chastening influence on the taste. It excludes from the region of high Art the commonplace, the vulgar, and the grotesque. If we look at one of the contorted and symbolic monsters produced by the workmen of Japan or of China, we are sensible of a certain weird purpose, which affects the imagination. As works of human handicraft some of these objects are of extraordinary value. They are *chefs-d'œuvre* of industrious skill, the execution of which is a puzzle to the ablest European workman; and as connected with the complex mythology or with the folk lore and superstition of a race so far alien from our own, these creations impress our imagination. But let us go a step farther; let us take tea with a belle or a maccaroni of the time of George I., and find a perfectly simulated toad used as a teapot. As matter of fashion the toad was thought correct; as matter of taste it is execrable. To design a vessel for the purpose of making tea—a social rite, as it may almost be called—in the likeness of a repulsive reptile is an offence against Art. It is farce in porcelain, and in no way akin to poetry.

Thus then, in the design of an artist there must be not only

* Continued from page 26.

harmony, unity, and self-sustainment, but fitness and adaptation to end. This involves a question which must be considered apart—that of choice of material. Design is directly affected, and to some extent controlled, by the material in which it is wrought out. But besides these requirements, the artist must also possess the power of design in its original sense. In other words, he must be able to draw.

IV.

The word "drawing," as well as the word "design," has its special technical use. Thus a figure is said to be "out of drawing" when there is any error in the delineation. It may be an error in proportion; as when one limb is or appears to be longer than its fellow, as in the case of a painting of H.R.H. the Prince Consort which formerly adorned the Royal Engineer's mess-room at Chatham. It may be an error in perspective, to which, indeed, most faults in drawing may generally be reduced. Untruthful delineation, in fact, or bad drawing, gives that want of artistic truth characterized by the phrase we have used.

The workman in the round, or in relief, must be a draughtsman no less than the painter. It is true that the use of the pencil is an art of which the born sculptor rarely attains the mastery. The roughest and boldest sketch, in charcoal or in crayon, is all that the sculptor is likely willingly to attempt as the first outline of his creation. He will prefer to sketch in clay. Michael Angelo was too impatient even for this. At times he carved his figures direct from the block, as if he saw them imprisoned in the marble and only struck off the superfluous crystals. But Michael Angelo was a patient student of draughtsmanship, little as he may have loved this branch of his art. There are models in wax from his hand in South Kensington Museum which show how his wonderful power over marble had been preceded by the patient toil of the draughtsman and the modeller; for it is one thing to draw or to model as a means of self-education, and another to use the pencil or the crayon as an instrument of expression. Whatever be the tool employed, from a piece of burnt stick to a silver point or to the sharp burin of the engraver, the study of the delineation of form must ever prove an essential part of the education of the artist. Charcoal is the favourite means of delineation for the artist of the highest rank. The boldness with which it can be used is such as to fit it especially for the hand of the sculptor. At the opposite extremity of the scale may be noted the outlines on copper of the designs of Moritz Retz, which combine freedom and delicacy of touch in a manner unattained elsewhere. Some of the minute work of the veteran artist, George Cruikshank, is also remarkable for the force and delicacy of every touch: the work bears the magnifying glass. Gustave Doré, again, though he works more frequently with the brush than with the point, has executed figures and faces in lines of almost unrivalled delicacy as well as force. Some of the faces in Doyle's burlesque series of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," are perfect miracles of ex-

pression in the same style of work. The bold, heavy, but clear and masterly style of Kaunitz is another instance of rare mastery in drawing.

The technical knowledge requisite for the draughtsman—confining that term for the present to the draughtsman in line—is comprised in the two branches of proportion and perspective. Of these the former refers more especially to figures and the latter to landscapes. The study of proportion cannot be carried very far without embracing the study of anatomy.

An exact eye, if served by an exact hand, will produce, without effort, work that can only be accomplished by means of patient labour by those who are less naturally gifted. It may thus often be the case that the born artist, poet, or musician, may seem to despise that careful study which all great masters of these respective arts declare to be indispensable for success. But the power of exact perception and reproduction is very rare. It consists in the possession of faculties which Nature has produced in that condition the attainment of which is the great object of education. But even the born draughtsman will be at fault when he attempts, not to copy, but to originate, if he be unacquainted with anatomy, for figures, or with perspective, for landscape drawing. The value of exact knowledge of detail cannot be exaggerated, so long as it is borne in mind that detail must always be subordinate to general effect. Thus a knowledge of the principles of geology is of the utmost service to the painter of mountain landscape. He will better understand, and therefore better grasp and represent, the salient features of a distant range of hills, if he knows the strike and dip of the strata and is familiar with the lines of lie, of fracture, or of cleavage which are natural to the material. If he gives undue prominence to these details, he produces a diagram, not a picture; if he be unaware of their existence, and of the laws which regulate their occurrence, he is likely to give a woolly treatment rather than a clear and precise rendering, or even to fall into the impossible in his quest of the ideal.

In the same way, an artist ignorant of anatomy, but exact in his observation of all that falls beneath his eye, might represent a procession, or other group of draped figures, which his general power of treatment would render very effective. But if, in a composition of his own, he wished to bring out a prominent figure from such a group, and to represent some striking attitude or action, in the absence of a model his eye would be at fault, and unless his anatomical knowledge gave him definite rules he would fail in his most important figures. Thus, while the eye that faithfully sees and the hand that faithfully reproduces visible nature, are the first gifts of the born draughtsman, true and balanced excellence can only be attained by that patient study which shall render the student familiar, not only with what he sees, but with the conditions under which visible phenomena are actually produced. Drawing, therefore, as a study and as an art, requires the knowledge of perspective, of proportion, and of anatomy.

F. R. CONDER.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

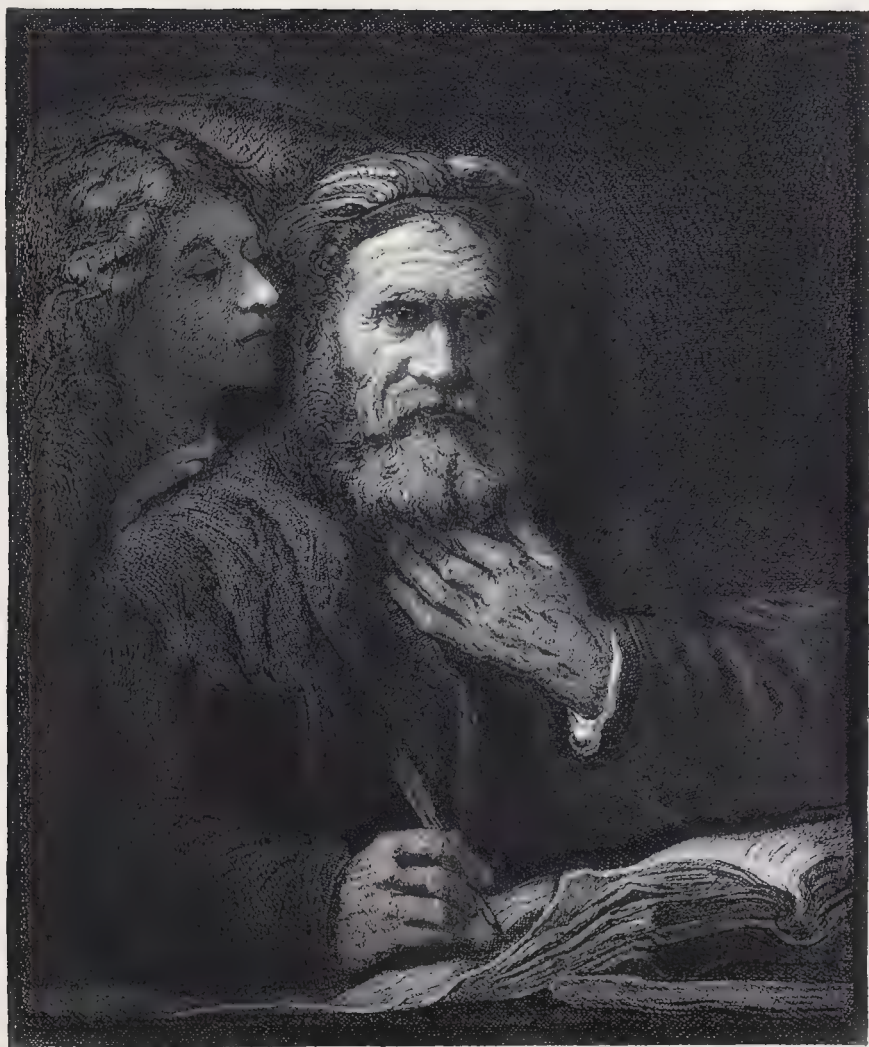
REMBRANDT, Painter.

A. MASSON, Engraver.

THIS is a reproduction, by a modern engraver, of a print by Anthony Masson, who was cotemporary with Rembrandt, and is considered to have been one of the most distinguished engravers of the French school. Masson was born at Orleans in 1636, and he died at Paris in 1700, leaving a daughter, Magdalene Masson, who followed her father's profession in a manner worthy of him: some of the heads she engraved are, like many by him, as large as life. Anthony Masson was brought up in the business of an armourer, and first employed his graver in the ornamentation of steel accoutrements. Settling in Paris rather early in life, he set to work diligently in the study

of Art, and acquired some celebrity as a portrait painter; but in time he relinquished this branch of art, and applied himself to engraving. His prints are principally portraits, and of distinguished personages. They are executed entirely with the graver, which he handled with surprising vigour and facility, and at the same time with the utmost delicacy. He produced a few engravings of religious subjects, the principal one being 'Christ with the Pilgrims at Emmaus,' after Titian, a very fine print, known among connoisseurs as 'The Tablecloth.' We can give no account of the picture engraved here under the questionable title of 'The Philosopher.'





THE PHILOSOPHERS

COLORADO.

II.

PASSING the singular eruption of crystalline granite called the Dome, to which we referred in our last chapter,* the traveller by stage next arrives at Nederlands, where, if it has suited the proprietor and driver, and if the Fates have been generally propitious, he will make connections for Central City. The road is rough and the progress slow, which must hold good of all travel in Colorado; but you may consider yourself lucky if the detentions never exceed a few hours, and your fellow-travellers do not include a drunken stockman or miner.

Occasionally a glimpse of the snowy range is revealed—the gaunt peaks to which their winter robes cling even on the hottest days of summer; but after leaving the cañon the scenery is comparatively uninteresting for some distance.

Central City is well named. On all sides of it are mines, which are often as profitable as their names are curious. It is a prosperous and vigorous little town too, which has risen within a year from the ashes to which it was reduced by a destructive conflagration, and now presents finer buildings than it ever possessed before. Located in a gulch, which rises fifteen hundred feet in three miles, it is one of a string of village-cities—Black Hawk, Mountain, Central and Nevada—each one greater in altitude than the other, and having together a population of about 7,000 souls.

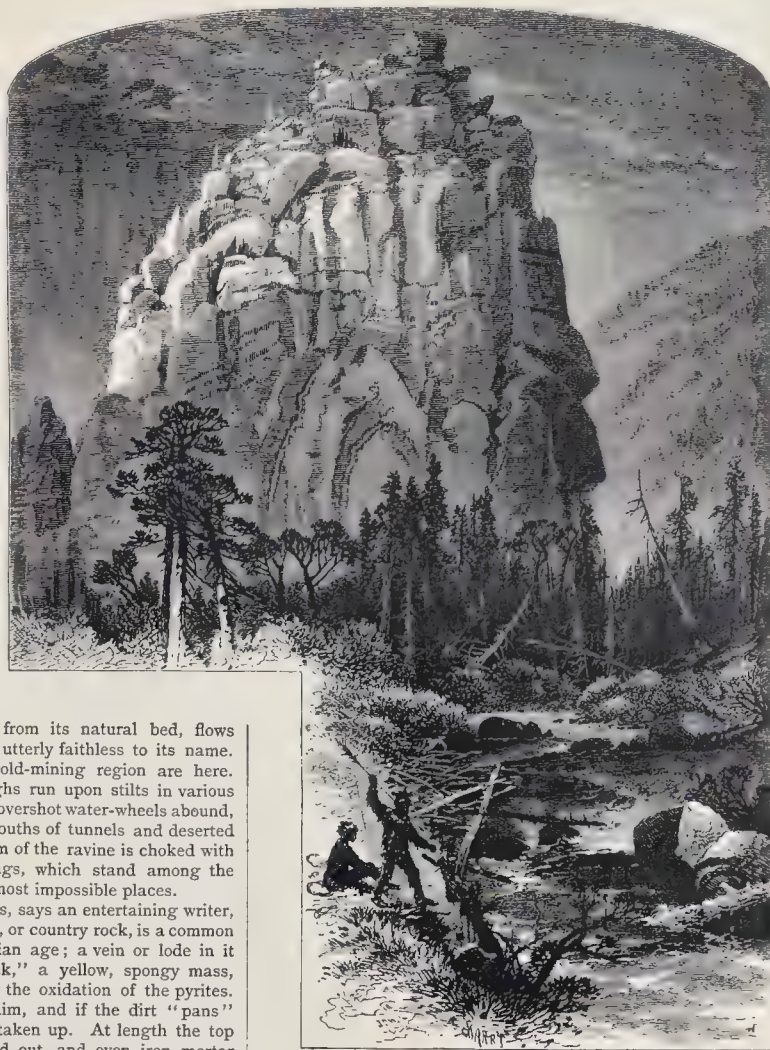
The road thence to Georgetown follows the north branch of Clear Creek, which, diverted from its natural bed, flows through a wooden trough, and is utterly faithless to its name. All the peculiar features of a gold-mining region are here. Little watercourses in board-troughs run upon stilts in various directions, skeleton undershot and overshot water-wheels abound, and the hills are broken by the mouths of tunnels and deserted claims. Here and there the bottom of the ravine is choked with mills, furnaces, and other buildings, which stand among the rocks, and are often perched in almost impossible places.

The history of one of these mines, says an entertaining writer, may be traced thus: the formation, or country rock, is a common gneiss, apparently of the Laurentian age; a vein or lode in it is found exhibiting "blossom rock," a yellow, spongy mass, charged with iron-rust formed by the oxidation of the pyrites. The discoverer stakes out his claim, and if the dirt "pans" well the rest of the lode is soon taken up. At length the top quartz, or blossom rock, is worked out, and even iron mortar and pestle fail to pulverise sufficient of the now hard and refractory ore to pay the prospector for his trouble. Water, too, invades the mine and drives him out.

Now comes another phase: either the claim-owners effect a consolidation—a mining company being formed—or the capitalist steps in and purchases. Lumber and machinery are then

brought over the mountains: presently buildings appear, and true mining is begun. Shafts are sunk, levels, drains and tunnels made out, and the ore is put through a "stamp-mill."

The product of the mill would not readily amalgamate with pure mercury. It issues from beneath the heavy stamps in a



Dome Rock, Middle Boulder Cañon.

greyish, sparkling, thin mud, and flowing over gently inclined sheets of amalgamated copper, bright with quicksilver, passes off under the name of "tailings," leaving the gold-dust amalgamated and fixed to the wide copper trough-plates. From the surface of these plates the amalgam, thick with gold, is

* *Art Journal*, 1877, page 305.

wiped at regular intervals, and when sufficient is collected it | "The Storm in the Rocky Mountains." They are the most



Idaho Springs.

is placed in a cloth, the ends of which are and twisted. Upon squeezing the bag thus formed much of the mercury passes out through the pores of the cloth, while a heavy, pasty mass of gold, still silvered by mercury, remains within. This last, with the cloth holding it, is now placed in a cast-iron crucible to which a flat iron top is fastened, a small bent pipe passing out of the centre and forming the neck of the retort. When heat is applied to this the mercury is expelled and collected under water at the edge of the tube for future use. The gold remaining in the cloth is burned out, and, if the heat be not raised to a height sufficient to melt it, it retains the impression of the folds, seams, and texture, in which condition it is deposited with the banks.

Idaho is a quiet little village, 7,800 feet above the level of the sea, situated in the valley of Clear Creek, whose shallow sparkling waters sever it, and give occasion for a rude, picturesque, wooden bridge, over which the main road up from Golden and Denver has its way.

The springs for which it is famed are three in number, and the steaming alkaline water, issuing from the rock at a temperature of 109° Fahr., trickles down and forms a healing brook of soda, said to be remarkably curative in cases of rheumatism and paralysis. The locality is surrounded by romantic scenery, embodying ravine, mountain, lake, and valley. A lofty ridge of peaks forms the southward picture, with the Old Chief, Squaw, and Papoose mountains especially prominent. Sixteen miles away are the Chicago Lakes, in the neighbourhood of which Bierstadt found the inspira-

tion that expressed itself in one of his most popular works, | silver veins. There are many romantic spots in the neighbour-

picturesque sheets of water in Colorado, and are embosomed on the slopes of Mount Rosalie at a height of 11,995 feet above the level of the sea and 2,200 feet below the summit of the peak. Georgetown and Idaho springs are equidistant from them, and though the trail by which they are approached is rough, they are visited by many tourists during the summer months.

Such alpine lakes are a common feature of the Rocky range. Ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, three or four thousand feet above the highest foot-hills, the traveller comes upon them, glittering unexpectedly in marshy basins, fed by a hundred streamlets of freshly-melted snow—at night crusted, even in midsummer, with a thin ice, that yields as the day warms and admits the vision into twelve or fifteen feet of dazzlingly pure, bluish water, with a bright yellow bottom. The snow presses on the margin, and from this white and chilly bed a lovely variety of delicately-formed flowers spring, whose colours are only rivalled by the splendours of the speckled trout which shoot through the sapphire depths.

Instead of branching off for Denver at Floyd Hill, we will continue the journey from Idaho Springs to Georgetown, an important mining settlement with a population of 3,500, situated on South Clear Creek, at an altitude of 8,412 feet—the highest town in the world—five thousand feet nearer the sky than the glacier-walled valley of the Chamounix—higher even than the famous Hospice of St. Bernard. It is enclosed in a perfect amphitheatre of hills, laid out with broad streets, and divided by the creek, which winds



Green Lake.

hood, deep ravines intersecting the mountains in every direction. Just above the town is the famous Devil's Gate, a deep chasm, cliff-walled, through which a branch of Clear Creek foams and leaps.

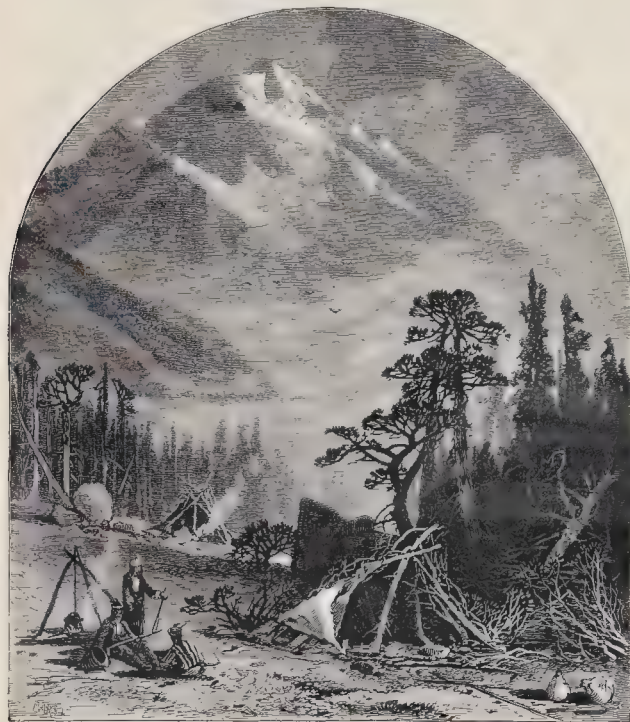
Another attractive resort for the tourist is Green Lake, two miles and a half distant, which is as clear as crystal—so clear indeed that objects eighty feet below the surface are visible. The water is of a bright green colour—this effect being due to a copper sediment on the rocks at the bottom. A dense growth of pines fringes the edges, and innumerable peaks cluster around, their snows sometimes seeming to be reclaimed by the lowering clouds that sweep them.

At Georgetown the traveller finds the best approach to Gray's Peak, which is one of the highest, if not the highest, in the whole range. It is 14,251 feet above the level of the sea, and was named after an eminent botanist by Dr. Perry.

The ascent has been vividly described by Mr. Verplanck Colvin. The road winds westward and upward out of the town, until wide fields of snow are reached. This is in October; earlier in the season little snow is seen. The groves of aspen are left far below, and tall majestic pines, gleaming silver firs, and the slender Douglass spruces appear. An extensive upland valley opens to the mountaineer as the forest grows thinner and the trees become smaller. To the left, sheer and rugged, rises Mount McClellan, and at the height of 12,000 feet the Stevens Silver Mine is passed. Now the timber line is gained and the forest ceases, reaching forward in short strips like courageous, undaunted squads of infantry.



Snake River.



Gray's Peak.

How | contest where they meet! The few daring trees that stand forth higher on the mountain than their fellows have been seized by some strong invisible power, and twisted and contorted almost to death. Their tops resemble dry and weather-beaten roots, and all their vitality is near the ground, where some branches creep out horizontally, grovelling to obtain the growth and breadth denied to them above.

The valley finally closes in and the twin peaks of Gray's impend: the nearer one dark, stern, and precipitous, the other still far off, soft in outline, and sloping easily down to a great bed of ice and snow—the hidden, shadow-loving remnant of a glacier.

Another half hour of climbing brings the jaded explorers to a precipice, with deep drifts surrounding it. The soft new snow of unknown depth looks treacherously calm and beautiful, and where it meets the opposite mountain-wall has the aspect of a *névé* glacier, upholding fallen boulders, and scored with a long drift of rock and gravel cast down from overhanging cliffs. The precipice itself descends six hundred feet or more and is terribly dark and dizzy.

This passed, a long, steep slope of snow-clad rocks rises before the traveller, and a narrow trail, winding in short, precarious zigzags on its face, leads towards the summit. The horses are exhausted and it becomes no longer safe to ride them. The rest of the journey is made afoot, and suddenly, but not without desperate exertion, the summit of the nearer peak is attained.

Below, walled in by a vast mountain-chain, whose average height exceeds 13,000 feet, whose passes are from 8,000 to 11,000 feet above the sea-level—far below, sketched out like a vast topographical map, is the Middle

wonderful a war between natural forces! How obstinate the | Park, with all its subordinate mountain-ranges and numerous

streams and rivers—the springs of the Rio Colorado. At the right, half-way down, in a huge basin hollowed out of gneissoid rock, is Lake Colfax, a dark-green glistening mirror. The Park itself, with its plains, prairies, and valleys, reaches into the distance westward, to where snow-crowned ridges part and give passage to the deep-flowing Colorado. Such is the view down the Pacific slope. Eastward the boundless

plains roll for miles into uncertainty and obscurity. Away to the south-west and north are Mount Lincoln, Pike's, Long's, and other peaks without number—a white sea of shrouded mountains.

Geologically there is hardly more interesting ground than the region around Gray's Peak. The proofs of glacial action are conclusive. There are moraines and moraine dams and



Clear Creek Cañon.

frozen lakelets; but they have been obscured somewhat by subsequent dynamic action—frost force. Nothing except glacial power, however, could have grooved and cut the deep valleys through the mountains; nothing but frost could have made the crags as rugged and as sharp as they now appear.

Our illustration of Gray's Peak is taken from the waggon-road near the timber-line. There are two or three ways to the summit; one of the best leads to Kelso Cabin, three miles

from the top, and thence the ascent may be completed on horseback.

Descending the peak on the western side, the tourist reaches Snake River, which, until it joins the Blue, twenty miles away, leaps over a succession of rocky ledges and forms cataract after cataract, pool after pool, and rapid after rapid. Its course for some distance is through a deep gorge, and then through a grassy valley wooded with dark evergreens.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.*

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

IT may be premised that, at the close of the present winter season, the Society of British Artists intend migrating to their new galleries in Conduit Street, and that this is the last of their exhibitions which will be held within the rooms their long occupancy have made so familiar to the public.

The present exhibition consists of 766 works, of which 425 are in oil, 333 in water-colours, and eight in sculpture; the artists in the last instance being J. Lawlor, with four contributions, E. R. Mullins with three, and E. Onslow Ford with one, namely, a "fancy bust."

In the near end of the large room there cluster round C. Baxter's life-sized 'Venetian Girl' (9)—a fair, fresh, English-looking young lady carrying a plate of fruit—an architectural picture by Wyke Bayliss, showing the 'Interior of the Church of Notre Dame, Chalons' (6), with the colours of the stained glass reflected brilliantly on the pillars; 'A Summer's Evening in Holland' (12), with boats on the sunlit water and cattle on the sedgy banks, by G. S. Walters; 'A Grey Day on the Dorset Coast' (7), by W. H. Hall, with some boats drawn up on the sand slopes—all looking as if studied on the spot; 'Under the Cliffs, Hastings' (13), with a cleverly caught moonlight effect; and 'Evening Shadows' (11), equally well studied, by V. P. Yglsias, a young artist who is making good headway.

P. Pavy is a name new to us, but its owner will very soon make his own mark, if his 'China Mender' (19), whom we see squatted before an Oriental shop, is an earnest of what we are yet to get from him. The elder Dawson is not represented in the present exhibition, but the son almost compensates for his loss in his two little pictures, 'View in Rotterdam' (24) and 'Lower Haven, Rotterdam' (263). The tall shipping, the distant buildings, the glorious sky, and the reflecting water, are all treated with perfect knowledge and harmonized into an impressive whole. Perfect command over materials comes out also in Frank W. W. Topham's 'Daydream' (39)—a young Italian girl offering grapes to an old priest seated by a stone fountain.

Above the mantelpiece is the head of 'John Burr, Esq.,' by John Pettie, R.A. The artistic power with which Mr. Pettie has dashed in that picture of the head is simply supreme. Above this remarkable work, or in its immediate neighbourhood, are two pretty little bits by Miss C. M. Noble (64 and 65); 'Preparing for the Worst' (66), by G. Fox, and close by a young lady in white spotted dress and black shawl sauntering 'Across the Heath' (70), carrying her bonnet in her hand. This and its companion, a young lady in yellow dress, nursing her knee on a wooded bank, and looking straight at the spectator with a most bewitching calmness, are both painted by R. J. Gordon in a solid, workmanlike way, and with no small sense of the force and value of colour. Gustave Girardot is artistic and successful in his modelling and almost always happy in his choice of subject. The sweet girl on the rustic seat, enjoying the 'Sunny Moments' (95), under a drooping willow, is a fair example of both.

H. Caffieri's large picture of a 'Croquet Party' (86), in which we see a young lady reclining on the grass teaching a little terrier dog to "beg," while one of the gentlemen players finds agreeable employment in holding a Chinese parasol over her seated companion, is well considered in the grouping, and very pleasingly painted. Another large picture is 'The Sirens' (105), by A. J. Woolmer. The picture has all this accomplished artist's well-known characteristics. Miss M. Backhouse and W. H. Gadsby both send cleverly painted life-sized portraits, the one 'A Southern Beauty' (120), a handsome full-faced girl with raven hair and a yellow shawl backed by greenery; the other a 'Girl in White Mob-Cap' (122), leaning back in a chair. We have also to commend heartily T. Peele's

'Portrait of Mrs. MacDougall Gregory' (126), whom we see seated in her easy-chair; the black of her dress lighted up by a cunning arrangement of white lace, in admirable keeping with the easy pose and gentle expression of the sitter. C. Cattermole's two peasant children directing two mounted troopers the way they should go, and pointing 'Over Yonder' (129), has all his usual vigour and directness of handling. And here we may as well call attention to W. J. Mückley's splendid 'Rhododendrons' (125); J. C. Waite's little girl in blue petticoat holding up a piece of bread and teaching a little terrier to 'Speak for it' (130); the three portentous looking owls, splendidly painted by J. Emms, contemplating curiously a magnificent tiger-moth (131) lying on the ground before them; and the masterly dog delineation of J. S. Noble, whose 'Return from Sport' (82) is the animal piece of painting in the exhibition. H. W. Piper's 'Pot of Early Flowers' (132); 'Oranges, Grapes, &c.' (196), by K. Warren; and 'Game and Still Life' (199), by W. Raphael, are all cleverly and faithfully painted.

The two men arguing eagerly in a French wine shop over 'Mixing the Salad' (148), is a well-expressed incident: the landlady looking down on the debaters while she reaches some chickweed to the bird is a capital touch. By uniting their labours E. Ellis and W. Henderson have produced a very amusing and desirable work, representing a flock of geese and a young donkey among sheaves of corn on a chalky bit of level overlooking the sea: 'More Free than Welcome' (151) is the name of the picture. A boy and two young ladies enjoying their 'Summer Holidays' (155), catching butterflies on a rough hillside, takes its key from the grey dresses of the figures; the colour throughout is kept consequently quiet and cool, and makes a pleasing contrast to E. J. Cobbett's girl knitting under the eye of an observant little one 'On the Coast' (158). The warm sunny effect for which the artist is so well known comes in here naturally enough.

There is not the careful finish—that is, the manipulative part of the work is scarcely carried so far as it might have been—in N. H. Bartlett's 'Old Water Mill, Babagon, near Paris' (147); and yet this young artist never fails to produce a pictorial effect. See also the old man leading the goat down the 'Dolomite Mountains' (192), and the 'Wayfarers on the Road to Sterzing' (215), resting by the crucifix. There is no lack of finish in F. Wyburd's 'Nadira' (176), an Eastern beauty reclining on a luxurious couch, with her guitar beside her; the drawing and modelling are excellent in their way, but are deficient in force of character, as it were. The strength which we desiderate here asserts itself most palpably in Miss B. Meyer's work: see her little Princess walking in state on her birthday, to the admiration of the double row of loyal bystanders, while the royal family follow in her wake, with pride and delight on every countenance (179). What this clever artist wants is a little more brightness and daylight. Great power also must be conceded to K. Halswelle, in his 'Venice during the Floods' (185), a work which, for force and colour, reminds us of James Holland.

One of the leading landscape painters in this exhibition is A. F. Grace. His 'Sussex Pastures' (142) shows a peasant girl feeding calves with the milk the man has just brought her in two pails. The scene is laid in a broad cattle-dotted meadow through which a river slowly winds. Low hills close in the background, while through the warm glow to the right we catch a glimpse of a village spire among a clump of trees. Another landscape painter of mark is John W. Buxton Knight. His brushwork is exceedingly rough, and the result just as exceedingly effective. When this sense of coarseness, however, is continually forcing itself upon the spectator, the Art value of the work must suffer proportionately. In 'Rough Weather, Runswick Bay' (162), the vividness of the effect conceals the roughness of the means.

* Continued from page 16.

For an admirable illustration of adaptation of means to an end we must go into the south-west room, and stand before 'No Man's Land' (418), by J. H. Sampson. The picture is a large oblong, and represents some black crows dotting the neighbourhood of a marshy pool in the foreground, which spreads out into a vast moorland whose boundary is the low hills we see in the far distance. All this is under a pleasant summer sky, and the feeling of the lonely moor is as completely expressed as was the sense of 'Chill October' in M. Millais's famous landscape. We desire to express emphatic approval also of Alfred Dawson's 'Durham from the East' (401)—a splendid landscape—'A Yorkshire Goose Market, Early Morning' (385), a masculine performance by A. G. Bell—a young artist who is fast coming to the front; 'The Fern Harvest' (392), by R. Crafon, Miss F. Martin's 'Student' (320), John Bromley's 'Who's Coming?' (423), and H. C. Bryant's 'Corner of the Market' (413), whose contents of fruit and vegetables, game and poultry, are as faithfully delineated as if they had been painted by a clever conscientious Dutchman two hundred years ago.

The water-colour portion of the gallery we have not been able to reach, and can only name, among the many able contributors in the north-west room, W. Hall, J. W. Smith, B. Evans, S. Palmer, J. Carlisle, F. Slocombe, C. A. Smith, and B. W. Spiers; while the honours of the north room are maintained by H. T. Schafer, Miss E. M. Beresford, A. Duncan, R. Meyerheim, A. A. Wilkinson, W. S. Morrish, P. Toft, B. F. Berry, D. Law, E. Penstone, and Miss M. Clay.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE twelve pieces of sculpture, which are included in the four hundred and sixty-four works sent in, are by no means the least important part of the present exhibition. 'Hesitation' (453), for example, a marble statuette by C. B. Lawes, represented seated in a finching yet very graceful attitude by the edge of a suggested stream, is one of the best composed figures this artist has yet produced. The terra-cotta statuettes also, by E. R. Mullins, of the young lady seated (464) and of the figures of 'Sculpture and Painting' (456 and 458), are very daintily treated; and Alice M. Chaplin's three cat studies, one (460) showing pussy asleep, the second (461), the little playful action which the worm at her feet calls forth, and the third (463), the no less lissom curve of the spine as she licks her back, show such a familiarity with feline nature as can only be equalled in the sister Art by a man like H. H. Couldrey, whose 'First Lesson' (22), a cat teaching her three kittens to lap milk, and a white kitten playing with 'His First Mouse' (118), eagerly watched by his brother tabby, will charm every one who will take the trouble to look. For Mrs. R. J. Fennessy's bronze statuette of 'Polyphème' (462) hurling the rock on Acis, who is of course out of the composition, we have nothing but praise. The piece of sculpture, however, which, as a work of Art, stands supreme, not only among the plastic, but even among the pictorial, contributions of the exhibition, is 'La Liseuse' (454) of J. Dalou. 'The Reader' is a seated lady of the period attired in loose, flowing drapery, who smiles as she reads. The work is in terra-cotta, and is not quite half life size. English sculptors may shrug their shoulders and call Mr. Dalou's work "Frenchified"; but until they can cast drapery in this wise, and breathe into their clay the breath of spontaneous life, as he does, they had better sit silently and work at the feet of their master.

To find a like surpassing excellence among the pictures—not, perhaps, in all technical detail, but in the power of projecting on the canvas a living human being, we shall not be far wrong in examining John Pettie's 'Disbanded' (168)—a lithe Highlander, of determined visage, stealing up the snow-covered shoulder of some pass-protecting hill, with a swift, springy, cat-like stride, characteristic of his race, carrying a firelock on his shoulder, and with a couple of horse-pistols dangling in his right hand, while his Gordon tartan plaid bulges out behind him filled with the spoils of war. The furtive yet resolute look of the

man is what our American brethren would call "a caution." Another picture, falling short only of this intensity, is Claude Calthorp's 'Appeal' (169), hanging immediately above Mr. Pettie's work. A gentleman, in grey coat of last century's fashion, leans eagerly across a table to a young man in greenish velvet attire, who rests on his elbow and submits, in a semi-dogged way, as he holds listlessly in his hand the glass he has just emptied, to the earnest remonstrance of his Mentor. The picture is as excellent in composition as it is appropriate in tone. Full of nature also is Briton Riviere's 'Poachers' (160). The English terrier looks at his master with an expression that is almost human, yet perfectly canine. We would notice also with approval R. W. Macbeth's dog picture called 'Fireside Friends' (151), and Mark Fisher's 'Shepherd's Wife' (174), carrying home a lamb. We like also the grey tone, relieved every here and there by a sparkle of colour, which pervades the 'Italian Fair' (176) with its horses and covered buffalo waggons under shelter of the trees, which Keeley Halswelle has contributed. The liquidity of the reflecting water and the Lewis-like finish she has imparted to her details, make Kate Thompson's 'Court of the Fish-pond' (182), in the Alhambra, one of the pleasantest pictures in the exhibition.

We must note also with marked approval Leon Lhermitte's 'Butter market at Landemeau' (230), Hilda Montalba's masterly representation of 'A Grey Day at Venice' (207), with a black craft in the foreground and some sails in the tender distance; the splendid sea piece of Henry Moore (238), with the waves breaking over some hidden rocks; the workman dressing the 'Foundation Stone' (258), under some trees with sweet glimpses beyond, by P. R. Morris; and the vigorous figure drawing of Frank E. Cox, in his fisher girls 'Drying the Nets' (239).

The commonplace looking girl, in brick-red dress, standing at the door with a tray and coffee-cup, is said, in the catalogue, to be by G. F. Watts, R.A.; if so, it must have been painted in times remote. Alice Thornycroft's 'Mona' (266), a white spiritual looking figure, seated by a rocky, moonlit shore, is tenderly imaginative; and her sister Theresa Thornycroft shows a fine feeling for composition and great power in figure drawing in her 'Infans Jesus cum Passiflora' (409). Ellen Wilkinson's girl sitting on 'An Old Garden Wall' (370) is remarkable for its sweet evening effect, as Sophia Beale's 'Side Steps of St. Sulpice' (381), is for the clever individualising of the flowers the woman is making up, and Mrs. Val. Bromley's 'Study on the Cornish Coast' (318), for its careful wave drawing and rock modelling.

J. MacWhirter's 'Golden Gate' (310), as the entrance to San Francisco Bay is called, is a magnificent waste of waters, whose monotony is relieved by the flight of birds, and whose surface is lit up by the setting sun. Beneath it is 'Summer Forenoon near Godstone, Surrey' (311), by Sir Henry Thompson, a gently undulating bit of English scenery, with trees in the intervening hollows, with an artist reclining in the shady foreground, and all under a bright, clear sky. Also will be found excellent examples of J. Aumonier, Thomas Graham, Seymour Lucas, Percy Macquoid, H. Helmick, and, in the corner, a most delightful picture by Frank W. W. Topham, representing a little boy, who has just been promoted to the honours of a chorister, receiving with shy pleasure all the praise and banter of the young girls who surround him and profess, both by word and action, their profound admiration.

On the left side of the gallery are several pictures worthy of being placed on the same Art level with the works of Pettie and Dalou, and foremost among these is the magnificently painted 'Marianina' (94) of Luke Fildes. We have no space to enter critically into its merits, but, in our opinion, John Phillip never painted a more glowing figure. Otto Scholderer's lady in grey-green and white hat, indulging in her 'Reflections' (76), is also a well-conceived figure, albeit the black-brown leaves of the background, while helping the figure, do unnecessary violence to nature. In the same neighbourhood will be found good pictures by James Macbeth, G. D. Leslie, H. Stacy Marks, and Hamilton Macallum. Near the last hangs a careful, clever little work, by Mrs. Luke Fildes, showing a girl seated on the sunken

step of a 'Cottage Door' (53), sewing, and a bright sunny view, by H. Pilleau, of 'San Giorgio, Venice' (52), with some shipping in the foreground. The strongest work, however, in this quarter of the gallery, in respect of its masterly chiaroscuro, is 'Hush!' (68), by Frank Holl; it represents a poor fisherwoman, who leans mournfully on her elbow, while the other arm lies listlessly along the dresser near which stands her little girl whom she bids 'Hush!' on account of the sick one in the cradle: this is one of a series of three. The second phase of the story is called 'Hushed' (100), and the third 'Waiting' (321), and we are satisfied Mr. Holl never did anything more touchingly idyllic.

The screen is covered with choice bits of various kinds, among which stand out prominently the works of C. T. Garland, Alma-Tadema, W. Gale, E. Crofts, E. Hayes, J. R. Ashton, A. Steinheil, H. Hardy, and E. J. Gregory.

EXHIBITION OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

If we allow that the present exhibition of four hundred and sixty-one so-called sketches and studies, by far the greater portion indeed being finished drawings, is fairly up to the ordinary level, we have said all that in a general way can be said in its favour. If the members would only devote some of their wealth and influence to bringing about a union of the two societies, and such others as might claim affiliation, and establishing one grand academy of British Water-colour Art, they would immensely enhance their own position, and place the only Art that is really indigenous to the British soil in a proper light before the world.

Following the catalogue, and only dipping into it here and there for lack of space, we find the first picture that attracts the eye, and that for its bright sunny effect, is Charles Davidson's 'Wray Common, Surrey' (3). Pleasant also to contemplate is 'Phyllis' (10), coming through a bower with a basket under her arm, as depicted by Arthur Hopkins. David Cox, junior, is sketchy but telling in his 'Okehampton Castle' (14), and E. A. Goodall's 'Caravan overtaken by a Sand-storm, near the Pyramids of Gizeh' (15), we are bound to take upon trust, so daringly does it come up to our idea of what such a scene is like. Mr. Goodall's 'Bridge of Ronda' (63), spanning a grand rocky chasm through which meanders a stream in summer, and down which thunders a torrent in winter, is warmed by an atmosphere more familiar to our northern eyes, and of which we can judge more readily: in this instance we are highly pleased. A little farther on Samuel Reed shows us that this matter of atmosphere is all pervading, and that in temples made with hands it forms an abiding element: the golden splendours of his 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice' (67), and the arching spaces thereof, would be less mysteriously grand and imposing had he scrupulously excluded all sense of atmosphere.

Otto Weber's 'Study of a White Cow' (21), in a watery meadow, is altogether successful; as is also the 'Scene in Cowdrey Park, Midhurst' (31), by H. Brittan Wills, with some cattle in a reedy stream. Thomas Danby throws a fine glow into the 'Saavine, Canton of Freyburg' (26), a noble valley with a river flowing through it; and George Dodgson shows in his view 'On the Lledr, North Wales' (41), how much force and suggestion can be produced by a broad, square touch. This comes out more tellingly still, perhaps, in his storm clouds 'On Whitby Scour' (425), which hangs on the third screen. 'A Farm-yard in Brittany' (36), with a girl feeding pigs by a draw-well, is rather foreign to the chivalric bent of Frederick Tayler; but he sets the scene before us with so much idyllic simplicity and grace, that we should not be at all sorry were he to revert occasionally to similar subjects. 'The Orphan' (51), by J. Parker, is a little chicken which a red-capped peasant girl holds out in her hand with a view to feeding it; and close by is a capital study by George A. Fripp of moorland and barren rocks, 'In Glen Sligichan, Isle of Skye' (52). Edward Radford shows his mastery over the figure in his artist and lady 'In consultation' (46) before a classic picture; and if Walter Duncan, in his young

lady reading a letter, as she strolls through a pleasance in the golden 'Sunset' (71), is scarcely so firm in touch as we should like, the picture is harmonious and strong in colour. There is better drawing, perhaps, and more decision of touch in his 'Knight of the Fifteenth Century' (120) a little farther on.

The Society of Painters in Water Colours has always been chivalric to the ladies, and the works of such elegant artists as Mrs. H. Criddle, Margaret Gillies, and Maria Harrison, have long been a delight to the frequenters of the gallery. Of late years, however, two ladies have been added to the Associate list who combine power with refinement, and about whose works there is nothing feminine but keen insight and consummate taste. It would be hard to say whether Mrs. Allingham or Clara Montalba is the more powerful painter of the two, because the former is most at home in figure subjects, and the latter in sea pieces and landscape, mostly as combined and seen in Venice, yet admitting all the bustle and life which periodically stir the waters of its canals and the blood in the veins of the dwellers in the City of the Sea. In support of this we would point to Miss Montalba's 'Regatta' (85), and for her general force and power the visitor can scarcely go wrong, whether he walk up to 'A Trabaccola' (78), to 'An Afterglow' (39), 'A Summer Sirocco Day' (92), or to 'St. Mark's Column' (99), all of which speak of unmeasured power and endless variety. Then, turning to Mrs. Allingham, we find the same delicacy, the same variety, the same force expressed by other means. Take her 'Cornfield, Margate' (324), her 'Scotch Street, St. Andrews' (379), 'On the Sand, Eastbourne' (382), 'Sussex Cottage' (415), and her 'Byre' (437), and we have ample evidence for our assertion.

Of the older supporters of the Society, of the men whose names are household words among all connoisseurs and Art lovers, such men, we mean, as E. Duncan, Carl Haag, F. Powell, W. C. T. Dobson, Collingwood Smith, J. D. Watson, G. P. Boyce, H. S. Marks, E. K. Johnson, S. P. Jackson, Alma-Tadema, and Sir John Gilbert, there is no lack of examples; and if, in some instances, they attain to almost a score, we must tolerate the unconscionable quantity for sake of the satisfaction arising from the unmistakable quality.

EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THREE hundred and sixty-one sketches, studies, and finished drawings, make up the present exhibition, and although many of the older members step forward with more than their usual vigour, it is to the efforts of the younger men that its success is mainly owing. The president, Louis Haghe, for example, sends five pictures, of which the cavaliers 'In Ambush' (51), and the 'Rood-loft in the Church of Dixmude' (233), are perhaps the best; W. L. Leitch, the vice-president, is represented by a dozen compositions all more or less charming for their learning and fine Art instinct. Another veteran, Mr. John Absolon, attains to the goodly number of fifteen, and among these his harvest pictures are the more pleasing.

But, as we have said, it is the younger men who this time have made the exhibition: or, at all events, given it its most salient features. We do not exactly know whether Edward Hargitt would be called a young man, but his 'Evening' (73), with some Highland cattle and a solitary heron occupying a marshy foreground, with grand masses of cloud, inky black here, and flushed into an angry red glare there, drifting across the landscape, has certainly all the daring and strength of youth. James Orrock rejoices in a softer mood and in skies less sullen. His 'Bolton Castle' (18), with a rain-charged atmosphere above the low hills and a bright clear sky beyond; and better still, perhaps, his other view of the same subject, with the river running towards the spectator, a broken fir-crowned bank to the right, and the castle seen in the middle distance on the upland to the left, both testify to this and to his fine appreciation of what constitute the true canons of landscape composition. See also his studies 'On the Ure,' especially the one numbered

267, fresh and dewy in the foreground, and full of light throughout, with a fine warm grey tone pervading the modelling of the hills. J. W. Whymper, in 'Puffin Island' (22), approaches nature with a dainty hand; and Harry Johnson's 'Old Lock on the Rother' (53) is sweet, delicate, and bright. J. G. Philp is less precise in his touch, but he also goes earnestly to nature, although he does not view her in precisely the same light as the last two artists: his 'Coast at Boscastle' (62), and his 'Polpier Cove, Cornwall' (67), are characteristic of his inanner.

The veterans, Thomas Collier, J. Syer, H. E. Hine, John Tenniel, and C. Green, were never more equal to their reputation than now. The decorative work by Mr. Green, designed for the Christmas number of the *Graphic*, and representing 'The Children's Fancy Ball,' in long drawn out procession, is in design, drawing and colour, variety, playfulness, and humour, among the finest things of the kind ever produced by an English artist.

William Small's crowd of fisher-folks thronging the jetty and watching with horror 'The Wreck' (47), is the finished drawing of the grand oil-picture which the Academy had the bad taste to "sky" the other season. It will be observed there is no body colour used here, even to express the spray. Hubert Herkomer has sent several powerfully drawn life-sized heads which will delight everybody: the brawny shoulders and weather-beaten face of 'A Peasant' (54) and of 'A Hunter' (165), although in their mahogany brownness the artist may appear to have missed the flesh tint, will, we are sure, attract the admiration of all spectators. Mrs. E. Murray, too, is more than ordinarily strong this season; see her 'Spanish Beggar' (49)—an old woman holding out her withered hand for alms; the 'Arab Soldier' (300), and especially 'Muly Seedi Ben Ali' (305), a quaint, self-sufficing old man, sitting for his portrait in the most grotesque attitude on a lofty stool.

The large drawing of 'Home Again' (111), by T. Walter Wilson, is one of the pictures that give tone and character to the exhibition, and about which we have already hinted. On one side of the quaint Dutch-like apartment a young girl's back is towards us; but we catch a glimpse of her frank glad face in the glass; on the other side the old folks, who are at their tea, get up eagerly from the table; and all this little commotion is caused by the entrance at the door of the hearty young fisherman, who is once more "home again." The reflection of the girl's face in the glass is perhaps a little too vivid, but with this exception the composition is full of merit, the painting full of quality, and the figures of character. The door is in the centre, or nearly so, and through it we get a peep at the fisher craft and the village outside, which give interest and variety to the picture. Another work, notable above the rest for its quality, is 'The Last of the Old Squires' (238), by Andrew C. Gow. We see a group of villagers looking up a gateway, whose architecture belongs to the Stuart period, and on one of its massive pillars we read a notice of the forthcoming sale of the grand old place: it is probably now going on, and it is that which attracts the attention of the group before us. For Meissonier-like power and truth to Nature in respect of quiet, unforced colour, this is perhaps the best drawing in the exhibition. E. J. Gregory's life-sized head of 'St. George' (256)—a dark man scarfed and panoplied, with his hands resting on the hilt of his great sword—is tremendously powerful: the artist, like Mr. Small, scratches out his high lights instead of using body colour. We cannot help thinking that the purples in this otherwise startlingly life-like head are too positive. Mary L. Gow's little 'Convalescent' (215), lying comfortably on the sofa, holding dolly, while her young friend reads for her amusement, is certainly very clever, but scarcely diversified enough in matters of texture and colour.

Mrs. William Duffield, Marian Chase, and J. Sherrin are as charming as ever in their flower and fruit pictures, as John Mogford is full of daylight, and Edwin Hayes of life and light and motion in his various sea-pieces. Let us draw attention also to Charles J. Staniland's 'Young Lady of Properties' (255), a little girl sailing through the room attired in her mother's finery; J. Aumonier's sweetly-toned picture, 'Before the Day-

light deepens into Night' (253); Philip Mitchell's 'Road to Princetown' (172), and Townley Green's 'Old Door at Antwerp' (223). The honorary members are represented by E. M. Ward, R.A., who contributes an interior interesting for its management of light and shade and for the natural way in which the woman and girl busy themselves at the kitchen-table of 'The Inn at Dinan' (245), and by Josef Israels, who sends a pleasing picture of 'A Peasant's Home' (168): a girl seated knitting at the door, with some pigeons for company. Close to this hangs a frame with four drawings from the ready pencil of John A. Houston, R.S.A., who further enriches the exhibition with several drawings and studies of Northern scenery. H. B. Roberts, the rustic humorist of the Institute, maintains his claim to the distinction by two pictures, viz., 'Companions' (79), a boy holding lovingly between his hands a donkey's head, and the 'Orphans' (197), a boy in blue blouse giving a dish of milk to two lambs in a stable, one of which frisks to the remark made by a raven seated on the edge of a pail, who is possibly an orphan too: the artist was never better than in this last.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in the year of Grace 1877, will certainly, to the future historian, mark an epoch in British Art. In May a suite of galleries, stately in their proportions, as they were structurally and decoratively complete in detail, was thrown open to the public in the most fashionable thoroughfare in London. But suggestive, stimulating, and brilliant though that Art display at the "Grosvenor" undoubtedly was, it is very questionable whether it will carry with it so lasting and instructive an impression as this exhibition of "Drawings by the Old Masters, and Water-Colour Drawings by deceased Artists of the British School."

The Great, or West Gallery, is occupied by 520 water-colour drawings by deceased artists of the British School, which will enable the visitor to trace the rise and progress of the art for nearly a century. Although the East Gallery, the Vestibule, the Sculpture Gallery, and the Water-Colour Gallery form the larger portion of the exhibition, and contain 717 drawings by the old masters, and some of these masters are Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Perugino, Raphael, Giulio Romano, Correggio, and Michel Angelo, it must not be supposed that our English water-colourists pale their ineffectual fires in presence of these great luminaries. On the contrary, we look upon such drawings as the 'Lane Scene' (55), formerly the property of Mr. Spiers of Oxford and now of Mr. Orrock; 'Peat Gatherers' (69), and 'The Skylark' (91), belonging to Mr. Nettlefold; 'The Rain-cloud' (71), lent by Mr. Gillott; 'Changing Pastures' (84), lent by Mr. Quilter, all by David Cox—not to mention George Barret's 'Twilight' (134), contributed by Mr. Orrock, or many of the works of Peter De Wint, W. H. Müller, James Holland, Frederick Walker, and J. M. W. Turner, as being in their way as notable and worthy of admiration as those sketches, studies, and drawings by the old masters which fill the East Gallery. The contributors from whose galleries this remarkable collection has been formed, and to whom the public are so greatly indebted, are such men as Mr. William Russell, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. John Malcolm of Poltalloch, Mr. E. Cheney, the Earl of Warwick, and above all, Her Majesty, the Queen, who, besides other works, has lent her priceless collection of Holbeins.

It would be vain with our limited space to attempt going over the collection in detail. We have said enough to express the immense importance we attach to it; and we are glad to see that the catalogue, though not without errors, is constructed in such a manner as to notes and dates as enables the visitor to derive full advantage from so rare an exhibition. Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, French, German, British and Italian masters may be recognised in the incipency of their great works; and it is not at all likely that the public will again have such a chance of stepping within the veil of Art, and standing so immediately in her presence.

M. DORÉ AS A SCULPTOR.

THE fertility of the genius of M. Doré is without parallel in the history of Art. In 1862, when he was twenty-nine years old, he had produced 44,000 designs. Many of these, of course, are but sketches, but the character and force of his early sketches were the qualities that laid the foundation of his fame. What his hands have wrought during the last fifteen years we have not learnt; but during this period of his career much of the skill that was formerly given to work of at times microscopic delicacy has been devoted to the covering of canvases containing 600 square feet and upwards apiece. This rate of production betrays an artistic fury of impatience. In presence of such sheer hard work the critic has, however, but too often felt that M. Doré was not doing justice to himself. A comparison between the impression produced by a visit to some new painting, when fresh, and by a second after the work had been exposed to the atmosphere of a crowded gallery for six or twelve months, made the observer conscious of a rapid fading in tones which at first were marvellously brilliant. In 1866, on the first exhibition of the 'Paolo and Francesca da Rimini,' the *Art Journal* called attention to the solid, well-wrought, careful *impasto* of that finest work of the artist; and concluded, "Let M. Doré paint thus, and his fame will take care of itself." Since that time how much has he produced! And how charming have been some of his creations; such as the Andromeda, painted in 1868; the tragic poem of the "Neophyte;" the mournful divinity of the Christ leaving the Prætorium. Under all this, however, the artist has betrayed, by the very index of the scale that he has adopted, his own dissatisfaction with his work. His high ideal has ever been in advance of his execution, though he has given to the latter time and labour without precedent. Yet the patience which gave its value—not as design, but as *main-d'œuvre*—to the 'Francesca,' has not, to our knowledge, been repeated. The artistic fury is too fierce, we have long felt, to find appropriate expression by the use of the materials of the painter. It demanded, like the rage of Michael Angelo, the resistance of clay or of marble to enforce its restriction within the limits of what is most excellent in Art.

We have therefore anticipated the success of Gustave Doré in sculpture. The restless fury of Art is the birthright of the sculptor. The chips of marble flew from under the chisel of Michael Angelo like hail. The difference between the blow of a chisel and the stroke of a pencil is one of kind rather than of degree. The genius that seeks expression in the colossal is sculptural rather than pictorial. A visit to M. Doré's studio will show that this appreciation is correct.

Of the two works in the round by M. Doré we now have to describe, we will first mention that in which, in our opinion, the artist has been least successful. It is a female figure, draped in a robe spangled with stars, and holding aloft a circlet of stars, of which the diameter is a little more than half the height of the figure. The feet are borne up by clouds, grouped with boy angels, and a crescent below recalls the design of Murillo's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' so well known by the engraving by Lessore. M. Doré, however, has not fallen into the error of this engraver, namely, the diminution of the size of the head of his figure. The proportions are faultlessly accurate. The modelling is noble, graceful, and of the utmost purity. The countenance is extremely poetical. What Doré has seen, and intended to make others see, in many a female face, which was anything but agreeable as actually left on canvas or on paper, is wrought out perfect in the clay, and its beauty has thus become tangible. Our criticism is, that the design is better fitted for painting than for sculpture. Flying, or lightly poised figures, afford so strong a contrast between the weight of the material and the idea of aerial movement, that to represent them in the round is usually held to be an offence against the soundest rules of glyptic art.

It is only in low relief that such a figure will be attempted by the experienced and judicious sculptor. Clouds, moreover, are inadmissible in marble, even in relief, according to any severe taste; and out-stretched arms, however beautifully modelled, give a sense of pain to the eye after a time, and rather befit a caryatid than a piece of true sculpture. With this criticism we exhaust our objections. The group is a painter's design, wrought out with as much fidelity, poetic force, and beauty, as are attainable, for such a design, in clay. And it is only fair to add that since these lines were in print we have received an account of the discovery, at Olympia, of the Niké of Pæonius of Mende, a contemporary of Phidias, who is represented flying down from heaven, her right foot just touching a rock, and her drapery borne back by the opposing air. The true key to the difficulty is, no doubt, to be found in the architectural setting and permanent illumination of the figure.

Of the second group, 'Fate and Love,' we hesitate to speak out. Were it readily accessible to the English public, we should have no hesitation whatever. The terms of admiration which it deserves would not then run the risk of appearing exaggerated. The highest hope that any friend of M. Doré could form of the future triumphs of this artist are justified by this noble group. An aged woman, draped in a grandly modelled mantle that shades her head like a hood, is seated. Resting on her knees stands the almost nude figure of Love; his head rises nearly to the lower part of the face of Fate. Two short outspread wings resemble those of the lovely *amorini* of Raphael. The right hand of Love rests on his bow. The thread of Fate runs through the fingers of his left hand to those of the left hand of Fate; while the shears held in the right hand of the latter are in act to sever the thread. The modelling of the boy's form indicates the most thoughtful study of the antique; the upturned face is a poem in itself. It is difficult to refer to any example in sculpture which can give an idea of the grandeur of the head, or of the force of the veined hands, of Fate. The drapery is not that of the finest style of Greek Art. It is of a style peculiar to itself, massive, grave, and pictorial. The features of Fate are those of a Roman Sibyl; the expression is at once tender and unrelenting. The true instinct of the sculptor is displayed in the shadows cast by the hood, by the wings of Love, and by the folds of the drapery, under an illumination from above. It may seem to those who have not studied the group to be an exaggeration to say that it recalls the memory at once to the Elgin room at the British Museum and to the Medici Chapel at Florence. But 'Fate and Love' would bear to be placed between the torso of the Ilyssus and the helmed and brooding statue of Lorenzo de' Medici.

We have had repeated opportunities of recording our opinion as to this artist, whose works are becoming more and more popular in England; they are, for the most part, if not always, efforts of lofty genius. He has marvellous facility in dealing with every branch of his vast subject, and is equally great in each department of it. But his industry is as marvellous as his intellectual power; it seems as if in him to think was to execute. Large masses of canvas give continual evidence of labour; that which one would expect to be the result of a year's efforts appears as the produce of barely a month. He has hardly passed the meridian of life, yet the works of his mind and hand might fill a gallery ten times the length and breadth of that which is so well filled in the chief Art-avenue of London.

M. Doré's efforts as a sculptor induce the remark that he is only following the examples which we are now witnessing of painters seeking reputation in "fresh fields and pastures" hitherto unknown to them. Sir Edwin Landseer began it among ourselves, and both here and in Paris are eminent painters invading, with success, the domains of the sculptor.

SCENERY OF THE RHINE.*

THERE is assuredly no river in the world which offers so wide and varied a field for the pencil of the artist as, and whose real and legendary history is fuller of dramatic

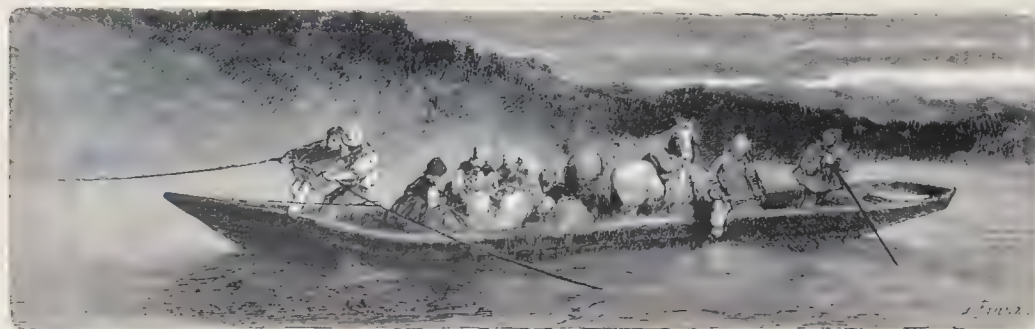
interest than, the Rhine. From its rise among the Swiss Alps till it reaches the sea through the plains of Holland, there is scarcely a mile of its entire course that does not present some



A Glimpse of Bregenz.

feature of picturesque beauty or recall some story worthy of record. As the result of all this, the noble river attracts year by year multitudes of visitors from almost every part of the world,

to make themselves acquainted with scenes so conducive to individual enjoyment, and so intimately associated with the earliest annals of the great family of Europe. The landscape-painters of



Ferry over the Rhine at Ruthi.

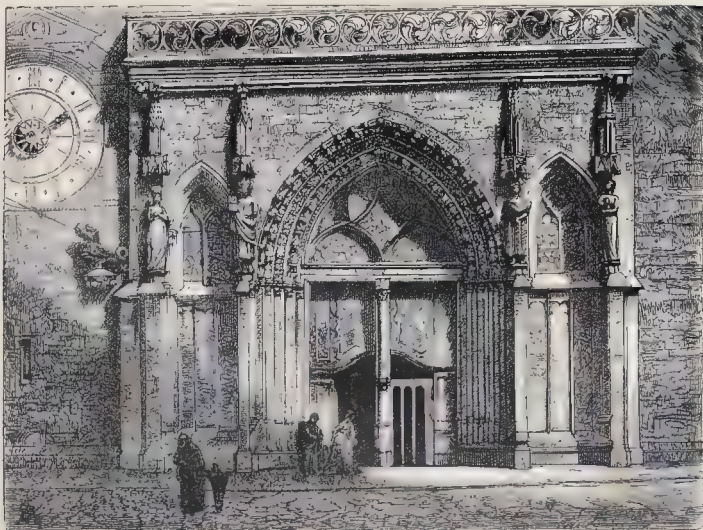
our own country especially have shown us many of its beauties.

* * * The Rhine from its Source to the Sea. Illustrated by G. C. I. Barclay from the German of Karl Stieler, H. W. Schubert, and F. W. H. Schubert. With Four Hundred and Twenty-five Illustrations. Published by Bickers and Son.

but that these are far from being exhausted is evident to any one who turns over the leaves of the large and copiously illustrated volume now lying before us, and of the smaller woodcuts of which we give a few specimens, the size of our page not admitting

the introduction of the larger examples. The pictures are by no means limited to out-door and in-door subjects, but historical

events and "pictures of society" are abundantly mingled with others, and portraits of remarkable personages find a place



Cathedral Door, East.

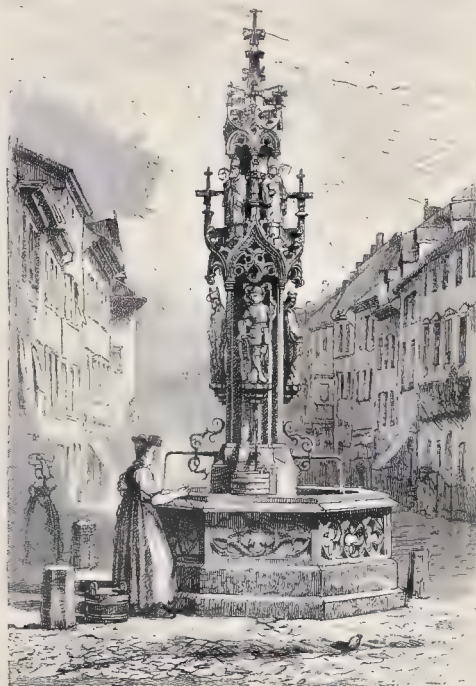
among them. In truth, nothing seems to be omitted that could help to develop the scenery and life of the Rhine. The illustra-

teristic of the German school. The text not only describes the places and objects represented, but it gives also much of their



Statue of Minutius Plancus, in the Town Hall, Basle.

tions are from the works of the most eminent German artists, and are principally engraved in the free and effective style charac-



Well in Freiburg.

past history. Of the thousands of our countrymen who have been "up the Rhine," few would not covet this volume.

THE ALBERT GALLERY, EDINBURGH.

THE second exhibition, which opened in the Albert Gallery on the 27th November last, presents many features of interest, and is a decided improvement on the summer collection.

There are nearly eight hundred examples on the walls, of which a few are loans, including two pictures by the late David Scott—'The Alchemist,' painted in 1838, and 'Peter the Hermit,' the last of his historical works, produced in 1846. Gainsborough, Sir J. Reynolds, Raeburn, J. M. Turner, and Ewebank, are each represented, as also Nasmyth, in his first portrait of the poet Burns. Glancing at the catalogue, we find that with trifling exceptions the contributors are comparatively new to fame, but we can do little more than indicate approval of a minimum of the aspirants. Beautifully picturesque in arrangement and tender of tone, the homesteads of Mrs. Stuart Smith's 'Clachan' lies scattered beneath the fading glow of sunset. 'On the Cumbræ,' A. Black, is vigorously truthful in a noble sea expanse, a shingly shore, and a solitary fishing-boat. 'Rannoch Moor' shows metal in J. Grey; and Charles Stuart gives a striking bit of nature eloquently handled in 'Llyn Idwell.' His management of boulders as seen below water is admirable. Among rising artists James Heron in 'Bye-road near Loch Maree'; H. Nisbet in 'Moonrise on the Tweed'; J. Davidson in 'The Lesson'; A. Blair, in 'The Silver Strand, Loch Katrine'; W. G. Stevenson in two clever studies of 'Water Fowl'; W. Mackenzie in 'A Leisure Hour'; W. Mitchell in 'A Connoisseur,' and some others, deserve much commendation.

Douglas Scott, nephew of the lamented David, evinces boldness tempered with discretion in the dash of 'Breakers on an Iron-bound Coast.' W. Lawson has the companion portraits 'Waiting to be Engaged' and 'Installed.' In both, the boyish idiosyncrasy is happily caught; the doubtful expectancy of the first forming a vivid natural contrast to the pleased consciousness of success in the second. We do not remember meeting with D. Cameron before, but are glad to do so now. His 'Old Church, Gigha,' is a charming study of the quaint, the solitary, the romantic. The gleam in the distant sea is exquisitely touched. J. M. Fellows embodies a racy humour in 'The Prentice Hand,' where an embryo barber, armed with brush and razor, experiments rather roughly on the chin of an uneasy customer. The water-colours are numerous, and besides examples of Hugh Cameron, W. F. Vallance, and Herdman, comprise 'The Notary,' A. C. Bell, an expressive embodiment of a testy lawyer; 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities,' W. G. Kemp, an old Bible, crucifix, &c., on which the wear and dust of ages are faithfully indicated; and two excellent specimens of William Miller, R.S.A. D. Lucas exhibits a 'Fan, illustrative of R. Burns's Life,' a unique piece of workmanship, figures and landscapes painted on the ivory with delicate accuracy. We may mention in conclusion that the doorway of the gallery is graced by two fine symbolical figures of Sculpture and Painting from the chisel of Mrs. D. O. Hill, whose sculptures have on many occasions been the subject of our commendation.

OBITUARY.

GUSTAVE BRION.

AT the comparatively early age of fifty-three, France has lost one of her most popular and distinguished painters, M. Gustave Brion, who was born at Rothau, in the Vosges, in 1824, and died in Paris in November of last year. Brion studied under Gabriel Guérin, an artist of Strasburg, and exhibited his earliest work at the Paris *Salon* in 1847, but did not make the French capital his residence till 1850. Three years afterwards he contributed to the *Salon* his 'Schlittes de la Forêt Noire,' for which he obtained a second-class medal: the picture was purchased by the city of Strasburg, but was unfortunately destroyed by fire, with other works by the artist, when the Germans bombarded the place in 1870. To the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 he contributed 'A Timber Raft on the Rhine'—the owner of this picture, Mr. Durand Ruel, sent it to our International Exhibition of 1871—'A Funeral in the Vosges,' 'The

Fête-Dieu,' and 'The Miraculous Spring.' Later works by the deceased painter are 'The Benediction,' 'An Alsatian Wedding,' both of which were in our International Exhibition of 1862, 'Jesus and Peter on the Sea,' 'Reading the Bible,' for which he received the grand medal of honour in 1868, having had awarded to him in the year immediately preceding a medal of the second class, when he exhibited one of his most attractive pictures, 'Les Pèlerins de Sainte Odile,' showing a priest preaching to a group of rustics in a forest. Several of M. Brion's works, in addition to those mentioned, have been exhibited in London, at the French Gallery, Pall Mall—as 'Britany Peasants at Prayer,' 'The Shepherd of the Alps,' and 'Corn Thrashers in Brittany,' in 1857; 'The Return from the Pastures,' 'The Sick Child,' 'The Holy Well,' 'The Fête Dieu,' in 1858; 'Spring,' in 1868; 'Family Worship in Alsace,' in 1869, and 'A Homestead in Brittany,' in 1876.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. Lewis, Engraver.

A LINE from an old, and at one time popular ballad—

— "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Landseer gave as a title to this picture, when he exhibited it at the British Institution in 1842: the painting came into the possession of the late Mr. Sheepshanks, and it is now included in the collection at South Kensington he presented to the nation. This little rough terrier has certainly been a prodigal, and after wandering from his home, and perhaps much irregular and precarious living, returns repentingly and thankfully to

his old quarters—his home, humble enough, being an old barrel, with a couple of staves taken out for egress and ingress—to find his dish empty and broken, and a snail intruding itself upon his own domains, which seem the embodiment of canine solitude. It is difficult to describe in words the profoundly saddened and imploring expression with which the eyes of the dog are endowed; looking upwards, he raises his head as if he would utter a cry of gratitude to find himself once more at home. The picture appears to have been painted at once: it has all the clever colouring of the artist in his best manner.





MINOR TOPICS.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1878.—It is our intention to report very fully the Exhibition to be opened at Paris on the 1st of May. There has been no exhibition of Art-industry since the year 1845 which has not been reported in the *Art Journal*, and our subscribers will expect that this—the latest—will receive ample justice at our hands. The special mission of the *Art Journal* has long been, and will continue to be, to place before the Art manufacturers of the world the most striking and the best of their productions, thus supplying a stimulus and a reward; the one arising from the knowledge that the meritorious articles they produce will be largely seen and criticized, the other operating as an honourable recognition and a direct impetus to commercial gain. If their works are scrutinised by hundreds of thousands, millions will see the engraved copies of them. More than thirty thousand engravings of such productions have been issued in the *Art Journal* since periodical exhibitions became an institution. We do not intend to go into the matter as extensively as we have done in former years; as we did in 1851, by issuing double numbers at double cost; or in 1862 and 1867, by lessening the number of steel engravings. In both cases such a course became necessary to meet the enlarged expenditure. It does not appear expedient to adopt either in 1878; the Art contributions will be by no means so large and varied as they were in 1867. Enough, however, and more than enough, of the best manufacturers of Europe will supply us with materials for an Illustrated Catalogue in 1878 as interesting and valuable as any one of the many by which it has been preceded; and we cannot doubt that we shall make it acceptable to the public in all countries of Europe and America. We shall, then, produce another Illustrated Catalogue, commencing it, as heretofore, in April, and one that, we have no doubt, while of much interest to the general reader, will be great gain to the artist, artisan, and manufacturer, for whose behoof we have so long and so perseveringly catered.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—At a general meeting of members held on the evening of January 16, the following gentlemen were elected Associates: Messrs. Briton Riviere, Joseph E. Boehm, and Alfred Waterhouse, representatives respectively of the three great Arts—Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

DISPUTED RIGHT TO A PICTURE.—An action was brought somewhat recently in the Court of Common Pleas, whereby Messrs. Bryant and Rumball, picture dealers at Kilburn and Birmingham, sought to recover from Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., a picture assumed to be painted by that gentleman, and which they had left with him to be verified. The subject was said to be 'Lady Russell pleading for the Life of her Husband,' and the canvas, or rather panel, bore what appeared to be the artist's usual signature. The plaintiffs had acquired the work through what is technically known as "a deal;" in other words, an exchange: they gave a water-colour drawing by Shalders for it, and three other works, one of them a picture by the famous French artist, Boucher. Mr. Herbert altogether denied the authenticity of the work, and stated, when examined in court, that the picture seemed to be a tracing of a painting by him called the 'Reprieve'—executed by him many years ago—which had been transferred to a panel, and "filled in by some person who knew little of his art;" consequently he refused to part with it again unless the plaintiffs would consent to erase his name from the picture, and this they declined to do: hence the action to compel the artist to surrender the treasure. Several of Mr. Herbert's brother Academicians, Messrs. Horsley, Leighton, Frith, C. Landseer, Elmore, and F. R. Pickersgill, appeared in court, and concurred in condemning the picture as a spurious daub, utterly worthless, and a palpable forgery. Mr. Justice Denman, who tried the case, summed up the evidence, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiffs, giving *one shilling* as damages for the detention, and assessing the

1878.

value of the picture at *ten pounds*. His lordship refused to make any order with regard to costs, which must follow the verdict: the defendant had taken the law into his own hands, and the court could not interfere to prevent the plaintiffs from getting their costs. The case points its own moral to all who are able to read it, and requires no comment from us.

MR. ROBERT FAULKNER, of Baker Street, whose photographs generally, but of children more especially, have long been of unsurpassed excellence, is publishing a series of copies from Nature of the "little ones," so exceedingly beautiful and perfect as works of Art that high praise of them is a duty. At first sight, indeed after minute inspection, so thoroughly does photography seem to be put aside, that one receives them as transcripts after great painters, and is slow to believe they have no other aid given to them beyond that they obtain from light, regulated by the mind of the photographer, who is as true an artist as any painter can be. He has so carefully studied the pose of each figure in every instance, as to excite surprise at his "luck" with his little, and usually restless, sitters. In his models he has been fortunate, yet probably he has put away those that did not come well, and selected for his series a few out of many. It is hard to think otherwise, for each print is absolutely perfect. Cheap, or what is called "common," they cannot be, for obviously there is much after-study before the work is multiplied. We refer especially to those that are published, but a large number of his productions are what used to be termed "private plates," the living pets of a household, who are not to be scanned by every eye. These are far more effective, treated as Mr. Faulkner has treated them, than any drawings can be; all the objections urged against photography vanish; while the likeness is entire truth, it obtains all the value derivable from the most consummate art. His works are by no means exclusively of children; some portraits in his studio of fair or stately dames may be taken for copies from Gainsborough or Sir Joshua. We may not say that the art can never go farther, but beyond question the art has never yet gone so far as Mr. Faulkner has carried it. We should add that some copies are printed in light red, a revival which has been much approved by artists, amateurs, and collectors.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE have once more signified their intention to offer prizes for pictures contributed to their gallery in the current year. These prizes, forty in number, will consist of medals in gold, silver, and bronze, of the relative value of twenty-five, six, and three guineas each. The conditions of competition may be ascertained by applying to Mr. C. W. Wass, superintendent of the Crystal Palace Gallery. All works intended for exhibition will be received at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on the 4th and 5th of March, between the hours of ten and five. We hear that the sale of pictures last year realised upwards of £8,700.

MESSRS. WATHERSTON AND SON, who appear determined to spare no expense nor trouble to advance the art of the manufactures in which they have long been engaged, offer, through the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, three prizes of £50, £30, and £20 respectively, for "the three best Designs for a Three-handled Cup, to be used as a Loving Cup;" the ornamentation must illustrate the "Biblical story of the Labourers in the Vineyard;" the competing designs must be delivered to the Science and Art Department on or before the 10th of April. Past or present students of schools of Art, to whom the competition is limited, should apply to the Department for more detailed information concerning it. It will doubtless be remembered by many that last year Messrs. Watherston gave the sum of £200 to be distributed as prizes for the four best designs for a dessert service of plate. On that occasion the first prize, amounting to £100, was not awarded, for reasons which were satisfactorily stated at the time.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' *Conversazioni* will be held at the rooms of the Old Water Colour Society, not at those of the Society of British Artists, which latter body, on the close of the present exhibition in Suffolk Street, will remove to the Conduit Street galleries. The dates of meeting are fixed for January 29, February 28, April 9, and May 7. Mr. Alfred D. Fripp has been elected president for the ensuing season.

'BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.'—Mr. Hamilton P. MacCarthy, to whose works in sculpture we have had frequent occasion to refer, has just completed a life-sized group of 'Robert Burns and Highland Mary.' The poet is seated on the stump of a tree, and Mary stands beside him. His arm circles her waist tenderly, as he looks up into her sad face with all the intense longing of a lover. She wears a laced bodice, a short loose wrapper, and a petticoat reaching a little below the knee. The figures group well from whichever side they are viewed, and the sculptor has expressed very happily the sentiment of pure and elevated love. The lines of the immortal song of the poet must have been ringing in his ears while the idea of this group was fashioning itself in his mind. In the same studio will be found a most spirited statuette of 'Herne, the Hunter,' and a large alto-relievo of two western hunters dashing through, as best they may, a herd of buffaloes. Both these works are by the elder MacCarthy.

LADY PAINTERS ON PORCELAIN.—Communications have from time to time reached us, pointing out the danger of misleading ladies, who are prompted to believe that painting on porcelain supplies an easy means of augmenting or creating an income; and considerable sums are, we know, paid to persons who assume to teach so readily profitable an art. We should be of the last to discourage Art efforts, or any efforts, on the part of ladies: but so many have found they have been deluded instead of instructed, that it becomes our duty to warn emphatically those who, with little or no power in that direction, think a few lessons at seven shillings and sixpence an hour will be seed planted to bear fruit a hundred fold. No doubt, here and there, talent thus fostered will become useful and profitable, but productions of mere amateurs are, for the most part, below and not above mediocrity, and only indicate time wasted. One of the ablest and best manufacturers of Ceramic Art writes to us that he continually receives examples, that, after lessons have been paid for, much time bestowed, and the charge for "baking" defrayed, the moderate recompense of a guinea is expected for a work for which the manufacturer would not receive five shillings. It will be a great mistake if amateur artists think they can compete on the same terms with regularly-trained and educated workmen. As an esteemed correspondent writes: "I feel it hard to damp the ardour and good intentions of young ladies, but I am compelled to do so, for not one in a hundred can paint on porcelain, so as to make it fit for sale: while those who do paint fairly require as much for their work as they would for a water-colour drawing."

A PERSON calling himself "De Lara," whose true name will in due course transpire, has been brought before the magistrates at Bow Street, charged with frauds in connection with a so-called "Fine Art Company," that pretended to give Art lessons to ladies. The case is still pending. Several years ago we drew attention to this person and his "lessons," and warned our readers against him and them. He was at that time residing in Great Portland Street, his latest "establishment" was in Great Russell Street. There are other "Art Societies," whose acts are scarcely less deleterious, to which probably the attention of the magistrates will be drawn.

THE ENGRAVINGS OF MR. SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A.—At the gallery of the Messrs. Agnew, Old Bond Street, will be found a complete collection of the works of our most distinguished living mezzotintist. Samuel Cousins, R.A., was born in 1801, in the city of Exeter, was articled to S. W. Reynolds, the engraver, in 1814, and in 1826 commenced his own independent career as a mezzotint engraver. His first works were after famous portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and his success in them soon brought him numerous commissions. The plates

amount to one hundred and eighty-two, many of them after the most famous pictures of Sir E. Landseer. Latterly he has reproduced with great brilliancy and effect several of the child-portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he has worked with triumphant success after Hogarth, Millais, and Leighton. Very few men can show a half-century's labours of such magnitude and excellence as we have here.

THE CONDUIT STREET GALLERIES.—Here are collected three hundred and thirty-nine works in oil, by old masters of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, and French schools, interspersed with admirable and undoubted specimens of deceased British artists. Among such are Etty, Stothard, Gainsborough, Constable, Romney, Reynolds, Hogarth; and among landscape painters, the classic Wilson and the more simple Crome. Indeed the whole of the Norwich school is represented, and that, too, by specimens equal to any in Burlington House. We should not like to warrant every example we find here of "the old masters," any more than we would like to guarantee all those found in the National Collection; but where there is not an authentic pedigree with the picture there is internal evidence of genuineness which would satisfy any ordinary Art-lover. But many of the pictures here have a known history, and are of world-wide renown.

MR. FORD MADOX BROWN'S 'CROMWELL.'—Among the few artists in this country who devote themselves to the higher and more intellectual branches of painting, Madox Brown occupies an honoured place. Of late he has devoted much attention to the period of the Commonwealth, and this is the third subject he has taken from the life of Cromwell. The scene is Milton's house in Petty France, Westminster, just beyond the Birdcage Walk, now occupied by a monstrous mansion twelve stories high. Cromwell, in armour, is supposed to have come in from reviewing his troops in the adjoining park, and now sits on the table and with great energy of manner dictates to Milton that famous protest to the Duke of Savoy against the cruel persecution of the Vaudois Protestants. Milton is, we can see, quite blind, and he is in the act of throwing into classic Latin the fiery words of his chief, while his co-secretary, Andrew Marvell, sits ready to write. This work is equal to anything Mr. Madox Brown has yet executed, which is saying a great deal. The arrangement of lines, the massing of light and shade, and the rich play of colour, are all in his best vein, while the archaeological details of the composition have received, as usual, the close and punctilious attention of the artist.

PRIZE ESSAY FOR SILVERSMITH'S WORK.—The Council of the Society of Arts has issued a notice stating that a sum of £100, placed at its disposal by Messrs. Watherston and Son, is offered, together with the Society's medal, for "The best Essay on the Art of the Silversmith, past and present," of all nations, with practical suggestions for its future development." The competition is open to the world, and the essays may be written in English, French, German, or Italian; they must be sent to the secretary of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, not later than October 31st of the present year. The Council reserves to itself the right of withholding the awards in the event of no essay of sufficient merit being submitted. Further particulars may be ascertained on application at the Society's office.

FOLEY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE of the late Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, finished by Mr. Brock, is now *en route* for Calcutta, where it will be erected in the vicinity of Government House. The full-sized model of the equestrian statue of the late Lord Gough, for erection in Dublin, left unfinished by Foley, has also been completed by Mr. Brock, and is now in the hands of the bronze-founder for casting. The horse in this group is a replica of the fine charger in the Lord Hardinge statue at Calcutta.

ART FOR COMMON THINGS.—There are very few articles of utility that cannot be subjected, more or less, to the influence of Art. A few years ago it was thought needless to give beauty to merely useful things. We have changed all that. We have

learned that the eye may be gratified and the mind refreshed by imparting refinement of character to matters the most "common." Men and women who are old will remember how different it was when they were young. Few productions are more common than the ordinary bed-quilt; every household has, at least, one, and few objects in a home are looked upon so often; there is no reason why it should be ugly, but there are many reasons why it should be agreeable, and ornamentation in good taste and character is surely a large addition to its value. A manufacturer of Manchester, Mr. William O'Hanlon, has seen and understood that truth. He has submitted to us several engraved examples of his productions, some of them in relief, as they would be in the actual work. They are designed with much artistic skill, for he has had the wisdom to resort for counsel to approved artists: one is especially graceful, and that

is from a design by Mr. Eastlake, the author of several books that advance Art in the household; another is the result of a prize offered at South Kensington. The peculiar feature of these bed-quilts is, that there is a distinct design at the upper end, intended to cover the bolster; there is, consequently, an addition of grace and a conveyance of greater pleasure to the eye. The thought was so natural that one wonders it was not "always so." We have rarely seen examples of manufacture better entitled to claim that they are Art manufactures of a high order.

THE Westminster and Pimlico Working Classes Industrial Exhibition, held in the Townshend Schools, Rochester Street, and which was closed on the first Friday in January, was quite a success. Canon Farrar improved the occasion by delivering to a crowded audience an appropriate address on "Self-respect."

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

ANOTHER grand engraving from the not yet exhausted Art-store bequeathed to us by Edwin Landseer is welcome to our table: it is a print of size, from the burin of the veteran Thomas Landseer, to whom the great painter is indebted for much of his fame. The print is issued by Messrs. Agnew; it is entitled 'The Golden Age,' and represents a lordly lion, against whose side is leaning a little lamb. The contrast is very happy, the one is in his mildest mood, of course, the other illustrates innocence, without fear, unconscious of wrong. It is a pleasant story for an artist to tell: there are many who will prefer this to most of the grand works the great painter has painted.

THE late Sir Stephen R. Glynne passed much of his life in his favourite pursuit of visiting, and making notes on, the old parish churches of the country which date prior to the Restoration; and we are told that his survey embodied upwards of five thousand five hundred of these sacred edifices, the glory of the land. His relatives do not know whether he purposed publishing his notes, but "inasmuch as they were left in so finished a state as to make publication possible, his relations have not hesitated to embark, at any rate by way of experiment, upon that enterprise;" and thus they have given to the public the first instalment of Sir Stephen's ecclesiological researches and studies in the county of Kent,* wherein no fewer than three hundred and twelve churches are briefly described architecturally. Little beyond this is attempted, though occasionally some slight reference is made to the monumental and other interesting contents of the building. These "Notes," therefore, will prove of more value to the architect and archæologist than to the general reader. A few woodcuts are introduced of sufficient interest to make one desire more of them.

AN excellent line engraving, engraved by Mr. J. B. Pratt, from a picture by Mrs. Staples, *née* Edwards (a name she has made famous), will give great pleasure to all who see it, especially to those who possess so good and touching an example of Art. It is meant to illustrate the passage, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We commend it to the Charity Organization Society. A poor waif—a street sweeper—is receiving a dole of milk and bread at a cottage door; the mother is teaching her young child the happiness it may derive from making others happy. The snow is on the ground; the home is evidently one of comfort, and its inmates rejoice to share it. The print came well to commemorate Christmas, when the many want that which the few have—and give. The subject is admirably treated; the print is a very beautiful specimen of pure Art work, and does effectually that which Art can always do, and is always

bound to do—teach salutary lessons to old and young. The publishers are Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefèvre.

It would be difficult to find a more interesting, useful, or indeed entertaining book, than that which Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare supplies to us under the title of "Walks in London."† We rejoice, in a double sense, to welcome him home. Having made us pleasantly familiar with other lands he brings us to an acquaintance with our own; and has dealt so well with the British metropolis as to give us reading that is at once delightful and most instructive. There is no "bit" of the great city left unexplored; every hole and corner has been ransacked for information; and all is conveyed so unostentatiously, so simply yet so comprehensively, that the book—a learned book, manifesting immense labour of research—will be received as one of the most popular books in the language. The ancient history no less than the existing condition of every memorable spot is carefully recorded. The illustrative anecdotes are numerous; the author quotes and acknowledges preceding authors, and from his fertile theme he has gathered an abundant harvest. The volumes are amply illustrated by wood engravings.

In the *Art Journal* of last year appears a notice, with illustrations, of the first portion of M. Yriarte's most interesting History of Venice:‡ the second and concluding portion has now made its appearance, fully justifying all we said of its predecessor. It treats of the Venetian school of painting, illustrating it with a considerable number of woodcuts of famous pictures, and of the ancient typography of Venice, with examples of early block-printing; it then proceeds to discuss a class, or rather two classes, of productions intimately and long associated with the Art manufactures of this famous old city: its enamelled glass and its mosaics, executed at the works at Murano. A short chapter on Venetian lace appropriately introduces a more lengthened one on costume from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth. The doges of Venice, with the ceremonials attached to them and their office, form the subject of the next chapter; then follows a short essay on the Medals; concluding with what may be called a glance, and something more, of modern life in Venice, its amusements, diversions, &c., with a further instalment of some of the most notable and picturesque examples of scenery. Taking the two portions, or volumes, as a whole, we know of no modern work, certainly, which shows the "City of the Sea" so comprehensively, or more pleasantly, than does M. Yriarte's richly illustrated publication.

* "Notes on the Churches of Kent." By the late Sir Stephen R. Glynne, Bart. With Illustrations. Published by John Murray.

• "Walks in London," by Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Walks in Rome," "Wanderings in Spain," "Cities of Northern and Central Italy." In two volumes. Published by Daldy, Isbister and Co.

† "Venice: Histoire, Arts, Industrie, Commerce; la Ville et la Vie." Par Charles Yriarte. Illustrated with Five Hundred and Twenty-five Engravings. Published by J. Rothschild, Paris; Dulau & Co., London.

A LITTLE book* has reached us which originally was published in the United States; it comes recommended by Mr. Millais, who says, "I have read Hunt's Notes *attentively*, and have been greatly interested in his remarks." Mr. Hunt is an artist resident in Boston, where he seems to have a good reputation, especially as a teacher, and these "Talks" are a collection of observations made by him while engaged "in correcting the drawings of a class of female students;" the lady superintendent of the class, herself "one of Hunt's best pupils," wrote them down at odd times as he moved about among his scholars. They are for the most part very pertinent to the subject, and show keenness and some originality of thought, with vigorous expression. Mr. Hunt is evidently a man of shrewd observation, even of things beyond his art; and no doubt if his pupils thoroughly understood *all* he told them—and this may be considered questionable, for though sententious he is sometimes obscure, especially to young minds—such teaching cannot but prove sound and beneficial training. Whatever else the book may or may not be, it is very readable and most amusing.

THE most recent of the little volumes, already noticed by us, published under the title of the "Art at Home" series, the object of which is to serve as guides to the furnishing and decoration of the house, deals with the drawing-room.† At the outset, we must offer objection to the engraved examples of wall-papers recommended for such an apartment; the "jasmine" pattern, if a plain colour throughout, or of two quiet tints, might pass muster; the "rose" pattern, especially if the flowers are coloured, we should certainly avoid; while the "gadding vine" pattern would most unquestionably be out of place in a drawing-room, however it might be tolerated in the dining-room. Floral wall-papers, particularly where several colours are introduced, are objectionable in almost any apartment; but an adaptation of floral designs may be permitted when they are associated with or are worked into a geometrical design. Mrs. Orrinsmith enters upon all the principal and subordinate matters, even to the drawing-room coalscuttle, connected with her subject. We have no space to discuss in detail what she says, but any who are "about to furnish," or to make alterations in their home, may get some useful hints from the author's pages.

"STREET life in London"‡ is so varied that ten thousand photographs might be made of it and "no two alike." In the publication before us—a serial which has reached its eighth part—of course a selection has been made. It cannot fail to be interesting as an assemblage of traits of character. Generally, up to this time, perhaps invariably, the sitters have been of the lower or the lowest classes. But they bring us acquainted with phases of life to which most of us are strangers. The photographs are well and clearly executed, but the real value of the work will be found in the letter-press; it is satisfactorily illustrated, indeed, by art, and consists of interesting, instructive, and thoroughly original matter, the production of kindly yet keenly observant minds, that excites our sympathy, and sometimes our respect, for the coarser workers and the dwellers in the lower strata of London life.

A LARGE photographic copy of a fine portrait of one of the greatest men of the past and present centuries comes to us from the long-renowned firm of Piloty and Loehle, of Munich. It is a copy of the "best approved" portrait of Goethe, from the painting by Von Stieler, for which the grand old man sat to the artist some three or four years before his departure from earth. As a mere photograph it is of large value, perhaps a

better has never been produced; it is as near perfection as a work of the kind can be—a pure and simple photograph, owing nothing to any recent advances in the art. The venerable poet seems actually to speak from the paper print; the eyes absolutely sparkle—those marvellous eyes that time had in no whit dimmed. There are in Great Britain tens of thousands who read and intensely appreciate the works that will for ever glorify the name of the great poet. To every one of them this photographic portrait will be a boon of immense magnitude.

A CHROMOLITHOGRAPH after Birket Foster, and issued by the eminent firm of Rowney & Co., is a very acceptable gift. There is one now before us in the later style of the accomplished artist, bolder and more vigorous than is his wont, and claiming high place among the Art-products of the age. It would be hard to find a better decoration for a drawing-room, from which the original must, from its cost, be excluded; but it would be as hard to find a worthier substitute. The print is of cattle regaling in a shallow river on a warm day of summer, while sheep are lazily enjoying themselves on a slope that overhangs the bank. The scene is purely, tranquilly, and happily English—a scene that cannot fail to give delight to all who look upon it. It is by such charming publications Messrs. Rowney made their reputation, and retain it.

MR. C. L. EASTLAKE, in his preface to the fourth edition of his work on Taste in domestic matters,* expresses his satisfaction that, since the appearance of the first edition, no one can fail to have noticed the remarkable change which has taken place within the last few years in the character of domestic furniture, especially of cabinet work, textile fabrics, and pottery. The fact is too patent to admit of contradiction, for the progress of industrial Art is manifest in almost every showroom of our leading producers. Amidst much still remaining which one would prefer to see consigned to the region of darkness, there is abundance to testify that the true artist and designer has been by the side of the manufacturer. Mr. Eastlake himself has done much to aid the movement by the designs he has supplied to different firms of producers; and his book now before us, which we have commended on former occasions, has doubtless been the means of enabling many of its readers to form a judgment on a subject of no small interest to those who wish to find themselves surrounded in their homes by whatever is distinguished by refined taste, and so far essential to our domestic comfort. We are pleased to know that a fourth edition of his useful treatise has been called for.

THE Rev. Charles Bullock is one of the many who are public benefactors, who issue periodical works so entirely good, and at so little cost, as to be made to pay only by a very large circulation—happily that circulation they obtain. They inculcate the highest morality by teaching the purest religion, yet the contents of his various books are by no means over-didactic; interesting scraps, amusing stories, graceful poetry, occupy every page of each of them; while passages of practical wisdom, impressing some instructive truth, fill up all the spare spaces, so that there is not an inch of paper that does not convey a pleasant as well as a serviceable lesson. If the literature is in all cases good, so is the Art; the engravings, if not of the first class, are in no instance inferior. The *Fireside*† is perhaps the best of Mr. Bullock's publications, but *Hand and Heart* cannot fail to be in high favour with young and old. He must be a hard and earnest worker, this veritable minister and missionary to mankind, for his name as editor is not only on the covers of these two excellent monthly magazines; the *Day of Rest* is another, we believe the oldest of the set; and *Home Words for Heart and Hearth* is an annual, a principal feature in which is a calendar for the year 1878.

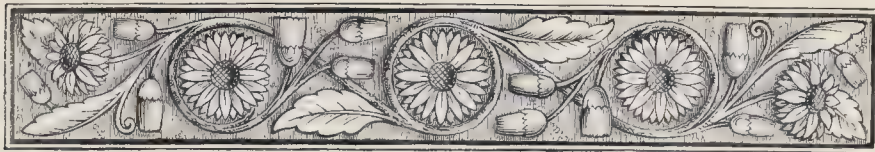
* "W. M. Hunt's Talks about Art. With a Letter from J. E. Millais, R.A." Published by Macmillan & Co.

† "The Drawing-room: Its Decorations and Furniture." By Mrs. Orrinsmith. Published by Macmillan & Co.

‡ "Street Life in London." By J. Thompson and Adolphe Smith. With Permanent Photographic Illustrations taken from Life especially for this publication. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

* "Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery, and other Details." By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A., Architect, Author of "A History of the Gothic Revival." Fourth Edition (Revised). Published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

† *Hand and Heart* Publishing Offices, 1, Paternoster Buildings.



THE COST OF A CITY'S TOILETTE.



RENZE la bella," the beautiful Florence, by emphasis of all the globe, Arno's city of lilies, is synonymous, wherever civilisation is known, with all those conditions of landscape, climate, Art, history, and those scenes and associations which are most pleasing to the taste of the scholar or the desires of the ordinary traveller.

Florence is indeed a charmed word, that conjures up varied delights in the hearts and minds not only of those who behold its charms, but of those who can only read of them. To enumerate its attractions would be to repeat a thousand-times-told story like the Arabian Nights, which is on every one's lips. This is not my purpose. Leaving, therefore, Dante, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Leonardo, Buonarroti, Galileo, and its scores of scarcely less renowned men of all shades of genius, to repose quietly in their beds of fame, and their works to proclaim their qualities, universal passports to every cultivated understanding, we will walk out of Porta Romana up the famous drive of the "Colli," following its winding course amid villas and every variety of nature adorned by Art, each step surprised by a new joy, until we stand in the Piazza of Michel Angelo to the east, with Florence at our feet. Here the eye first follows the Arno, sparkling and rippling through its vistas of bridges until it loses itself amid the groves of the far-away plain which spreads itself in a sea of verdure, vanishing in a soft mist against the western horizon. But farther still rise the tiara-peaks of the Carrara mountains, snow-capped, golden-hued, their soft undulating forms veiled in purple haze and many-tinted ether, transparent as loftiest truth, repeating themselves on either side of the plain in mountain ranges, breaking and toppling into hidden valleys like the gently tossing crests of as many land-waves, until they meet together in Vallambrosa's loftier heights, and shut off further landscape towards the orient. Pistorja, Prato Vinci, Signa, and many another old feudal town—last relics of the most stirring and picturesque civilisations the world has ever seen—glimmer on their chestnut-wooded sides, and hoary-headed Fiesole nigher at hand, still vaunts with civic pride its three thousand years of life amid its Etruscan brood of flanking hamlets, whose grim, war-inviting architecture still exists to recall their common ancestry. Ancient ruins, towers, churches, convents, castles, mediæval and modern villas guarded by sepulchral cypresses, quarries, forests struggling to repossess themselves of their olden hill-tops, warmed by iridescent hues under cerulean skies against vine and olive-hued foregrounds, all commingle in a glorious panorama for the sight to revel in; and not knowing what to choose where everything is best, it rapturously accepts the whole as a sweet dream of some better land in another sphere.

Almost in the centre of this wonderful commingling of Art and nature, and in complete æsthetic unity with them, lies Florence itself, like a huge diamond in an appropriate setting of precious stones. As she catches and absorbs every colour of the sun's amorous blushes, her palaces, domes, and campaniles seem to be aglow with the tints of precious gems, hues of rare flowers, all alive with the joy of happy existence. Its appearance suggests so pointedly the festive and romantic phases of a beauteous terrestrial life, its coquetting pleasures, brilliant display, and richest attire, that instead of a jewel the simile of a lovely belle, irresistible in her attractions of person

and toilette, comes more forcibly to our fancy. Florence is indeed the belle of cities, crowned with costliest gems, the queen of song and gaiety, in whose bosom there ever reigns omnipotent the spirit of the Decameron, with Boccaccio its ever-living master of ceremonies. Indeed, its *insouciant* population, floating and permanent, would gladly make existence a perpetual revel. They rejoice greatly in fêtes, amusements, beauty, and brightness of every fashion, not boisterously and rudely, but with innate grace and the quiet beatitude of a serious conviction that these are the true atmosphere and aim of their own being at all events, and as ardently abhor sadness, pessimism, persistent, ungracious toil, and every hard, grinding, pitiless fact of mere homely living and doing. Their supreme passion is to make a figure out of doors—cost whatever sacrifice it may indoors—heedless of the future, so that the present is to their liking, ever putting their trust in the pet maxim, *Gente allegra Iddio l'aiuta*, "God will help the light-hearted." Florence has never been without its prophets to warn them that too much play is quite as injurious to the well-being of humanity as too much work; but the people at large have shown themselves no more fond of reforming Savonarolas than the Jews were of lamenting and threatening Jeremiahs. Therefore in calculating the cost of its toilette and commenting on its consequences, the popular feeling, a bequest of centuries, must be duly considered; for without such a base for their civic policy, and firm faith that their course was the right one for Florence, the city fathers by themselves never could have brought it to its present desperate condition.

Ever since Italy became a united kingdom some seventeen years ago, Florence has been embellishing herself until she has reached the verge of bankruptcy. I say *embellishing* with distinct meaning, because, although there is much to show in her new quays, water-works, sewers, widened streets, and improved quarters of solid utility and real necessity, the general scope of the expenditure has been towards extravagant and precocious adornment, more than to the development of those things most needful for the city's substantial growth and financial prosperity. None can dispute that Florence does *far figure* in a style of beauty that might well excite the envy of other cities and foster the pride of its own citizens, could the ruthless spectre of grim distress which now confronts them but be conjured away never to return.

It is a strange anomaly, however, that the most costly and beautiful of the embellishments, the promenade of the Colli, without a rival in all Europe, with its seductive gardens, walks, magnificent views, and endless surprises of natural, artistic, and historical charms, the lyric poem of pleasure grounds, easily accessible, being at their very doorsteps, is not frequented by the Florentines, and, were it not for strangers, would be a comparative desert. Perhaps, being embarrassed in their choice of such riches, they prefer the flat and more prosaic Cascine, which involves, on foot or in carriage, no ascent whatever, although the gently meandering rising roadways of the Colli, as smooth as a ballroom floor, with their verdure and flowers and omnipresent picturesqueness at every turn, to Anglo-Saxon taste and love of healthful exercise offer infinitely superior attractions.

Be this as it may, the Colli prove to be a dead loss of money to the Florentines themselves, so far as they appear to appreciate

their rare beauty. A few rural paths, and some inexpensive modifications of the general features of the hillsides, would have served their turn better than all those costly scientific and ambitious embankments, terraces, and massive architectural structures, on which so many millions of francs have been wasted; not to speak of the minor details, terminating in the pseudo-classic café of the wilderness of the Piazza of Michel Angelo, with its incongruous composite monument of bronze copies of some of his chief works, put together after a fashion which would mightily enrage his æsthetic soul could it be cognisant of this unhappy effort to do him honour.

Nevertheless all the work on the Colli has been done with the solidity and skill characteristic of the Florentine engineers and artisans, and will endure for centuries, or at least, let us devoutly hope, long enough for the Florentines to practically appreciate its extraordinary merits, and forget in its enjoyment their bill of costs, at last happily settled. For the moment, however, they have to face its cruel arithmetic. This dark spot in their fortunes can best be understood by showing the round figures, which tell their own unpleasant tale but too plainly. The total debt, judging from the published statements, is now rising £6,000,000, or nearly £50 a head for each man, woman, and child of the population, which has lost some fifty thousand of its numbers since A.D. 1870, and is still diminishing, in consequence of the removal of the capital to Rome and the heavy taxation. In 1876 the annual expenditure had risen to nearly £900,000, or £5 per head, which is equal to two-thirds of the total expense of the Grand-Ducal Government in 1858 for all Tuscany, its army, navy, court, civil list, &c., with tenfold the population of its capital. The debt of the Grand-Ducal Government was 75,000,000 francs, at 3 per cent., for 1,500,000 inhabitants, whilst the entire indebtedness of Florence, including the floating debts of every description, is estimated by many citizens at 200,000,000 francs for a population of 130,000 or thereabouts. This year the deficit from £80,000 in 1875 has swelled to upwards of £160,000. On the official tax-list there are upwards of 19,000 families, the great majority of the inhabitants, whose average annual earnings figure at £36 each, as the lowest category of the income-tax list; which fact attests both how low and how searching is its standard, and how great is the general poverty of the mass of tax-payers. House-owners assure me that more than forty-five per cent. of their rents go for taxes already, and new ones are contemplated. Those on business, manufactures, building, &c., are correspondingly heavy, and as fatal to commercial enterprise as are the duties levied at the city gates on every necessary article of life to the general well-being of the labouring classes and smaller tradesmen, whilst wages and profits are steadily shrinking, from their desperate efforts to keep absolute destitution from their doors.

If we compare the amount of taxation of Italy at large with other countries, it gives the following total result. With France it is as three and a half to one; with England within a small fraction of the same; with Germany a little less than two to one, the inequalities being greatest on incomes arising from houses and lands.

Florence, apparently, is the most heavily weighted by debt and taxation of all the conspicuous Italian cities, with the fewest commercial resources to sustain itself. It may be said to keep an hotel, bric-à-brac shop, and Art-bazaar for the world at large; and when the world frequents it with a full purse it thrives accordingly. But if by any political or financial mischance it fails to come, the city has no solid foundation of regular commerce or staple manufactures to fall back on for its subsistence. The cheap Florence of the past is an extinct city, and now the only possible economies are to curtail in the necessities of life instead of the luxuries, and which have their sanitary as well as social limits. Consequently the old inducements for foreign and native families of moderate means to settle here for educational and domestic reasons are greatly lessened, to the serious shrinkage of its revenues. Excessive taxation, arising from excessive embellishment, kills the goose that lays its golden eggs.

Formerly several miniature courts were gathered here about resident members of royal families and wealthy nobles, who spent money with a liberal hand among all classes, attracting and stimulating rich commoners from various countries to follow their example. Nearly all of this class have gone away, whilst the indigenous nobility, from motives of economy, necessitated by the general bad condition of affairs, spend much of their time at their villas in the country, doing next to nothing for the revival of trade in their native city, or, as heretofore, to attract strangers by a course of sumptuous festivities. Several of the famous old palaces, including the vast Corsini, are on sale. Failures, suicides, and crimes against property are becoming lamentably frequent, and there is a swelling tide of misery and discontent in the poorest classes, which express themselves in threats of vengeance against the reputed authors of the present position. But phrenzied talk soon exhausts itself, and the Florentines are the last people to commit any senseless acts of violence. Their patience, or indifference, in public matters is proverbial, not to speak of the latent patriotism and good sense which emergencies are sure to evoke in them.

How to find food for those without work or business, and to balance the city budget, are the immediate problems which the city authorities are trying to solve. Doling bread and increased taxation are only transient and exhaustive alleviations, leaving the fatal disease still gnawing at the vitals. The immediate palliative sought is to make the moral and economical condition of Florence a national question, on the ground of its services to the kingdom as its temporary capital, its expenditure for it, and its claims in general, historical and artistic, in its hour of agony, to the good offices of the nation. The ministry is not indisposed to give it financial help, but there is strong parliamentary opposition to encounter on the following grounds.

First, it would be establishing a pernicious precedent were the nation to assume the consequences of the prodigality or maladministration of any city. Local burdens should fall on those responsible for them.

Secondly, the extravagance of Florence was not called for in any way by the general Government, which was well understood to be in its sojourn only temporary, awaiting the transfer to Rome by the will of the whole people, in which Florence patriotically acquiesced. The authorities, without opposition by the inhabitants, planned the aggrandisement on their own responsibility, not taking into sufficient consideration the needs or resources of the city, and continued the work after Rome became the capital, making gross blunders; especially throwing away an enormous sum in erecting a grand central market, so ill-constructed as to be useless for its purpose, or indeed any other, for the community.

Thirdly, on the removal of the capital, as one means of alleviating the situation, the ministry offered to establish a government machine-shop here which would employ two thousand workmen; but this proposition was declined, as it was not thought desirable to give the city an impetus in this direction.

The liberal members of the Government, at this juncture, took no doubt the most practical view of what was best, as well as most feasible, for Florence; and this was, to develop its mechanical industry as the surest foundation of its material progress, and combine it with a scheme of general artistic and scientific education, which should make it the central school of the kingdom in the elementary and higher branches of knowledge, with particular reference to its own special opportunities and capacity: in short, a sort of Italian Harrow or Eton, with a course of studies best calculated to promote the intellectual and material progress of the nation as a whole, to prepare the youths for public administrative careers, and to fix in their minds the value and importance of the unity of Italy. The modest scale of living here obtainable, the purity of the language, amenity of manners, joined to its numerous institutions of science and Art, and the numerous habitations which were offered by the commodious public buildings ceded by the national government to the city, would, it was believed, afford every accommodation required and be sufficient to attract multitudes of pupils from all parts of Italy.

Unfortunately, the more fascinating but narrower policy was attempted of making Florence a city *sui generis*—the most beautiful, intellectual, and aristocratic Utopia conceivable, in which neither the hum of vulgar industries nor noise of ponderous hammers should be heard, where no smoke of sooty chimneys should soil the atmosphere, no heavy drudgery and no crowds of lusty smut-soiled workmen should be seen; in short, nothing which should reduce it to the level of the common standard of hard-working, unaesthetic nineteenth-century prosaic progress. The Florentines were not indeed to lead the lives of those who toil not and neither do they spin, for they were to do both, but daintily, æsthetically, and on pleasurable objects bent. It was truly a beautiful dream, this "Firenze la bella," as seen in the eyes of its dreamers; but our close-fisted, equalising, scrutinising century would not admit of any such civic egotism and favouritism in the choice of the destinies of any one city. Instead of the machine-shop a superior university was founded, to which all the others were to be tributary in their standard of studies, and amply supplied with eminent professors bent on making Florence the cultured brain of Italy. The jealous opposition of all the old established universities was the immediate result. The students do not come, or only so few as not to be worth counting, and these are chiefly young men of

most restricted means. Outside of the Government schools, the secondary education has fallen largely into the hands of the religious orders, by no means deeply impressed with the sentiment of national unity, or those ideas which make patriotic, self-relying citizens; whilst the Jesuits, once banished from Tuscany, now make Florence their head-quarters of proselytism, as said Tommaso Crudele, a late member of the Italian parliament, in his recent speech. Its projected toilette still remains incomplete, although its sybaritic charms are quite sufficient to gratify any reasonable lust of the eye or love of an easy-going attractive life, guiltless of toil of mind or hand, for those so disposed to live, whilst there is ample store of higher intellectual food and room for action for the more seriously inclined, who accept life as a moral discipline and a responsible duty.

All lovers of Florence—and who does not love the beautiful old city, even in its modernised unfinished guise?—will cordially wish her safely through her troubles, whether by her own exertions or the aid of united Italy. As it has passed through many critical periods in its checkered career, emerging from all with increased splendour and renown, we may hope that the same good fortune will attend it now, and that, if sadder, it will be wiser for its lesson in the cost of a TOILETTE.

Florence.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE NILE AGAINST THE THAMES.

IT is not always easy to draw the exact line between Art collection and Art plunder. As to the broad difference existing between the two principles of action, when fully carried out, there can be no question; and we think it possible to indicate the considerations that should serve to decide under which head any particular acquisition should be ranked. It is undeniable that all objects of Art, not only those of monumental proportions, but all those that have a direct local association, are deprived of great part of their value by removal from their appropriate locality. The temple or the hypæthral statue that has been created by the genius of a great artist as the crowning glory of a particular scene, will appear inappropriate, disjointed, and out of place if it be removed to a fresh and altogether unlike site—even if the stones be numbered before they are taken down, and the whole work of transportation be performed with as tender care as legend says was shown by the angels in the transportation of the Holy House to Loretto. A double wrong is done by a transplantation of any monument: the site is robbed of its glory, and the work of the artist is misrepresented by being exhibited under conditions for which it was not designed.

We may take the noble collection of the Elgin and other Grecian marbles at the British Museum as an example of the beneficent work of the Art collector, as opposed to the rapacity of the Art plunderer. No doubt, cabined in small space, lighted by the builder rather than by the sculptor, deprived of their natural setting of sapphire sky, turquoise sea, and emerald groves of laurel, the sublime relics of the sculpture of Phidias are presented to the visitor of the British Museum under almost every possible disadvantage. One thing alone must be remembered, which to a certain extent makes amends for all—they have been preserved. Left where they were, after the brutal attack by Morosini, they would by this time have been reduced to ruins. It was a noble service rendered to Art to rescue these relics of the grandest age of sculpture from the lime-kiln. They would have been best untouched; but the world could ill afford to lose them. They are better preserved, even in the ill-conditioned arrangement natural to a museum, than lost for ever to the world. In this fact of their preservation lies not only the justification of their transporter, but his claim to European gratitude.

The very opposite was the case with the wanton and insatiable

rapacity of the republican and imperial armies of France. From Buonaparte downwards, the amount of plunder reft from the ancient centres of Art was limited only by the ability of the robber to carry off what he seized. Grand galleries of stolen treasures were piled up to adorn the Brummagem titles of the marshal-dukes of the harlequinade empire. Paris became so laden with Italian spoil that on the collapse of the great structure of falsehood, robbery, and murder, which bore the name of the French Empire, the outraged public conscience of Europe—slow as its emotions have proved to be—demanded the restitution of some of the most infamous thefts. Private larceny, which had been even more exhaustive than public robbery, alone remained seized of the product of its shameful industry.

Among the unrestored objects of military plunder left to Paris, one of the most conspicuous is the Egyptian obelisk now occupying so noble a position in that area which has borne so many names that one hesitates by which, for the moment, to call it. This monolith has, indeed, a history that connects it in some measure with its French site. It was a trophy of not altogether inglorious warfare. It had no friends, no nation of cultivated and outraged men to demand its restitution. Architecturally or pictorially speaking, its position was imposing. Nor, on a spot which had been reddened by the best blood of France, and which had witnessed so many motley transformations as to call forth the grim description of Paris as a *maison des fous, habillée par des singes*, was the erection of a memorial of an empire that counted its duration by thousands of years an altogether silent satire. To some extent, then, the Luxor Column is at home in the Place de la Concorde.

What evil inspiration suggested to a private Englishman the idea of bringing over to the smoke-canopied metropolis of our island a great sculptured shaft, executed for its natural position beneath the sky of Egypt, we are unaware; nor does it much matter. What is more to the point is, to direct attention to the rich crop of anomalies, anachronisms, and absurdities of which the seed has thus been sown. Indeed, it has already begun to germinate, for the Americans, who have a far keener appreciation, as a nation and as individuals, of the big than of the ludicrous, are said to have out-Wilsonian Wilson in the attempt not only to drag a fallen shaft from the sands of Alexandria to the muddy banks of the Thames, but actually to take down one of the noble obelisks of ancient Egypt for transportation to the

opposite hemisphere. As having no antiquities of their own, no monumental means of educating their conceptions as to the grandeur of the past, the Americans may perhaps be excused for looking rather at a great mechanical triumph, than at the objectionable absurdity of purchasing the family gravestones of another race. But for Englishmen there is no such excuse.

It would, indeed, be well for us if we possessed a little more appreciation of that power of ridicule to which our French neighbours are so keenly susceptible. A lively perception of the ridiculous is a main element of good taste. A fear of this perception on the part of other people may, indeed, be carried too far; but it may well be admitted that a stolid thickness of skin is a greater vice in defect than a too sensitive acuteness is in excess. In France a reputation, a ministry, almost, it may be said, a dynasty, may be overthrown by a *mot*. But this can only be the case where the reputation or the institution is ripe for its fall. The *mot* is the concentration of the keen light of wit on a weak place. The revelation thus caused may be fatal, but the fatality is due to the mischief rather than to its exposure. The latter can only precipitate the end.

If we had a little of the French appreciation of the ridiculous, we should not have allowed London to be marked by some of the most colossal absurdities visible in Europe. In our idea that a lofty position is also an honourable position, we have condoned the blunder of raising Nelson and the Duke of York to the level of the chimney pots by the incredible abomination raised opposite to Apsley House, as if with the intent of throwing contempt on that gift of the nation to one of her worthiest sons. And now we are preparing—or at least talking about—the conveyance over cracking tunnels and crushing sewers and pavements of a monolith of one hundred and seventy tons—a white elephant for which we have neither site, convenience, picturesque setting, historic association, nor any other single reason for welcoming so incongruous an addition to our monuments, noble and ignoble.

It may be said that the removal of an obelisk from a prostrate condition in the sand to a spot where it may be seen, is rather the work of a true Art collector than of what we have called an Art plunderer. The reply is, that the leading principle which should control, as alone it can justify, the storing of objects in a museum, is violated in the present instance. The sands of Egypt have kept objects executed four thousand or five thousand years ago with far less injury from climatic causes than has been effected by the sulphur-laden air of London, not only on the works of Sir Christopher Wren, but even on the Victorian Palace of Westminster. What that climate does for granite a minute examination of the stones of Waterloo Bridge will allow

the architect to foretell. Nothing stands the London atmosphere but very pure bronze, and even as to the durability of that there is a limit. As to marble, granite, or stones of any kind yet submitted to the test, the chemical process of disintegration is more or less rapid, but certain, swift, and fatal. The transport of the obelisk to London will involve the slow defacement of its historic inscriptions, telling as they do of the fall of the dignity of Egypt from the reign of the mighty monarchs of the Eighteenth Dynasty to the Greek princes—the Ptolemies—and the reduction of the monolith itself to the likeness of that abnormal stray from some suburban cemetery which commemorates the civic worth of Mr. Alderman Waitzman.

Let us not be accused of ingratitude to private munificence. Unless some regard to the fitness of things be considered as a matter of public policy, there is no saying by what number of fads, or of hideous advertisements, we may be overwhelmed. For a person who wishes to spend money and to advance the cause of Art, taking Egypt as a field, the door stands open. The production of a descriptive work on the monuments of Egypt, such as the munificence of the French Government has enabled M. Piessé d'Avesnes to produce, would have been an honour to the country and to the age—still more so to the founder or projector. A comparatively small sum laid out in the re-erection of the obelisk on its own site would have established a fair title to the respectful remembrance of the donor, apart from anything liable to ridicule. The devotion of the cost of the salvage of the unfortunate Needle to the support of such proposals as those of Sir J. Lubbock for the preservation of our national monuments, would have earned a claim to enduring public gratitude. Such a simple step as the appointment and endowment of a guardian to prevent the outrages which are but too common at these times, for the preservation of a monument which—now the Wiltshire farmers have turned so much of the yet noble relics of Avebury into road metal—has few rivals in Europe, and none in Great Britain, would have been a true title to honour, not only from archaeologists, but from every educated Englishman. Nature herself seems to have protested against the ill-considered, if well-meant, effort to decorate the London of Queen Victoria with the sacred emblems of the king to avoid whose wrath Moses was floated on the Nile in his rushen ark. The obelisk is not yet to hand, nor is it clear what will become of it if it arrives. Its transportation is an error, and an error which, from any point of view, has much in it of the ludicrous. The most satisfactory point connected with the affair is the successful ingenuity which has constructed the floating cradle for this great block. That engineering triumph attained, the wisest course would now be to leave the obelisk where it is, and say no more about it.

THE BROKEN THREAD.

J. E. AUBERT, Painter.

THISAULT, Engraver.

THE name of Aubert is of frequent occurrence in the history of French Art, and especially among the engravers. Michael Aubert was a famous engraver, who flourished in the first half of the last century; Augustin Aubert, a painter, born about 1781, was favourably known as an historical and landscape painter; John Aubert was an engraver; and John Ernest Aubert, of whom we have now to speak, has made a good reputation in the threefold character of engraver, lithographer, and water-colour painter, to which within the last few years he has added oil-painting. Born in 1824, he entered in 1841 the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, as the pupil of Paul Delaroche and Achille Martinet; but he made engraving his chief study, and obtained in 1844 the *Grand Prix de Rome* for his proficiency in that art. After practising it some years he turned his attention to oil-painting in 1853; and in 1859 obtained a third class medal for his works of this kind; other medals have also been

awarded to him, and he gained much honour by his copies, in water-colours, of some of the works of Raffaele.

Ten years ago there appeared in Mr. Wallis's French Gallery a picture which M. Aubert called 'Feeding the Swan.' The only other work by this artist we remember seeing in England is 'Miranda,' exhibited in the Pall Mall Gallery.

'The Broken Thread' is evidently an embodiment of one of his Italian conceptions, carrying the spectator back to the times of the old classic poets. Seated on a bank thickly studded with flowers is a female lightly clad, using her distaff, and as she draws the thread Cupid, mischievously inclined, has broken it, and no doubt purposely, though he professes to be shocked at what he has done, in order to escape the chiding he merits. The artist probably intended some mystic allusion in this snapping asunder of a thread associated, metaphorically, with the maiden's future happiness. The composition is graceful.





Venus and Cupid

THE WORKS OF THOMAS JONES BARKER.



England possessed, what France has at Versailles, a gallery almost expressly devoted to a pictorial record of her military exploits, the artist whose works would find the most prominent place in such a collection would assuredly be Mr. T. Jones Barker, who is certainly the *Horace Vernet* of England, our principal battle-painter; but, nationally, we care not to "fight our battles o'er again"—at least on canvas—and we leave them to be memorialised by the pen of the historian rather than the pencil of the artist. With the exception of Maclise's two grand scenic pictures, 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo' and 'The Death of Nelson,' we do not call to mind a single instance where a painter has received a commission for a picture commemorating a battle, though we have national statues and monuments of successful commanders, erected after their decease.

Mr. Barker is the eldest son of Thomas Barker, who settled in Bath towards the close of the last century, and acquired a good reputation as an artist, especially by his famous picture of 'The Woodman,' which to this day may be seen copied on every conceivable object whereto decorative Art of any kind

is capable of being applied, from the lid of a *papier-mâché* snuff-box to the signboard of a roadside or village hostelry, so universally popular did the subject become. His son was born in Bath in 1815; and after receiving an education at Heckingham College, commenced the study of painting under his father, then went to Paris in 1835, and entered the studio of Horace Vernet, whose pupil he was for many years. During his residence in France Mr. Barker was a frequent exhibitor at the Salon, and received three gold medals from the Government. He painted several pictures for Louis Philippe, the principal one being a very large canvas representing 'The Death of Louis XIV.' It was, unfortunately, destroyed, together with one by Horace Vernet and another by Paul Delaroche, at the sacking of the Palais-Royal in 1848. For the Princess Marie, youngest daughter of Louis Philippe, Mr. Barker painted, in 1840, 'The Bride of Death,' for which he received the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honour. After the Princess's death the picture was sold, with the rest of her Art-works, and bought by the painter, in whose possession it has since remained.

When Mr. Barker returned to England, in about 1845, we find him exhibiting some portraits at the Royal Academy; for



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

The Return through the Valley of Death.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

example, one, in that year, of Mrs. Campbell, of Islay; and, in 1847, two single portraits, with a group entitled 'Beauties of the Court of Charles II.: Portraits.' This picture shows a cavalcade of fair ladies, including Queen Catherine, the Duchess of Cleveland, and others, attended by the King himself, who occupies a conspicuous place in the foreground, the Duke of Hamilton, the Chevalier de Grammont, &c., all attired in the extravagance of the fashion of the time. The picture is highly elaborated. In 1849 he sent to the Academy a subject called 'The Troubadour,' suggested by a passage in a poem by Sir Walter Scott describing the death of one of these wandering minstrels on the battle-field, whose last song expresses the duty of a "valiant troubadour" to fall in fight for love and fame. The next year he contributed to the same Gallery 'News of

Battle—Edinburgh after Flodden.' Randolph Murray, arrayed in plate armour, having escaped from the disastrous field of Flodden, is seen riding slowly and sadly through the streets of Edinburgh, surrounded by a concourse of people demanding intelligence of the fight, as described in one of Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers:"—

"Round him crush the people, crying, 'Tell us all—oh tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle, Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children? Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed? Is it weal or is it woe?'
Like a corpse the grisly warrior looks from out his helm of steel,
But no word he spoke in answer—only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward up the city streets they ride,
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children, shrieking, praying, by his side:
'By the God that made thee, Randolph! tell us what mischance hath come!'
Then he lifts his riven banner,—and the asker's voice is dumb."

The picture was hung so high in the Gallery it was not easy to examine it in detail, but one could see sufficient to show that the sentiment of the subject was well sustained. In 1851 Mr. Barker exhibited at the Academy a very large painting with groups of figures and animals the size of life, illustrating, and called, 'An Incident in the Life of William Rufus,' who, while hunting in the New Forest, was jeopardised by a stag at bay, when Adela, a lady of the Court, "seeing the danger of the king," so the chronicle says, "spurred up in time to kill the deer and save the life of her royal lover." The action of the whole group is full of spirit, and the drawing of the whole is good. From an episode in the history of the "Red King," we were invited by the painter, in 1853, to one in the life of Wellington, during his campaign in the Peninsula. Being in the village of Soraulen, near Pampeluna, on July 27th, 1813, he observed a movement of the enemy which induced him to dismount instantly from his horse, write a hurried note in pencil

on the parapet of the bridge, and send it off to one of his generals by Lord Fitzroy Somerset. The incident is skilfully depicted, and the picture may be considered as the first of those scenes of modern warfare by which Mr. Barker has chiefly made his reputation, and that have become popular by means of the engraver's aid; many of these pictures have never been exhibited except in the galleries of the printsellers for whom they were painted. The principal of them are the following; the majority are on canvas of very large dimensions.

'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at La Belle Alliance,' painted in 1851, for Alderman Sir G. F. Moon; 'The Allied Generals before Sebastopol,' 'The Relief of Lucknow,' and 'General Williams leaving Kars,' all three painted for Messrs. Agnew; 'Napoleon after the Battle of Bassano: or the Lesson of Humanity,' 'Wellington Crossing the Pyrenees,' 'Lord Nelson receiving the Swords of the Spanish Officers on board the *San Joseph*,' painted for Messrs. Hayward and



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Maseppa.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

Leggett; 'Surrender of Napoleon III. at Sedan,' painted from sketches made on the spot by Mr. Barker, the day after the battle; 'Lord Nelson in the Cabin of the *Victory* at Trafalgar.' Among the artist's other large engraved works, which cannot be classed within the category of these pictures, are, 'The Horse-race in the Corso at Rome,' engraved in line by W. Greatbach; 'The Noble Army of Martyrs,' or 'The Champions of the Reformation;' 'The Intellect and Valour of Britain: The Duke of Wellington reading Dispatches in his Private Cabinet at Apsley House,' painted on the spot; 'The Secret of England's Greatness,' &c. Several of these compositions have been spoken of in our pages when they have come before us in the form of engravings.

Two pictures, suggested by incidents in the Crimean campaign, were sent to the Academy exhibition of 1855; one was called 'An Incident at the Battle of Balaklava,' and showed a trooper's horse standing by the side of his dead master, which an eye-witness stated he saw the faithful animal do for upwards

of an hour. The other represents the charger of Captain Nolan bearing back his dead master to the British lines. From 1855 to 1860 Mr. Barker was absent from the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; but in the last-named year he sent 'The Horse-race at Rome,' the first idea of the large engraved picture 'Il Corso;' and a portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Lockhart, M.P., painted for the County Hall, Lanark. In 1862 he contributed 'The Dawn of Victory—Lord Clyde reconnoitring the position of the Enemy;'—a picture I do not remember to have seen.

Mr. Barker had now laid aside, at least for a time, what may be called his "war canvases," and employed his pencil on subjects of a less exciting nature. Such is his 'Studio of Salvator Rosa,' exhibited at the Academy in 1865: he had sent nothing there since 1862. The composition is full of appropriate character; it shows this wild, weird-like, yet vigorous Italian painter a prisoner among the banditti of the Abruzzi, painting the portraits of these picturesque outlaws, according to what Lady Morgan describes in her "Life of

Salvator Rosa;" but for which she seems to have had little if any authority; some later writers, indeed, reject it altogether. Still the story served Mr. Barker for a capital picture. The next year he exhibited a scene from Goethe's *Faust*, 'Margaret in the Cathedral: the Whispering of the Evil Spirit,' where she exclaims—

"Woe! ah woe!
Would I were free of all these evil thoughts
That through me pass, and will come over me,
Spite of myself!"

Margaret is seen with her hands clasped, and with her face to the spectator, as if in an agony of inward excitement; the picture is carried out with greater care as to finish than we often see in his works. 'Cavaliers Retreating,' a presumed incident

of the great Civil War, is a spirited composition, that hung in the Academy in 1867, as did in the year immediately following 'Sunny Hours at Sunnyside,' a pleasing composition, wherein are the figures of a gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Crompton Roberts: this may be called a portrait picture.

When the Royal Academy opened its new galleries at Burlington House, Mr. Barker was there with two pictures; one 'A Moss-trooper,' raising himself in his stirrups to take a survey of the country before him; the other, a scene between 'Dean Swift and Stella,' as described by Mrs. Jameson, in her 'Women Wooed and Won by Poets,' wherein the lady, "broken in heart and blighted in name," pleads with the Dean to acknowledge her as his lawful wife; but to no purpose, though Stella was at the time drawing near to her life's end. The story is told with



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

A Sister of Mercy.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

considerable power and pathos, and especially so if we bear in mind that the artist's strength lies in subjects of a very different character. 'Woman interceding for the Vanquished,' exhibited at the Academy in 1871, is a very different version of the subject given by Etty many years ago, in his large and well-known picture. Mr. Barker shows the interior of a cottage in the olden time, in which is a woman pleading with the officers of justice on behalf of a wounded poacher; a composition manifesting great skill and energy. The latter quality is carried almost to the extreme, yet it aids the attractiveness of the picture.

From the year 1872 Mr. Barker has exhibited nothing but war pictures; in that year he sent to the Academy 'The Mêlée: Charge of Prussian White Cuirassiers and Chasseurs d'Afrique, near Vionville, 15th August, 1870,'—a composition much in common with all such scenes: a few men desperately engaged

in the front, and in the background smoke and inextricable confusion; it is almost beyond the ingenuity of any artist to give much variety to subjects of this description. Certainly not among the least of the horrors of war are the sufferings of the poor animals which are made to share its disasters and its chances. Mr. Barker showed, in 1873, at the Academy, a pitiful example of this kind in his 'Riderless War-horses, after the Battle of Sedan,' painted from a sketch he made on the spot, September 3rd, 1870; here we see a number of animals, some of them, no doubt, grievously wounded, straying about the battle-field amidst the bodies of their dead masters. In 1874 appeared 'Balaklava: One of the Six Hundred;' a subject which took a wider scope in the year 1876, when he exhibited the picture we have engraved for this notice, 'THE RETURN THROUGH THE VALLEY OF DEATH,' representing Lord George Paget, with his brave companions of

the 11th Hussars and 4th Light Dragoons, about seventy men out of the "gallant six hundred," forcing their way through the forest of Russian lances which vainly interposed to bar their way. Here is none of the confusion of the battle-field; except for the dead bodies lying around, we might almost fancy we were looking on a charge at a review; we believe that every soldier here introduced is a portrait: the picture was painted under the supervision of Lord George himself, so that the work has a national historic interest, being in every respect trustworthy. It was the last picture exhibited at the Academy by the artist.

Among those which have never been brought before the public are two engraved here: one, 'MAZEPPA,' is a simple but very dramatic composition, treated with true poetic feeling: the wild horse, with its sad burden, appears to be breathing its final gasp, as, wearied with fatigue, it falls down on the irregular rocky ground, in the twilight of evening. The group is admirable in design, and most effective in its arrangement. The other, 'THE SISTER OF MERCY'—belonging to Mr. Bartrum, of Bath,

who has courteously allowed us to engrave it—we may assume to be an episode of the battle-field, where is one of those self-denying women who of late years have been found in the track of armies, administering to the sick and wounded. She is binding up the limb of a French soldier, apparently "hit" both in the arm and the leg; he is resting against a horse, which certainly has made its last campaign. Here, as in the 'Mazeppa,' may be noticed good arrangement in the grouping, and poetic sentiment in the surrounding landscape and its various accessories.

We can scarcely pay Mr. Barker a greater compliment than we have already paid, when we spoke of him as "the Horace Vernet of England"; certainly he remains master of the battle-field among our artists; yet we may express a hope that amid the present threatening aspect of the political atmosphere he may not find subjects for future pictures in the ranks of the British armies, wherever else he may search for them.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

SUN PRINTING IN OIL COLOURS.

DURING the present generation there has been no discovery that has done more to assist and popularise Art than photography, and it still appears to be in its infancy. Much has been said against photography, lithography, and kindred devices, as destroying, and not creating, artists. But is not the primary object of all lovers and teachers of Art to disseminate it, in order to educate and train the eye of the skilled artisan so that he may produce the best and most beautiful forms? Were it not for ingenious reproductive processes of printing books, multiplying woodcuts and engravings, all the great standard works would still have been written upon vellum, and the great pictures have existed only in cathedrals and the mansions of the nobility. The defect urged against photographs was the unstable nature of the production, but since the carbon process was discovered and perfected by Mr. Pouncy, of Dorchester, even that objection has been withdrawn. Our attention has been called to some reproductions of ancient and modern oil paintings by a process of sun printing in oil colour. They vary in size from a locket miniature to a colossal picture by Rubens. The invention being at present a secret, we cannot publish the different processes each picture undergoes, but we are assured by the inventor that there is no nitrate of silver. This chemical is the principal ingredient used in photography, and is supposed to be the main cause of their fading. In the new process no chemical is used other than the ordinary ingredients which constitute the oil colour, and there is not one likely to produce a change in colour or deterioration by the action of light or time.

The productions have been subjected to analysis by one of the first chemists, and pronounced permanent. In the earlier steps photography is had recourse to for the purpose of reducing or enlarging, but it plays no part in the subsequent processes, although the minuteness of detail and delicacy of drawing would lead one to suppose it had. Copies from works of Art by ancient or modern artists can be produced upon wood, stone, prepared canvas, or any suitable material for decorative purposes, and could be used most appropriately in the form of panel or cabinet decoration. We have before us a copy on wood of 'The Wapin-Schaw,' by John Faed, in every respect like a beautiful sepia drawing; and also a specimen on canvas of the same subject, of which perhaps we cannot do better than give the artist's opinion, who says, "After mature and careful consideration of the principle and results of your invention, I conclude that your fac-similes are the most perfect reproduction hitherto seen; I therefore shall have much

pleasure in inspecting and signing the copies of my original work.—JOHN FAED."

There are other specimens of paintings by Miss Thompson, Sidney Cooper, George Morland, besides many portraits, which have all the vigour and truth of the originals. In some instances the paint is thick and uneven, as though put on with the palette knife, thus avoiding that objectionable smoothness which prevails in chromolithographs and oleographs. Being almost a mechanical production, these copies are improved by a few touches from the artist's brush, and are thus considerably enhanced in value. Those not in colour require no retouching, no matter how minute and delicate the drawing and chiaroscuro may be; as every touch of the brush is faithfully represented, so as to make them invaluable as entirely truthful reproductions of the manner of the artist. They are executed in a few days instead of years, as is the case with the best engravings. Mr. Pouncy, of Dorchester, who we have before stated was the first to introduce the permanent photography known as "the carbon process," has gone on steadily working in the same direction for the last twenty years, in the hope of improving the stability of that process. Wishing to introduce colour into them, he has succeeded in discovering the method to which we call attention, of producing oil colour photographs.

No one who has not seen specimens of paintings reproduced by the process in question can have any adequate idea of the wondrous fidelity of the copy to the original. No human copyist, of whatever skill possessed, could produce a work of such unerring accuracy, and such perfect fidelity of form and colour, light and shade, without variation of tint or tone, or subtlest effect of the original painter's skill. The manner of the pigment observed in the original is found in the copy. The chromolithograph, the oleograph, marvellous as they are as mechanical productions, present only a general imitation of the picture copied; the common eye knows them to be copies, since they are entirely wanting in individuality and force, while the fac-similes by this process are exactly what the term implies. They are not merely fac-similes of general effects, they are fac-similes of actual effect, and of every effect, even more completely than if the copy had been born of the original picture. For purposes of pleasure, or education, or connoisseurship, they are complete. A small gallery of such pictures would be as adequate for the promotion of taste, or the education in the characteristics of the masters, as a gallery of the originals would be. The invention appears to be one of the most marvellous additions to imitative Art ever made known.

NOTES ON ART PROGRESS.*

V.

LINEAR PERSPECTIVE.



N the ruined site of one of the imperial villas at Rome have lately been discovered the remains of a hall intended for dramatic recitations during the hot months of the Italian summer. The apartment, for the sake of coolness, was partially sunk beneath the level of the ground.

The roof was a vault, containing skylights; and the mock windows on the walls were filled with painted landscapes.

A room of this kind might be so cunningly designed by a great artist that a spectator, from a fixed position, might be deceived by the painted windows. If he moved, indeed, the deception would be at an end. But so long as he was stationary he might be unable to tell whether he was looking at a work of pictorial Art, or, through a plate of glass, at the real surrounding country.

We may illustrate this by supposing the spectator actually to look at a landscape through a plate of glass, from a fixed point. If an artist, with a pencil or diamond point, were now to mark on the glass, under the direction of the observer, the leading features of the scene, he would give the elements of such a deceptive view as we have referred to. The truthful delineation on a given plane of the features or forms which would be seen through that plane from a given point, is what is called "perspective." The landscape is thrown on the canvas or paper as if it were seen through a transparent screen.

In actual life two conditions usually prevent positive illusion from painting of a high order. One of these conditions is to be found in the mobility of the spectator. The other is the fact that he usually looks, not from one point, but from two. Slight as is the distance between the eyes, it is enough to vary the perspective. Each eye has a perspective of its own; and it is the combination of the two slightly different aspects, which is thus carried to the sensorium, that gives the effect of solidity. Our vision is so far a matter of education, that even the loss of one eye would not be likely to impair the sense of the solidity of visible objects to which the mind had become accustomed; but it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between a perfectly painted and an actual landscape, by looking at it with only one eye from a fixed point.

The law of vision, in obedience to which a drawing can be made in perspective, is of primary simplicity. It can be readily explained and illustrated. Vision is produced by the incidence of rays of light on the eye. These rays either proceed direct from a luminous object, as a star or a lamp, when they give the idea of fire as their origin, or are reflected from some object, not in itself luminous, as a rock, tree, or house. Rays of light are capable of reflection, in the same way that a tennis ball is reflected on striking a wall; and also of refraction, which is a change of direction that occurs at the passage from one transparent medium into another. Refraction is most readily illustrated by thrusting a stick partly into water. The stick appears to be bent, owing to the refraction of the light reflected from the part below the water. Thrust it in altogether, and it will again appear straight; as the eye has then no scale by which to measure the refraction, which affects all the light reflected from the stick.

As the rays of light, with the exceptions above given, move in mathematically straight lines, the visible size of any object will be indicated to the eye by the angle contained between the rays proceeding from the extremities of the figure. This angle will always be directly as the size of the object, and inversely as the distance from the eye. Thus if three objects of equal height, as

obelisks, are situated at distances of 20, 22 and 24 (taking any convenient unit of measurement), their apparent or perspective heights will be as $\frac{1}{20}$, $\frac{1}{22}$ and $\frac{1}{24}$ respectively. They must be represented by the draughtsman in this proportion, whatever be the size of his drawing. This size will depend on the relative distances between the eye and the object and the eye and the plane on which the perspective is constructed or calculated. The latter distance is arbitrarily selected by the draughtsman, so as to form a picture of the size required. When the distance is chosen the scale is determined, and the proportion of every object represented will follow the exact line of direct size and inverse distance.

While any single dimension of an object, as its height or its width, follows this simple law, the size of the apparent area of the object diminishes in proportion to the square of the distances. Thus, the apparent size of a square building at the distance of 20 would be $\frac{1}{400}$ th of the actual height, and also $\frac{1}{400}$ th of the actual width, which would be $\frac{1}{160000}$ th of the area. A similar object at the distance of 22 would cover $\frac{1}{484}$ th, and one at the distance of 24 would cover $\frac{1}{576}$ th of the same area. This law of the inverse proportion of the squares of the distances is a simple arithmetical consequence of the radiation of light, heat, force, or any equable motion in straight lines. It is nature's law of gravitation.

If a range of objects of an equal size, as a row of obelisks, be in a straight and level line, and the eye of the observer be placed in that line at a convenient distance, he will see only the object nearest to him, as the first obelisk will hide all the others. But if the eye be placed out of the direct line, so as to cut the line of the obelisks obliquely, these objects will regularly diminish in apparent size, according to the law above given. If a double row be arranged, as in the arcades of a church, and the spectator stand between the two lines, they will converge in perspective, and will appear on the drawing as if limited by the sides of a cone, the apex of which is called the "vanishing point" of the picture. The proper heights can be calculated, if the distances are given; but they are more readily represented by the construction of a drawing to scale, for which the rules are remarkably simple.

It is supposed to be the case that in the pictures formed on the retina of the eye only those straight lines which are central in the prospect are seen as perfectly straight, while those remote from the line of vision are gradually and slightly curved. It is difficult to ascertain whether this is actually the fact; as, if the attention be directed towards either side of the picture, the glance is so directed also, and the spot becomes in fact the centre of another picture. But the curvature actually takes place when artificial lenses are used. This becomes very evident in photographs of buildings. The eye appears more easily to appreciate vertical than horizontal lines. If the sea, on a calm moonlit night, be regarded from the shore, few persons will be at once sensible of its visible convexity. But if the head be held sideways, or laid down on one ear, the eyes still being directed to the horizon, the planetary form of the earth becomes at once distinctly apparent. This is a remarkable instance of the mode in which the impression produced by visible nature on the eye is dependent on habit and association of ideas.

VI.

AERIAL PERSPECTIVE.

In addition to that relation of actual distance to apparent size which gives rise to all the phenomena of linear perspective, a second class of phenomena has to be considered when a coloured or shaded drawing is to be produced. The intensity of every ray of light is gradually diminished when it passes through an impure medium. The atmosphere in which we live is, for the most part, full of minute floating particles, imperceptible in small distances, but which form a more or less dense haze,

* Continued from page 48.

according to the state of the weather, and which at times interpose a very obscuring veil between the eye and a distant landscape. This haze differs from mist, which is produced by small particles of watery vapour. When smoke is weighed down by mist we have the still more obnoxious phenomenon of fog. The phenomena of impalpable haze have by no means been satisfactorily illustrated. Dust is considered to enter into the composition of haze, and thus the distant landscape is at times clearer after rain. In some parts of the world however, as in South Wales, occur days of unusual atmospheric purity, when distant objects appear unusually near, and these days do not follow, but precede rain.

Measurements have been made of the loss of light that is due to distance; but these have only given information as to directly radiated light, or light of very brilliant reflection, as that of the moon. From an impenetrable fog, or a dense haze, to the clearest day, the gradations are almost infinite. In all cases however, a certain loss of distinctness of definition occurs as distance increases, and this is called "aerial perspective." It is entirely different from the apparent diminution in size which accompanies increase of distance. The two phenomena however coincide. As an object becomes more distant so does it also become more dim. The apparent diminution of size depends almost entirely upon distance, and is matter for calculation. The difference in illuminative or reflective power varies from day to day, and even from hour to hour, according to the incidence of the rays of the sun. But it is ever present, and any attempt to paint a landscape without due attention to aerial perspective gives a crude and artificial tone to the scene.

The failure of even the best chromo-lithographs to rival the effects of good water-colour drawings is connected with this property of distant scenery. The pigments employed, however carefully blended, are of an earthy or opaque colour. Instead of diminution in distinctness, we can only obtain difference in tint used; and thus the distances in chromo-lithography are almost always unreal and obtrusive.

The harshness that is instinctively felt to be present in most photographic portraits is connected with this same law of diminution of reflective power accompanying diminution in size. The lens of the camera effects a diminution in the size of the object focussed, which is as great as that which would be due to a very considerable distance. But the loss of light is disproportionately small. We therefore have the differences in light and shade which would be perceptible on the face of a person with whom we are in conversation, brought together on a representation of his face or figure which is of the size at which he would appear at a very considerable distance. The result is caricature, and the destruction of the true effect of surface. This frequently is heightened by the art of the photographer. Striking effects of light and shade are thus produced, but are produced at the expense of nature. Any observer who is familiar with the accurate and even deceptive representation of surfaces and of tissue which is obtainable by direct, full-sized, photographic portraiture, will be readily convinced of the bad results of the falsification of aerial perspective which characterizes the ordinary *cartes de visite*.

A certain school of modern English artists, some of whom have been deservedly admired, not only for design, for drawing, for expression, but even for mastery of colour, have fallen over this fatal stumbling-block. Unceasingly in the annual exhibitions of modern painting does the observer become aware of landscapes which give the effect of photography; or he sees a mountain study in which the stratification of the rocks, the forms of the pebbles, and even the botanic structures of the vegetation, are given with a painful accuracy which is that of the diagram draughtsman rather than of the true observer of nature. It is unnecessary to cite examples; they will readily occur to the mind—cases in which a strange, raw effect, produced by an otherwise beautiful picture, is due to a total neglect of the requirements of aerial perspective.

Of the opposite virtue, some of the best examples are to be found in the works of Bierstadt. Of that great painter, far less has of late been seen in this country than all cultivated lovers of Art could wish. It is not, however, due to the fact that the few

noble works which he has exhibited in London have failed to excite due admiration. The point in question, that of the gradual definition of form and proportionate illumination of surfaces, proper to the several distances of the picture, is perhaps the most remarkable peculiarity of the eminently truthful landscapes of this American artist.

Intimately connected with the subject of perspective is the question of reflection when introduced into painting. Such, for example, is the shimmering path of light over sea or lake, when the sun or moon is at a certain elevation, with which the lover of Claude Lorraine or of Turner is familiar. Reflections in water of the form of the moon, of the bright lustre of a star, of the foliage of neighbouring trees, or of the frowning walls of an overhanging castle, are cases in point. The law as to these reflections is extremely simple. If an artist copies nature as he sees her he obeys this law unwittingly, for it is an optical necessity. If he draws on his imagination it is necessary for him to study the simple mathematics of the case. So elementary is the rule that it can be explained without a diagram. A ray of light that falls on a reflecting surface, such as a plate of polished metal, is beaten back by the impact, in the same way that a billiard ball is sent back by the cushion against which it is driven; and both the ray and the ball are reflected according to the same law. The line of return makes the same angle with the plane of reflection as the line of approach. Thus, if the impact be perpendicular, or at right angles, the reflection is also perpendicular. If a marble drop plumb on a marble floor it will spring upwards in a vertical line. If the sun be perpendicular over a lake, its image will not be perceptible to any one on the shore; the rays will be reflected vertically. But if the ray of light fall at, for example, an angle of 60° on a reflecting surface, it will be reflected at an equal angle; thus 120° will be subtended on the plane of reflection between the object reflected and the eye of the spectator at the moment when the reflected image is perceived by the latter.

Although definite reflections of this nature may only rarely occur in landscape painting, a knowledge of the laws by which they are regulated is essential to the artist. One of the most beautiful effects in a picturesquely wooded landscape may be seen at evening or in early morning, when the windows of a castle or large building are suddenly filled with a glow of golden or of crimson light. A sudden gleam flashes across the field of vision, and the observer is at times led to believe that a terrible fire has suddenly broken out. The duration of the glow is but short, the sun moving through a quarter of a degree in the arc of the visible heavens in every second of time. A very slight change in the relative angular positions of the sun and of the spectator is enough to cause the latter to lose that reflection of the disk of the former which was the cause of intense lustre. This is but one example of the narrow limits of reflection. It may be rarely the case that the painter desires to produce such effect in his work, but he can no more afford to be ignorant of the law which regulates reflection than to disregard the conditions of shadow.

In Egyptian, Assyrian, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese Art, perspective is unknown; hence results the archaic and puerile style of works on which a great amount of labour has often been expended. In Japanese Art, the great power of grasping the main character of the object represented, and presenting it to the mind rather by a symbol than by mirror-like reflection, almost compensates for the absence of mathematical truth. In the works of the earlier Italian painters the ideas of perspective and of foreshortening formed by artists slowly become more exact as we approach the time of Leonardo da Vinci. It is a remarkable fact that in what is often regarded as the masterpiece of Italian painting, the 'Transfiguration' of Raffaele, the laws of perspective are boldly defied, and two distinct scenes are placed on the same canvas, regardless of the proportion which would, in such a case, obtain between the size of the figures in the two groups. No more striking example could be given of the importance of regarding optical truth by the painter, however magical his power of delineation.

F. R. CONDER.

OBITUARY.

SYDNEY SMIRKE, R.A.

THE name of Smirke has appeared in the list of Royal Academicians from the final decade of the last century. The first on the roll was Robert Smirke, historical painter, and an elegant designer of book illustrations, elected a Royal Academician in 1792: his eldest son was Sir Robert Smirke, a distinguished architect, elected an Academician in 1812, whose younger brother, Mr. Sydney Smirke (who died on the 8th of December last), was also an architect of very considerable reputation, and was elected Associate of the Academy in 1847 and Academician in 1859. Born in 1799, he was brought up in the office of his brother, and also studied in the schools of the Academy, obtaining its gold medal for architecture in 1819. His principal works are the Oxford and Cambridge Club House, Pall Mall, erected in conjunction with his brother in 1836; the Conservative Club House, St. James's Street; the Carlton, Pall Mall; and the Reading-room of the British Museum. Though Mr. Smirke was a follower of what is known as the classic style, he superintended the restoration of portions of York Minster and Lichfield Cathedral, and was also engaged on the restoration of the Temple Church.

His lectures, delivered at the Royal Academy as Professor of Architecture at that institution, show a cultivated mind and a thorough knowledge of his subject. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1844, and was awarded the gold medal of the Society in 1860. Among his other distinctions we may mention that he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, of the Society of Antiquarians, and one of the trustees of the Soane Museum.

Mr. Smirke retired some years ago from the practice of his profession, and resided at Tunbridge Wells, where he died.

RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM.

Most of our readers will doubtless have heard ere this of the death, on the 15th of December last, of Mr. Wornum, whose name has been so long and honourably known in association with our National Gallery, of which institution he held the important and responsible post of Keeper and Secretary for about twenty years. He was born in the county of Durham in 1812, and being intended for the legal profession, entered the University of London preparatory to studying for the bar. His love of Art, however, prevailed to change the character of his pursuits altogether, and in 1834 he went to the Continent, and studied painting, both theoretically and practically, in Paris, Munich, Dresden, Rome, and elsewhere. Returning to London about the year 1840, Mr. Wornum commenced practice as a portrait-painter, but the catalogues of the Royal Academy afford no evidence of any picture by him being exhibited there. It has been stated that in the first cartoon exhibition in Westminster Hall, in 1843, a work by him received "honourable mention." Two or three years after this, in consequence of his bringing before the directors and trustees of the National Gallery the imperfection of the catalogue of the pictures, he was employed to prepare a new one. To enable him to do this efficiently he travelled through Holland and Belgium—countries he had not hitherto visited professionally—to make himself acquainted with the contents of the chief picture galleries there. The first edition of this new catalogue appeared in 1847, and has since passed through many editions, rendered necessary by the changes and additions which from time to time have been made in the contents of the National Collection: it is a work that may serve as a model for all similar publications. In 1855 he succeeded the late General Thwaites as Keeper of the National Gallery and Secretary to the trustees, on the recommendation of Sir Charles L. Eastlake; and it is no more than justice to the deceased gentleman to say that the country is deeply indebted to Mr. Wornum for the zeal, ability, and loving care he always showed

in the discharge of the important duties associated with his office. It will be difficult to find a successor equally well suited for the vacant post.

Many of Mr. Wornum's contributions to the Art-literature of his time remain to tell of his knowledge of the subject, and his felicitous method of imparting to others through the pen the information he had gained by constant and close study. Among his earlier writings may be enumerated his contributions to the "Penny Cyclopædia" and "Supplement," and to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities." In 1847 appeared an essay upon the Schools of Painting, an enlarged edition of which, prepared for the Oxford Middle-class Examinations, was published in 1859: these formed the groundwork of a still more important, and now well-known book, the "Epochs of Painting," the first edition of which appeared in 1864; later and improved editions have been published. The work is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and instructive of its kind we have ever met with; it has been adopted as the text-book for examinations in the Art schools of Oxford. From about 1849 till within the last few years, Mr. Wornum's pen was engaged at various times in contributing to the pages of the *Art Journal*, and in 1851 was awarded to him the prize of one hundred guineas offered by the proprietors of the *Journal* for the best essay on "The Exhibition of 1851 as a Lesson in Taste."

His other works include a new edition of "Lectures on Painting by the Royal Academicians, Barry, Opie, and Fuseli," published in 1848; and a new edition of Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England," which appeared in the following year. In 1848, he was appointed Lecturer on Art to the Government Schools of Design, and in this capacity he delivered addresses in all the principal towns in England where such institutions then existed. He was the author of several valuable reports on the schools, including an Essay on the Schools of Design in France. In 1852 he was appointed Librarian and Keeper of Casts to the Schools of Design, then under the direction of the Board of Trade. In 1855 his name appeared as editor of Lady Eastlake's "Biographical Catalogue of the Principal Italian Painters." There is still another Art-book, and a very excellent one, of which he was the author, and that is, the "Life of Holbein," published in 1864; perhaps the best English work, biographical and critical, on this old German painter.

It will be evident from the above remarks that Mr. Wornum's labours were multifarious and his life a busy one, devoted to the interests of Art in this country. It has been stated, and we regret much to hear of it, that he has left a widow and family—some of his children being young—very inadequately provided for; yet through no want of forethought on his part.

THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., Hon. F.R.S.A., F.S.A., &c.

The death of Mr. Wright, at his house in Chelsea, on the 23rd of December last, has taken from us an accomplished scholar and one of the most learned antiquarians of the age. Born on the confines of Wales near Ludlow, in 1810, he received his early education in the grammar-school of that town, and afterwards proceeded to Cambridge and entered Trinity College, where he graduated B.A. in 1824, and M.A. somewhat later. While at Cambridge, the literary treasures in the various libraries attached to the University afforded him much occupation, and he became a contributor of historical and antiquarian essays to many of the principal periodicals of the time. Not long after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Wright settled down in London to steady literary work associated with his favourite pursuits; he also passed some time in Paris, where he made himself thoroughly master of the modern French language, and acquired such a complete knowledge of ancient Norman and French as, it is said, to have been unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by any Frenchman. As the

result of this, he was elected, even when a young man, a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, and was appointed by M. Guizot a Corresponding Member of the Committee charged by the French Government with the publication of documents connected with French history and antiquities. He was also selected by the late Emperor Napoleon to translate into English his Majesty's "Vie de Jules César."

Mr. Wright was not only a most distinguished antiquarian, he was also a very laborious writer, contributing his knowledge and the result of his searches to our literature in a multiplicity of ways. Two of his most important works, "The History of the Domestic Manners and Sentiments of the English during the Middle Ages" and the "History of Caricature and the Grotesque," originally appeared in the *Art Journal*, for which they were expressly written. Another of his principal antiquarian books is "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon." To these may be added a "History of England under the House of Hanover," "History of Ludlow and its Neighbourhood," a "History of Ireland," a "Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English," "Popular Superstitions, &c., of the Middle Ages," and "Womankind in Western Europe," one of his more recent books. Among many works edited by him for various archaeological societies may be enumerated Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," "The History of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," "The Vision of Piers Plowman," "The Roll of the Princes, Barons, and Knights at the Siege of Carlaverock," "Early Mysteries," and "Political Songs of England from the Reign of King John to that of Edward II.," "Wanderings of an Antiquarian," "Essays on Archaeological Subjects." The complete list of his work is too long to record here. It may be added that he had a very large share in bringing to light the ancient Roman city of Uriconium, if, indeed, he was not entitled to all the credit. In conjunction with Mr. Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., he established the British Archaeological Association, whose journal he edited during several years.

Mr. Wright was most careful and precise in everything he undertook. We often noticed his manuscripts as they passed into our hands; they were written so minutely as to require very strong sight to read them, and generally without the smallest erasure. Two or three pages of his writing on note-paper would, when set up in type, suffice to fill, and more than fill, a single page of our Journal: his manuscripts were quite a curiosity.

WILLIAM EVANS.

A veteran member of the Society of Water Colour Painters has passed from our midst in the person of this artist, who died on the 31st of December, at Eton, where he had lived all his protracted life—nearly to the age of eighty—having been born in 1798. He bore his father's name, William Evans, and succeeded him in the office of Professor of Drawing at Eton College. In 1828 Mr. Evans was elected Associate of the Society of Water Colour Painters, and two years afterwards a Member. His works, landscapes—coast scenes chiefly—well enlivened with figures, retained somewhat of the old school style of water-colour painting, yet partook largely of the vigour and brilliancy of the later time. He was an industrious and liberal contributor to the gallery in Pall Mall, where his picturesque works always commanded attention.

MICHEL ANGELO HAYES, R.H.A.

The premature death of this artist, under very distressing circumstances, occurred in Dublin on January the first. According to what is reported in the public papers, while examining a tank, containing a small quantity of water, at the top of his house, he overbalanced himself, fell into the tank, and was drowned. We hope to give a more particular notice of Mr. Hayes in our next number.

PHILIP VEIT.

The close of last year was marked in the annals of Art by the death of this distinguished German painter, who was the son of the banker, Simon Veit, of Berlin, where Philip was born in

1793. His mother was a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and eloped with, and married, Friedrich Schlegel, the poet: she was a very clever woman, and translated many of Shakspeare's dramas into German. Her son Philip was one of the leaders among the German school of painters who, with Cornelius and Overbeck at its head, revived the mediæval style of Christian Art. In the series of papers published in the *Art Journal* for 1865 under the title of "German Painters of the Modern School," will be found a record of the life and labours of Veit, with an engraving of his large picture, 'Christianity introducing the Arts into Germany.' Those of our readers who desire to know more concerning him must refer to that notice.

GUSTAVE COURBET.

France, like Germany, has to mourn the loss of a famous painter. M. Courbet, whose name was so prominent in the Communist disturbances in Paris when the column in the Place Vendôme was overthrown, died in December last in Switzerland, where he had found a quiet asylum from the storms of political life. Courbet was born, in 1819, at Ornans, where, and subsequently at Besançon, he studied law; but a love of Art prevailing over whatever disposition he may have had for legal pursuits, he became a pupil of Hesse, and soon acquired so great proficiency as to gain admission for his pictures into the *Salon* in Paris. In 1849 Courbet received a medal of the second class for his 'Afternoon at Ornans,' and in the following year he exhibited his 'Burial at Ornans,' both of which attracted much attention, though the views entertained of them by the critics of the day differed most widely. Courbet was a man determined to force himself to the front, in Art as in politics, and seems scarcely to have cared by what means the end was effected, so long as he obtained notoriety. To enter upon a diagnostic analysis of the works of this singular and clever painter would occupy more space than we can devote to it. Among his principal pictures are 'Le Combat des Cerfs,' 'Le Casseur de Pierre,' 'Les Demoiselles de Village,' 'Les Cribleuses de Blé,' 'Les Baigneuses,' 'La Fileuse,' 'La Rencontre,' 'La Ruissseau du Puits-Noir,' 'Le Château d'Ornans,' 'La Femme Couchée.'

CHARLES HUNT.

We have seen in the daily papers the announcement of the death, on the 15th of November last, of this painter, at the advanced age of seventy-four. He had long been an occasional exhibitor at the Academy and elsewhere: the last picture by him we remember to have seen was 'Make way for the Grand Jury!' a humorous composition, in the Academy in 1873.

EMILE LAMBINET.

This popular French landscape painter died, in the first week of January, at his residence at Bouvival, at the age of sixty-one. He was a native of Versailles, and studied under Horace Vernet, with whom he travelled in Algeria. His works were frequently seen in England, chiefly in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, and always found favour with us from their truthfulness and delicacy of colouring. M. Lambinet won a medal on more than one occasion, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour in 1867.

ACHILLE MARTINET.

M. Martinet, one of the most eminent engravers of our time, died toward the close of last year, at the age of seventy-one: he was the pupil of Heim, and afterwards of Forster. In the competition for the *Prix de Rome* in 1826 he gained the second prize, and the first in 1830. His principal engravings are from pictures by the old masters; among these may be mentioned the 'Preaching of St. Paul at Ephesus,' after Lesueur. His 'Last Moments of Count Egmont,' from the well-known picture by M. Gallait, is another of his finest works. M. Martinet was elected a member of the *Institut*, in 1857, in the room of M. Desnoyers, received the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1846, and of that of Officer in 1867.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

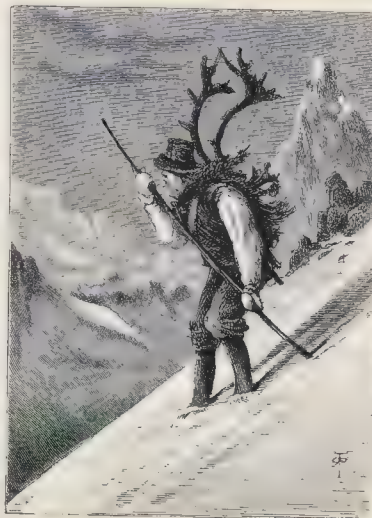
CHAPTER XV.



RAVELLERS in Norway are surprised, as they pass through the valleys, to see so few cows. This is easily explained. They visit this interesting country when these animals are away, like themselves, for a holiday; and as every dog has his day, so every Norwegian cow has her outing, and goes up to the grass pastures in the upper plateau to enjoy life until the white mantle of winter is ready to garb the upper ranges and drive the cows and "piges" down to their homesteads and winter quarters. As already described, these sæters or chalets are high up, and frequently afford the energetic nature-loving traveller and genuine hunter cover and shelter, we may almost say comfort—"cum very much grano," though. In snow work it becomes

almost luxury to have one of these to fly to in very bad weather. The tent life is the most truly enjoyable thing; still there are times when a tent may be blown down and soaked through, to say nothing of the milk supply at hand, which is meat and drink at all times, although very filling at the Norwegian price. This will account for our associating a sæter so prominently with our snow work. The one given in our woodcut was inhabited by one Maritz, who was there by herself from July to the beginning of September or end of August, according to the early or late falls of first snows. The 20th of August generally brings the first fall of snow in this latitude (63°). During our stay we always slept in our tents, as we all feared the parasitical ticklings the sæter would inevitably afford us as we had we offered the chance. All the summer through the old snow laid round the old wooden building, and seldom indeed was it that Maritz had any one to speak to, as there was no road or path of any kind. A little out-door shed, or laave, was our cooking place generally, and sometimes we squeezed in four, the dogs filling in the interstices, packed like sardines for closeness, with the oil of gladness of good fellowship. It is wonderful how invigorating this life is. What a system for a sanatorium! How right well balanced should one become with such fresh air, simple food, and exercise! with all the energy and toughness requisite for this work! Yet how kindly and obliging and caring for others one becomes! Such was the influence of our headquarters. Prosiness must be avoided however; so another day on the snow with hopes of sport, and no buck fever if we get a chance. Bad landmark that, if perchance it befall us; we will hope not: if it do we will forget it. For our line the shortest way would be across the Vand, where the trout were caught, and Danjel reported an old boat,

of that class which has no iron nails about, all wooden pegs, and yet not inviting as to its safety, for the baling-ladle of birch wood gives the idea that whoever last used it thought it would be wanted by the next comer. We determined to try it. We could all swim, and the hunters were willing. So we started. Ominous gurglings and washings to and fro in the bottom of the boat, fast, frequent and furious; the ladle was heartily plied by one strong arm, then another; still the water came. Recollections of Scottish boats in outlying spots and crannies reminded us of their Highland custom of baling the boat with a good large shoe, and if you only take a pair the power becomes doubled. Happily we arrived safely, and had soon started for a long day's work over unknown ground. The weather had cleared, and everything seemed to combine in our favour; a hearty good spirit amongst our hunters and ourselves, each fellow wishing the other good sport, and the dogs keen to a degree. They longed for a revenge, after the old gralloch, and flattered themselves that, if we were not unlucky, they would get fresh blood before nightfall. We were soon beginning to ascend steadily, and, about an hour after the start, the patriarch, working his way under some overhanging rocks, met with a surprise. An eagle, a large specimen, swept over his head and shadowed him. Rifle in its case and safely on his back, the noble bird was safe, and the patriarch delighted. Must there not be a nest? Yes, there was; rough sticks and the lightest of down feathers were all that it was made of; rude, simple and, one would think, uncomfortable, for so grand a bird. Some of the down feathers were taken as a souvenir, and are now and then brought out and floated, so light are they, in recollection of having found one of the noblest of birds at home. Midday we were out on the open snow, hardly any rock shelter for stalking, should fortune favour. The reindeer were not "at home"; we therefore stopped at a suitable rock for lunch. How we enjoyed it! Old Trophas wagged his tail with a conviction that "no



After Sport.

sport no food" would never be his fate so long as there was something left in our wallets. So we all rejoiced together, winding up with a little whisky and hearty wishes for good sport.

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* Continued from page 39.

Soon after lunch, on the snow line were seen just the tips of



Snow Pass: Thorbau.

some horns; a large expanse of snow laid before us, with some small rocks half way. Could we reach them? No; wait for

the chance of the deer working up our way. The deer moved in the opposite direction, and our chance was gone; still we had seen some, and that inspired fresh hope. Later in the afternoon we again saw a herd, and telescoped them for a length of time. Soon after this a second herd was seen, and it was most interesting to watch their manœuvres, which we did until they joined and moved off—of course in the opposite direction. An immense expanse of snow now laid before us, and once we could see four herds of reindeer: we could count about one hundred and forty. For a long time we had hope; at last we agreed that if we could only get one we should be satisfied; but that one was denied, for the four herds gradually blended and went straight off, and left us in the most perfect solitude, reindeerless. By this time we had a long distance to travel to get back to our tents. Fortunately the light fades so little that it hardly signifies; still much care is required to judge of the best footing after leaving the snow, and the hunter leads and can go any way, even to rolling down places like a hedgehog, and sometimes sitting down for a slide. Going home becomes a kind of steeplechase over unknown ground. In these cases woe and grief must be the goal of the novice. At the highest elevation we passed an immense boulder, very like the Logan Stone, and of similar dimensions, perhaps larger. On the top of this was a much smaller one, but of a different geological formation. This gave rise to a great discussion about the glacial theory, as there was a non-believer present. What could have produced this remarkable combination but the action of glaciers passing over the surface, bearing huge masses of rock from distant parts, and, as the ice melted away, depositing the travelling masses? These were found at an elevation of 5,000 feet or more. We also found a most interesting instance of the pink snow, very marked indeed in colour. All these varied phases of nature did much to repay us for our disappointment—"No deer." This the difficulties of the descent also made us for the time forget, as Danjel Kulingen was tearing away as hard as he could possibly go, and letting himself down, hanging on to the undergrowth of heather, sliding, rolling at one time, jumping at another. We often solaced ourselves with the idea that if we could only get him on the flat for ten miles for a finish, we could give him a spin and run him in at high speed. Whilst we had been telescoping the deer, our "Aalesund" friend was having sport; on our return we found that he had been over to our tent to see us, and had



A Friend in Need.

left word of "Sport, sport," and a message to try for a meet; this unfortunately could not be arranged, or we should have

seen joy depicted on his face when he described to us where and how he killed his first reindeer.

The Norwegians believe that the horns of the reindeer are good, boiled down, for consumptive people. There is no doubt that the reindeer themselves eat, or rather gnaw them, when they are shed: this occurs in November. The males shed their horns first, and the females retain them longer. We found several horns partially gnawed through, and there must be some reason why the shed horns are not more frequently picked up when we consider the number of deer. The same idea of horn soup for consumptive cases occurs in Scotland, where the horns of red deer are also found gnawed. One would imagine that the best time for this *potage* would be when the horn is first formed, and when the velvet is on, in fact, when the horn is being renewed—and during this period it is very warm indeed—as large arteries run inside the “velvet,” or horn skin, and are engaged in depositing bone on the old stems, until the horns are complete and the velvet is fretted off, in September.

The reindeer, like ptarmigan, become white during the winter, and in their wild state are a great contrast to the sheeplike tameness of those possessed by Laplanders. The Laps have their regular call for their tame deer, who generally come at once; but if not, the proprietor has generally his lasso with him, and soon it is thrown over the animal's loins, and he is at once a prisoner. The good travelling pace of reindeer is well known—about ten miles an hour, with two hundred pounds weight behind them. In their wild state their pace was beyond computation when we were behind them. We could well say that we had been “after reindeer,” and that is all. The only way to have sport in this country is patiently to settle down to it, without fixing a time for returning; a river is not always right, and the water in condition; so with the happy hunting grounds of the reindeer hunter; a thousand things may occur to mar his success. The very wind is sometimes wrong, may chop round the very moment when we hope it will hold steadily on for an hour or two; on the other hand, it may change at some fortunate moment exactly in our favour. No, there is no royal road to such real sports as these. Real sport in all time must be the same, with its charms of uncertainty. Real sport must be worked for, and directly the uncertainty is removed its real charm is gone, and the relish dissipated. The absolute fact of shooting and killing is a mere passing second of time; it is the surroundings which afford the real pleasure—the fresh air, the

change of scene, the care required in every detail, never knowing but that the very next moment some interesting incident may



The Eagle's Nest.

occur which would make the day, hour, and spot a landmark; watching every breath of air, the most delicate zephyr being



Maritz Seter.

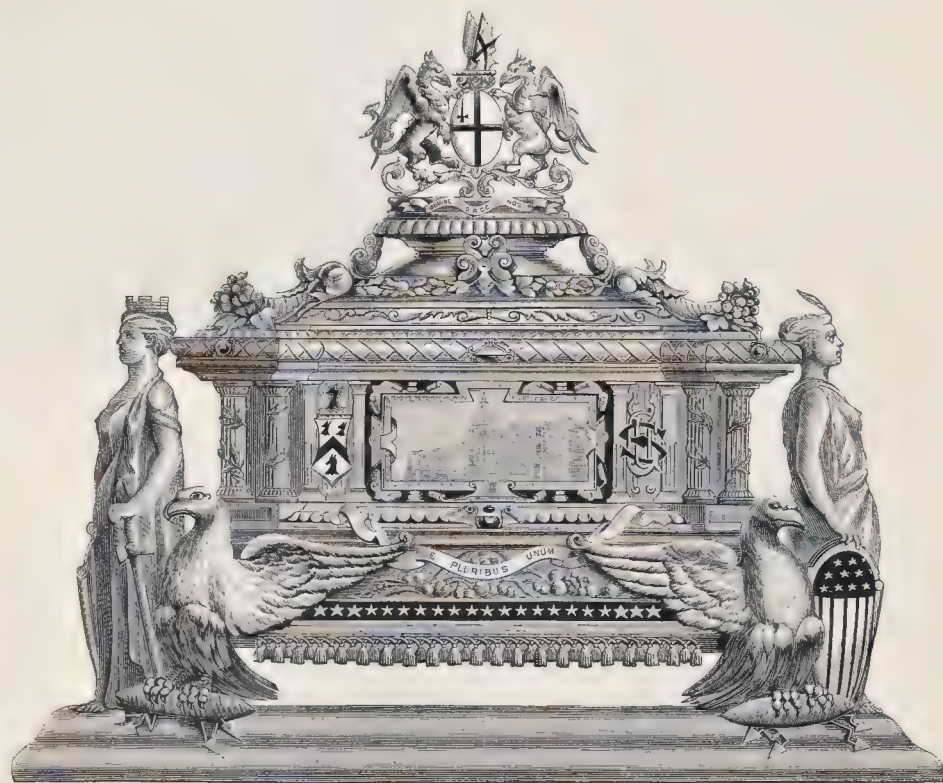
registered and measured by the painstaking hunter, as he brings out tenderly some carefully-preserved pieces of the finest floss silk, or better far, some of the eagle's down feathers, already

alluded to. Again, the dogs require constant attention, and to be quite complete, a coronet of eagles' eyes, optical all-rounders, would be an assistance.

THE PRESENTATION CASKET TO GENERAL GRANT.

AMONG his other "victories of peace" no doubt the ex-President of the United States of America has classed that which he achieved in London when the freedom of the British metropolis was presented to him by its citizens, at once proud and happy to accord him honour. His brief residence in England was a continual triumph; the feeling was universal that coveted any chance to give him a hearty English cheer; wherever he went he was received with becoming homage, but also with affectionate warmth; there was not a British subject who did not regard the American citizen as a friend. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of such intercourse; the Prince of Wales in the United States, and General Grant—twice President—in England, cannot but have cemented the bonds

that unite the two great peoples of the modern world. The freedom of the City was presented to the General (as the custom of the City is when thus honouring great or distinguished men) in a casket of gold. The task of producing it was confided to Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street. It is but the latest of many works of the kind executed by the eminent goldsmith. He is an Art producer of repute, who has amply earned the high position he occupies; and we may be sure he was more than ever anxious to uphold his renown by the production of a work that should obtain the approval not only of his fellow-citizens, but of the Art-educated classes in America, where Mr. Benson has rivals in his special profession by no means as easily surpassed as they might have been twenty, or



even ten, years ago. The late Exhibition at Philadelphia conclusively proves that. Mr. Benson, who has "held his own" among the goldsmiths of London, will do so, we hope, in the estimation of his "fellows" in the United States. The casket will not be seen there yet awhile, for it is intended to exhibit it at the Paris Exposition in 1878. The following is a description of this very admirable work. It is oblong in form, and composed entirely of pure gold, enriched with enamel, and supported at the four corners by the American eagle. On the front panel, chased in bold relief, is a view of the Capitol at Washington, with pendants of the ex-President's monogram and the Lord Mayor's coat of arms. The reverse panel bears a similarly wrought view

of the Guildhall. At the ends of the box are finely modelled figures, representing the City of London and the United States; on the cover are cornucopia springing from the four corners, typical of the fertility and prosperity of the American continent, whilst the City arms appropriately surmount the whole.

It is a privilege to record such interchanges of respect, esteem, and regard between the two great peoples of the Old World and the New. We repeat, the General must have felt and appreciated the warm reception that greeted him wherever he went in the Old Country, and will carry with him to the New the impressions he received during his brief sojourn among us, gaining "golden opinions from all sorts of men."

JAPANESE ART.*

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



ALTHOUGH Nature generally works on fixed principles, in which the two halves of a leaf are exactly the same, yet even in this there is occasionally a notable departure, as in the begonia (Fig. 2).† Yet the symmetry of the whole plant is secured by the disposition of the leaves of the plant on the axis; the want of correspondence in the two halves of each leaf is compensated by opposing the lesser halves of the leaves to each other, as seen below.

The most common arrangement of flowers, however, is that in which each is composed of a series of units which are precisely similar. Thus in Fig. 3 there are five precisely similar

Fig. 2.—*Begonia*.

lobes forming the outer ring, five yellow leaves precisely alike forming the next whorl, ten awl-shaped members surmounted with knobs forming the third ring, and five central parts (carpels) constituting the pistil.

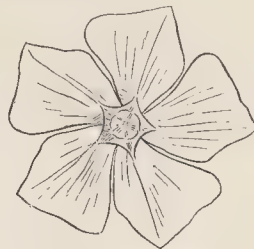
But that we may understand how indifferent it is to symmetry that the units of each whorl should, as in this case and

Fig. 3.—*Stonecrop*.

the great majority of flowers, be precisely similar and have their halves also alike, let us take the example of the periwinkle, where the halves of the members are unequal—but all pointing one way. The effect of symmetry is equally preserved (Fig. 4). Here we see the flower-leaves (petals) have none of them equal

halves. So in the pansy: we find two halves only are alike, but there is no loss of symmetry as the halves are similar; it only demands a peculiar position to make a pleasing variety (Fig. 5).

As regards symmetry, therefore, it is obvious that even Lindley's elastic definition can scarcely be stretched wide enough to

Fig. 4.—*Periwinkle*.

embrace all the modes by which Nature secures the end. He says, "Symmetry may be defined to be the general correspondence of one half of a given object with the other half in structure or other perceptible circumstance." In regard to the simplicity of the means by which seemingly great complexity and infinite variety are produced, the principles that govern all development are easily traced, and may be reduced to their elements, which scarcely exceed two or three in number. It is an axiom in botany that "whatever is the arrangement of the leaves such is the arrangement of the branches; for the branch is always the product of the bud, and a *regular* bud is always generated in and developed from the axil of a leaf, or the angle formed by its union with the stem or axis. This reveals the principle on which Nature produces her more complex structures. It is merely a system of repetition, and may be carried to any extent. The complexity is only in appearance and extent, for the unit is invariably more or less simple, as well as the method of its repetition. We may not, however, entirely overlook another principle of almost universal application, in which a new factor in the form of numbers comes into play. Whatever may be the numbers of parts in one floral whorl, it is a rule of the vegetable kingdom that such shall either be the

Fig. 5.—*Pansy*.

number in the other whorls, or some power (multiple) of that number. Thus in the stonecrop the outer whorl is composed of five parts, the next of five, the next of ten (or twice five), and the inner again of five.

These processes of Nature and principles of symmetry must have been discerned more or less clearly by the Japanese in their loving and patient study. They must either have seen or divined how, by repetition and alternation combined, the greatest variety might be deduced from the fewest and simplest elements; and this was the secret of their Art. They would see that a flower is made up of four series of parts: "a ring

* Continued from page 3.

† I have found nowhere so clear and instructive an exposition of the principles regulating the formation of plants and flowers in their bearing upon Art and decoration as in a series of articles which appeared in this Journal in the years 1857-8, under the title of "Botany as adapted to the Arts and Art Manufacture," by Christopher Dresser, some time lecturer on Botany in the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington, and subsequently reproduced in a book now out of print, under the title of "The Art of Decorative Design." (See also "Unity in Variety, as deduced from the Vegetable Kingdom," by Christopher Dresser: London, James S. Virtue, 1859; and "Principles of Decorative Design," by the same author: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) As these original sources are not readily accessible now, I have no hesitation in giving, with Dr. Dresser's permission, a few of the more striking and important illustrations he supplied, with a summary of his views, in order that I may more easily point out their bearing on the progress and development of Japanese Art.

of outer leaves, which are usually green; a ring of coloured leaves; a number of awl-shaped or threadlike members, terminated in knobs, which are usually yellow; and a central organ consisting of several portions." In the arrangement of these parts is set forth the principle of alternation, for the members of the second series do not fall over the parts of the first series (the petals do not fall over the sepals), but fall over the spaces between them—they alternate with them. The parts of the third series do not fall over the constituent members



Fig. 6.—Guelder-rose.

of the second, but between them—they alternate with them; and so with the inner series, the same rule is acted upon, and in its application productive of endless variety, and that intricacy of form which Hogarth eulogizes as "leading the eye in a wanton kind of chase," the secret charm of which is ever to see in these outward manifestations of beauty the *causa causarum* of so much variety—the law of development, the principle of order, the regularity of succession on a geometric basis. A methodical arrangement, invariably followed, is carefully con-

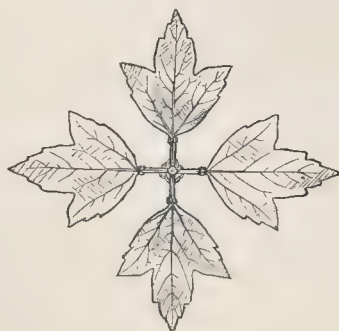


Fig. 7.—Guelder-rose.

cealed by what is seemingly confused, and without any trace of regularity or rigid rule. "Freedom seems the rule, and not order. The convolvulus winds its way in graceful freedom around the branches of the hawthorn bush, and the honeysuckle wanders equally at its own free will amidst the closely packed habitants of the thicket."

But a cursory glance at the guelder-rose will show that the leaves are arranged upon the stem in an orderly manner, that they grow in pairs, which are so placed that when we look upon

the top of the branch the leaves are seen to be in four rows. Here two leaves are opposed to each other, one of which passes to the right and one to the left; then one of the next pair advances and one recedes; one of the next pair again passes to the right and one to the left; and so on through the entire length of the branch (Figs. 6 and 7). This is not an uncommon mode of leaf arrangement. A law of order and a fixed method of arrangement prevails uniformly, but its existence is concealed from the eye. In some instances leaves which are not arranged in an opposite or whorled manner, and which were long regarded as being without order in their disposition, so well had it been disguised, were discovered by Bonnet to have a spiral



Fig. 8.—*Polygonum cuspidatum*: Lime-tree.

disposition, and were so placed that a thread wound in a corkscrew-like manner around the stem touched the base of every leaf; and this spiral leaf arrangement occurs in a number of modifications which become more and more complicated in character. But all may be traced to the same principle, and have their origin or more simple development in those instances in which the leaves are alternately at either side of the stem, and one only proceeds from the stem at the same level, as they are consecutively higher.

This is the simplest form, or the first of a series, which successively becomes more and more complex. In the lime-tree we no longer find two or more leaves originating in one transverse plane, but the leaves are protruded solitarily at intervals, one at one side and the other at the other alternately (Fig. 8).

Fig. 10 shows the more complex spiral arrangement of the *Colchicum autumnale*, where one revolution in the spiral thread encounters three leaves, the fourth, or first of the next cycle, being over the first—as shown diagrammatically delineated in the Figure. One secret of the infinite diversity produced under this arrangement is found by the variation in different plants of the distance between each leaf. "In some the consecutive leaves are equidistant; that is, leaf two will be removed from leaf one by half the circumference of the stem. The sugar-cane, leek, and daily lily, and most grasses, are illustrations of this mode of arrangement. In another spiral arrangement, as the autumn crocus, the leaves are removed from one another by one-third of the circumference of the stem. In another the leaves are in five rows, and the consecutive leaves in the spiral series are two-fifths of the circumference of the stem apart; this being the case, the spiral thread passes twice round the stem before reaching a leaf situated over the first, while in the instance before given a leaf so situated was arrived at by making one circuit round the stem. This disposition seems very common, being met with in the rose, apple, pear, cherry, and many

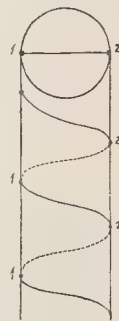


Fig. 9.

others, including the poplar and the oak. In some, as in the holly and plantain, "the spiral series are three-eighths of the circumference of the stem apart, and the spiral thread has to pass three times round the stem before encountering a leaf situated over that with which we start; while in the house-



Fig. 10.

leek, minor convolvulus, and wormwood, the leaves are disposed in thirteen rows, and the consecutive leaves are removed from one another by five-thirteenths of the circumference of the circle, so that it is necessary to follow the spiral thread five times round the stem for the next leaf situated over the one from which we start." This is called the "elongated repetition," as distinguished from the principle of radiating repetition common in flowers. In these latter there is an organ formed of one or two members repeated in a circular arrangement (as in Fig. 3). But to show the infinite resources by which variety is secured, however simple the elementary forms or rigid the geometric basis, we find that radiating repetition not only occurs in the case of flowers, but is seen in the top view of every branch. Thus a top view gives radiating repetition, and a side view elongated repetition.

Whatever is the arrangement of branches and leaves, such also is the disposition of flowers and of the floral parts, all equally subject to one orderly principle of development, and the same. Indeed, as Dr. Dresser demonstrates, "all parts are thus protruded in fixed stations, for the only two typical organs of the plant are the leaf and stem; and these in their modifications give rise to all the members of the vegetable structure." And so we get the revelation of the fact, that amidst all the endless variety and beauty in the vegetable world, which seems to carry with it the most perfect freedom from all rigid rules and geometric lines, or mathematical proportions, a principle of order everywhere prevails, in the least as in the greatest; and that plants, whatever their appearance or development, are founded on a geometric basis, as are the motions of the stars and the celestial spheres themselves.

We now see not only how repetition and alternation are principles of plant growth, but manifestly the sources of much of the pleasure we derive from beholding the vegetable and floral world. The true artist seeks from the simple elements of natural beauty to follow Nature's lines and reproduce new combinations upon some elementary principles for the delight of mankind. So, at least it seems to me, the Japanese have ever proceeded in their artistic development and its decorative tendencies, and with no mediocre success. If, as can clearly be shown, repetition with variation—the chief element of which is alternation of similar forms and colours in a certain order of contrast and succession—lie at the root of all beautiful combinations in the vegetable world, we see at once how unlimited a field for study in decorative Art Nature supplies when in her least lavish moods. In radiated or elongated repetition of leaves and petals of flowers, or of a spot or stripe of colours, we may trace the original of all the best and choicest ornaments which have found acceptance in different ages. This repetition of the spot has given rise to a class of patterns termed "powdering," and when combined with order, it has its most simple form in the repetition of a geometric basis of a dot. This repetition with variation, so constant in nature, has appeared in every style of ornamentation which has come down to us from ancient times, and the chief merit of the Japanese will be found in the more perfect application of the principle and the nearer approach they have made to the Great Exemplar, in the richness of the collected products and the felicitous, if not unerring, instinct with which they have drawn from Nature its best lessons.

It would be foreign to the object and scope of this article to enter upon any consideration of the more abstract questions connected with the subtlety or strength which may be the properties of different lines or curves. Hogarth's line of beauty, or a line of life as indicative of vigour and vitality, and the curves

used by the Greeks as the most in accordance with their own sense of beauty, and giving the best expression of refinement in form, suggest matter for endless discussion. The Greeks appear to have adopted many curves, from the parabolic to the elliptic, and the cultivated eye feels that curves are least satisfactory which have their halves alike. In Nature these are rarely seen. Dr. Dresser believes that with curves, refinement rests in subtlety, for that line, the constructive origin of which it is most difficult to detect, is found to be the most beautiful. Thus he says, "An arc is the least beautiful of curves, for its origin is instantly detected. A portion of the bounding line of an ellipse is more beautiful, for its origin is less apparent—it being struck from two centres. The curve which bounds the egg-shape is more subtle still, because it is struck from three



Fig. 11.

centres; and so on, in ratio to the number of centres employed in the construction of a curve, and its consequent subtlety, is its beauty."

Now, of all curves affected by the Japanese, I think that which bounds the egg shape is their predilection. Given then the selection by instinct of one of the higher and more subtle of curves, and the adoption of the fruitful principle of repetition and alternation, as the conditions of variety and beauty, the Japanese seem to have very early fallen upon the most essential elements of decorative Art in its best form. The discovery of the principle of alternation and repetition in ornamentation, whether in Nature or Art, was, of course, no monopoly of the Japanese. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Hindoos, all have shown in their decorations how well they understood its



Fig. 12.—Hawthorn.

value. The echinos, or egg-and-tongue moulding of the Romans (Fig. 11), is an example in point. It consists of oviform centres arranged in a horizontal series, with tongues or arrow-heads between, and alternating with them.

But Nature is not content with alternation and repetition for the production of variety and the highest beauty. There is a certain coyness and artifice in the way in which she conceals the method, and by the device adds a new charm. It is in this direction that it has seemed to me the Japanese have shown a subtlety of tact and truly Oriental patience in extracting the last secret of Nature's ingenuity wherewith to enrich the work of their own hands. Alternation is only one of Nature's infinite resources by which provision is made for endless variety and beauty in perfect combination. A confluence of lines where leaves are given off from branches, and branches from stems is continual; but a close observation shows that this "branching

is concealed by the foliage during the summer months, in which period alone plants present themselves in an ornamental aspect; and while the leaves are given out in countless numbers, the means devised for calling attention from the union of the leaf-stalk with the stem are endless. The bud arises in the angle formed by the upper surface of the leaf-stalk and the stem, and thus acts as the alternating members do in the examples already adduced. The alternation itself, which seems to be designed as a means of calling attention from a union of lines in all cases unsatisfactory, is here further strengthened and supplemented by a device full of grace. "A special provision for so arresting the attention that it shall not fix upon this confluence of lines is also made, for a pair of small leafy or membranous organs (stipules), of a form rich in subtle beauty, conceal this juncture" and the point of weakness. The growth of special organs is substituted for the principle of alternation, and Nature with the one effort secures many ends, while man, in his ignorance and feebleness, is reduced to seek, by many converging means, to attain a single object. This leads to the consideration of other lessons which the study of Nature brings to the artist, as well as to the moralist or naturalist.

The form of a plant and all the parts of a plant are invariably in harmony with the circumstances in which it exists. Thus adaptation should form one of the objects of an artist's closest study. The trees which grow on high and exposed positions, and the plants destined to flourish on the unsheltered plain, have long and narrow rigid leaves, which best enable them to bear the fury of the tempest; the stems, by their strength combined with elasticity, show a similar adaptation. In all these particulars the Japanese are close observers, and this gives a special charm to many of their slightest works with brush or pencil. If they desire to represent the action of wind, not only the dresses of their figures will convey the impression to the mind, but the grass and flowers with their slender stems will be turned by the wind, as Dr. Dresser observes, "in the manner of a weathercock—its back to the storm." All this minuteness of observation tends to create excellence in decorative Art; and I cannot doubt that this patience and minuteness in the study of the vegetable and animal world, both characteristic of the Japanese, has had much to do in suggesting to them the utmost regard to fitness and perfect adaptation, which constitutes one of their great merits.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE last year's report of the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy has reached us: it speaks of "the continued and increasing prosperity of the Academy in all its departments, notwithstanding the lamented losses caused by death in 1876, and the consequent absence from the exhibition catalogue of more than one honoured name which had not for many years failed to appear there." The amount realised by the sale of works during the exhibition was higher than that of any former year, affording most satisfactory evidence of the increased interest taken in Art. The attendance of visitors was also more numerous than that of most preceding years. The Council, after a careful examination of the work done by students in the Life School, awarded the first prize for Painting to T. Wilson, and the second to George Reid; the first prize for Drawing to James F. Taylor, the second to P. C. Goldie; the "Keith" prize to Robert Ross; the "Stuart" prize being divided between E. Kirkpatrick, Thomas Wilson, and P. W. Adam. The competition for this prize, though calling forth more effort than it did in 1876, was not so satisfactory as to permit

the whole amount to be awarded to any single student. An extra prize for "Sculpture Studies" was given to T. S. Barnett. The anatomical prize was not competed for, one drawing only being submitted to the Council. The Academy acquired last year, by presentation, a portrait of Miss Adam, afterwards Mrs. Kennedy, of Denure, painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, the gift of Mr. John Heugh, of London; a portrait of Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., painted expressly for the Academy and presented by the artist, Mr. James Archer, R.S.A.; a portrait of the late R. T. Ross, painted by himself when a young man, and given by his son, Mr. R. Ross; and a portrait of the late chaplain of the Academy, Dr. Arnot, "a man of distinguished talent in his own profession, and of eminent ability in more than one department of the Fine Arts, having shown great taste and considerable power of execution, both as a painter and a sculptor;" this portrait was painted by, and is the gift of, Mr. Charles Lees, R.S.A. The report refers to the elections which have taken place in the Academy, consequent on the loss by death or otherwise of members: these we have already noticed.

RETURNING HOME.

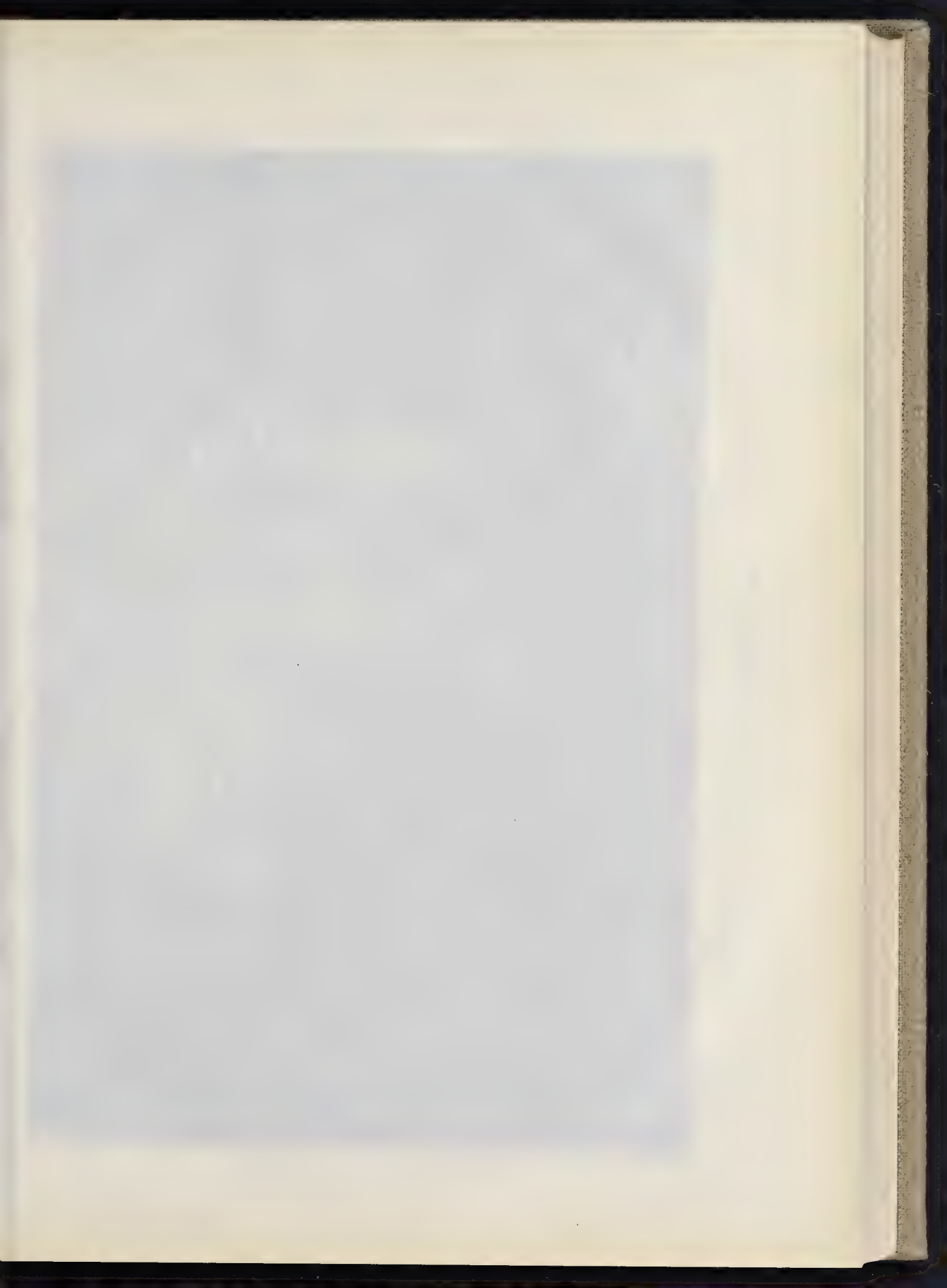
TH. GÉRARD, Painter.

G. C. FINDEN, Engraver.

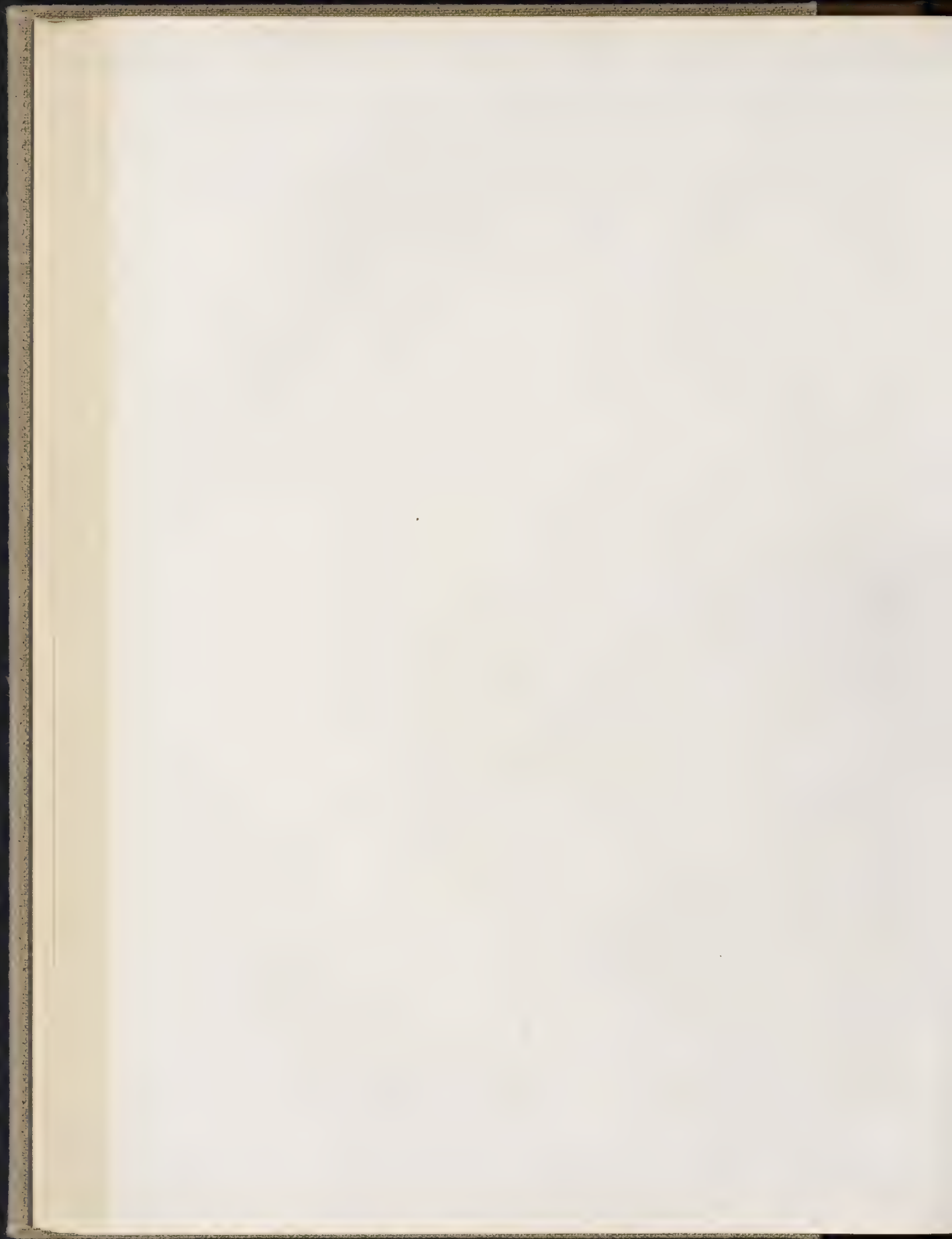
THIS picture was evidently painted as a companion to one belonging to Mr. Cottrill, of Singleton House, Manchester, engraved in our Journal about six years ago—in 1872: it was called 'A Triumphant Procession.' In both pictures are precisely the same individuals and objects: the mother, the elder boy blowing his horn, the cart drawn by the same dog, and the two young children in the vehicle playing as they lie on the dried straw, or whatever else it might be; even the action of the elder child, as she tries to put the chaplet of wild flowers on the head of the younger, is as in the earlier work. The arrangement of the two groups differs somewhat, and the landscape is considerably varied, inasmuch as 'The Triumphant Procession' is passing through a rather hilly and barren country; here the labourer and her family are 'Returning Home' after the day's work is done through some cultivated tract of land, apparently more or less wooded. We miss, moreover, from this compo-

sition a pretty feature in the other, a dainty little white spaniel, evidently helping by his joyous bark to swell the chorus made by the boy's horn and the younger children's playful voices.

The subject is unquestionably a favourite one with the artist, a very popular Belgian painter, who has shown great skill in the grouping of the figures as well as in the drawing of them; he has also aimed at heightening the effect by a clever management of light and shade, which is, however, rather heavy so far as relates to the latter. A little more daylight thrown between the trunks and branches of the group of trees, and flickering on the ground would relieve greatly the dark mass on the left of the composition: certainly some light should be cast on the dog, if only to connect the animal with the cart and its contents, and so to lead the eye up to the sunlit portion of the picture: the separation of light and shade throughout is too sudden; no allowance seems to have been made for reflected light.







COLORADO.

III.

AT Floyd Hill, which, it will be remembered, is about six miles from Idaho Springs, connection is made for Denver by the Colorado Central Narrow-gauge Railway, and an interesting ride through Clear Creek Cañon brings the traveller to Golden City, from which point he completes the journey to Denver in broad-gauge cars.

The Clear Creek Cañon is of the kind that Western surveyors

possible angle, their perpendicularity broken only by the fragments scattered about their feet. It might be expected that lying so far down in the earth the rocks would be moistened by springs and wrapped in verdant mosses, but in reality they are as sharp and angular as crystals, and in most instances as parched as sand.

The almost complete absence of fresh verdure is very trying to the newly-arrived visitor in Colorado. Occasionally the most beautiful tints that ever came from the sun are seen in sharply-defined ribands running through the basalt and the sandstones, but the eye wearies of the pallid grey and faded yellow that are the characterizing colours. The marvellously lucid and parched Western air has a harsh influence upon everything.

Denver reached, the traveller will, no doubt, be astonished at the advanced stage of development which this active little city has attained in the eighteen years of its existence. The streets are regular and well paved, the buildings spacious and tasteful, and the markets stocked with the choicest viands the East and West afford. The hotels are especially good, and, except in size, are equal to the average of those in Eastern cities.

Ten or fifteen years ago the predominant characteristics of Denver were liquor and gambling saloons. The "short, sharp bark of the Derringer" proclaimed the complete defiance of law and order. One "gentleman," standing in a doorway,

thought little of trying how nearly he could hit another "gentleman" passing in the street, and if his experiment was fatal answered the coroner's summons only to receive thanks for his attendance and explanation. But out of this chaos of frontier crime has sprung a vigorous and prosperous city, lighted with gas, watered on the Holly system, and supplied with handsome public buildings, including churches, schools, and libraries. The nearest mountains are twelve miles away; but as the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway from Missouri, the Denver Pacific from Cheyenne, and several other roads, Denver is the most convenient base for the tourist's operations in Colorado.

It is situated on the South Pacific River, at a height of 5,317 feet above the level of the sea, and rises from the river by a series of steps or small plateaus. The population is about twenty thousand, a considerable number consisting of invalids, who find benefit in the pure bracing air. The contrast between the luxurious life of the hotels, the groups of tourists, dressed in the latest style, on the streets, and the representatives of rude frontier-life, seen in the big-booted miners and stockmen, strikes the spectator at once by its novelty. Outside many of the stores huge buffalo robes and cat skins are exposed for sale, and the buffalo, antelope, or elk head is as familiar a sign as the figure of Gambrinus among the German beer-saloons.

Taking the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, the traveller



Pike's Peak, from the Garden of the Gods.

have classified as the "box." The "open" cañon, in contradistinction, is usually enclosed by rounded hills and embankments resembling an English railway cutting, but the "box cañon" is a closely imprisoned ravine, with sheer or overarching cliffs, and walls of seemingly loose rock lying at the extremest

next reaches Colorado Springs, after a ride of about five hours through a picturesque country, with Pike's Peak towering high above the neighbouring mountains. Pike's, of all other peaks, is the most interesting and inspiring. The surveyors have shown us that its elevation is not so great as that of Gray's or Long's, but it seems to be higher, as it stands out alone and sweeps upwards from the foot-hills to a crystalline pinnacle, 14,147 feet above the level of the sea. It is visible miles and miles away over the plain. The emigrants of old saw it long before its companions appeared above the horizon, and they gathered fresh courage as the blazing sun transmuted its tempest-torn granite into a pillar of gold. As far north as Cheyenne, and as far south as Trinidad, on the borders of New Mexico, it can still be seen, its boldness subdued in the grey of the distance; and, as we glance at it through lapses in the hills at its base, from the windows of the car, we seem to be under its very shadow when it is in reality thirty or forty miles off.

The foot-hills are covered with forests of spruce, fir, and pine, within the limits of which prevails an impenetrable and heart-breaking gloom, that not even the unmasked effulgence of the dazzling blue sky can disperse.

At intervals of between five and ten miles our miniature train draws up in one of the little stations, each of which is over 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, while several are over 6,000, and one over 7,000 feet above the sea-level; and sixty-seven miles from Denver we alight at Monument, the station of Monument Park, which is celebrated for the singular erosions of its sandstones.

There are many parts of the Rocky Mountain country, from the Yellowstone in the far north to Sierra Amarilla in New Mexico, which strike us as being the creation and abode of some fanciful race of goblins, who have twisted everything, from shafts of rock to old pine trees, into a whimsical and incredible

brained mason, with a remembrance of Caliban's island lingering in his head.



Tower of Babel, Garden of the Gods.



Monument Park.

shapelessness. The eroded sandstones impress us as the result of a disordered dream—the preposterous handiwork of a crack-

Those in Monument Park are ranged in two rows lengthwise through an elliptical basin. They are cones from 12 to 25 feet in height, and may be said to resemble mushrooms at the first glance, though an imaginative person will soon find himself transfiguring them into odd-looking men and animals. Fancy several sugar-loaves with plates or trays balanced on their peaks, or several candle-extinguishers with pennies on their tops, and you will obtain some idea of what these geological curiosities are. Each pillar has a flat cap of conglomerate—sand and pebbles cemented by iron; and this cap, being much harder than the underlying yellow sandstone, has resisted the eroding effect of rain, frost, and wind-driven sand, and in some cases extends continuously over several pillars, forming a rude Cyclopean colonnade.

Nine miles from Monument, and seventy-six miles from Denver, we reach the town of Colorado Springs, which seems to be within an easy ride of the summits of Pike's Peak, Cheyenne Mountain, and Cameron's Cone. The town has a population of about two thousand five hundred, the streets are tidy and shaded by trees, and the views, in every direction except the east, are so unspeakably grand that we can hardly help fancying that all living within their influence must be either poets or soulless creatures insensible to the influences of beauty and sublimity. At one side of the depot is a convenient little tavern, called the Old Log Cabin, where a good dinner is served in a plain and wholesome fashion, and after refreshing ourselves here we climb into the box of the United States mail-coach, run by Wells, Fargo and Company, which by its appearance and accommodation vividly recalls to mind the exhilarating manner of travel on the plains before the Pacific Railway was completed. The road to Manitou Springs is about six miles long, and in fair weather is usually in good condition. Half-way along is Colorado City, the oldest town in the Territory, which was founded by the gold-seekers of '58, but which has faded into insignificance, while its neighbours have been

advancing in repute and prosperity. Reaching Manitou, we for



Major Dome, Otter Lyrie.

once find that our long indulged expectations are not disappointed. This famous resort is admirably situated and in every way worthy of its fame. At last we are at the true base of Pike's Peak, though the summit is still eighteen miles off. Eastward we look upon the arid plains, fading with an unbroken monotony of form and colour into the vague distance. Westward the settlement creeps up to the portals of the Ute Pass, which, with its overhanging walls and precipices, leads to the treasure-mines of the Upper Arkansas and the Rio San Juan.

Manitou is as animated as an Eastern watering-place, and in the season has a round of "hops" and like festivities night after night. There are three handsome hotels to choose from, and several medicinal springs, with a temperature varying from 45° to 60°, inclosed in tasteful pavilions and surrounded by pretty cottages. The first spring is close to the road, and the violent bubbling of the water seems to indicate a large supply, though there is hardly a gallon a minute. About a hundred yards above, on the right side of the creek, is another and larger spring, which gushes out of the rock with great turbulence. The chemical properties of the water are principally carbonate of lime and magnesia.

The neighbourhood of Manitou is exceedingly interesting, and comprehends all varieties of scenery. A day's excursion allows the tourist time for the ascent of Pike's Peak, on the topmost pinnacle of which he may stand, and let his heart fill with the emotion inspired by the majestic outlook on the silent billows of the plains, and the chaotic, gashed, and knife-like peaks at whose feet those endless yellow waves have ceased to beat, like some vast living creature struck with despair at omnipotent opposition. The sky itself seems to be attained as, ascending the trail on the mountain-side, we glance through a clearing in the timber on the gorges far below. The pines and firs sway to and fro in the

strong wind with the noise of a great waterfall. The frail human body palpitates and labours as the poignant air strains the exhausted lungs. But what struggle, what hazard, what cost are not repaid when the path makes its last curve, and leads to one of the grandest altitudes in all the Rocky range!

In themselves things of enormous reality and tangibility merely, all mountains depend to a great extent for artistic or picturesque effect on the evanescent conditions of the atmosphere; on the lights, shadows, and colours that sweep over them perhaps for a few minutes of the day, and vanish. Mists and clouds are forever weaving fresh shapes out of the English landscapes; but the Rocky Mountains cleave the continent like a row of polished granite columns, with every outline emphasized and abrupt. They may impress the beholder by their size, and the testimony they offer of the convulsive throes that upheaved them; but it is only in the hours near sunrise and sunset that they acquire the peculiar significance which exalts them in the imagination far above measurable space.

Seen from Colorado Springs in the middle of a bright day, Pike's Peak looks scarcely higher than the Orange Mountains in New Jersey. It is a vast, uninteresting lump. But seen as the writer saw it, at sunset one evening last June, when a smoke-like darkness came sweeping over the plains from the east, and flooded its rugged sides with deep blue, while the ridges and crests burned in scarlet and gold—when the whole sky behind it was afire with a bewildering intensity of colour, and the snow in every cleft was deeply blushing—when each pinnacle in the mysterious background seemed all aflame—then the unmeaning ponderous mass of granite becomes a sublime and beautiful phenomenon, with an inexpressibly tender and sympathetic quality about it.

The marvellous, rather than the truly beautiful, preponderates in Western scenery, however, and in the neighbourhood of



Williams's Canon.

Manitou curious pillars, such as those in Monument Park, crop

out in every direction. A few miles away is Cheyenne Cañon, lying gloomily in the heart of the mountains, and Williams's Cañon, with its astounding rock formations. The latter is particularly well worth a visit, as any one may judge from our artist's picture. Solid masses of rock have yielded to the action of the elements, until they have been hollowed and broken into a vivid resemblance of some ruinous old castle. Bear Creek, rushing from the region of summer snows, and Ute Pass, locked between its walls of red granite—neither of these, nor the Garden

almost exactly between. The rocks here are composed of layers of black shale, fine sandstone, with bits of vegetable matter, and a thin seam of earthy lignite. Then come beds of whitish sandstone, with layers of limestone made up of indistinct fragments of fossil shells and snowy gypsum; next a series of white, yellow, and brick-red sandstones and loose laminated sands. Glancing through the opening between the cliffs, you obtain a fine view of Pike's Peak in its hoary magnificence, and the Garden itself abounds with curious and grand rocks, such as

the Tower of Babel, of which we give an engraving.

A short drive thence will bring you to Glen Eyrie, where more of these astonishing geological fantasies are seen; the most notable being the Organ, so called on account of its likeness to a church organ, and the Major Domo, which rises to a height of 120 feet, while at its base it is not more than 10 feet in diameter.

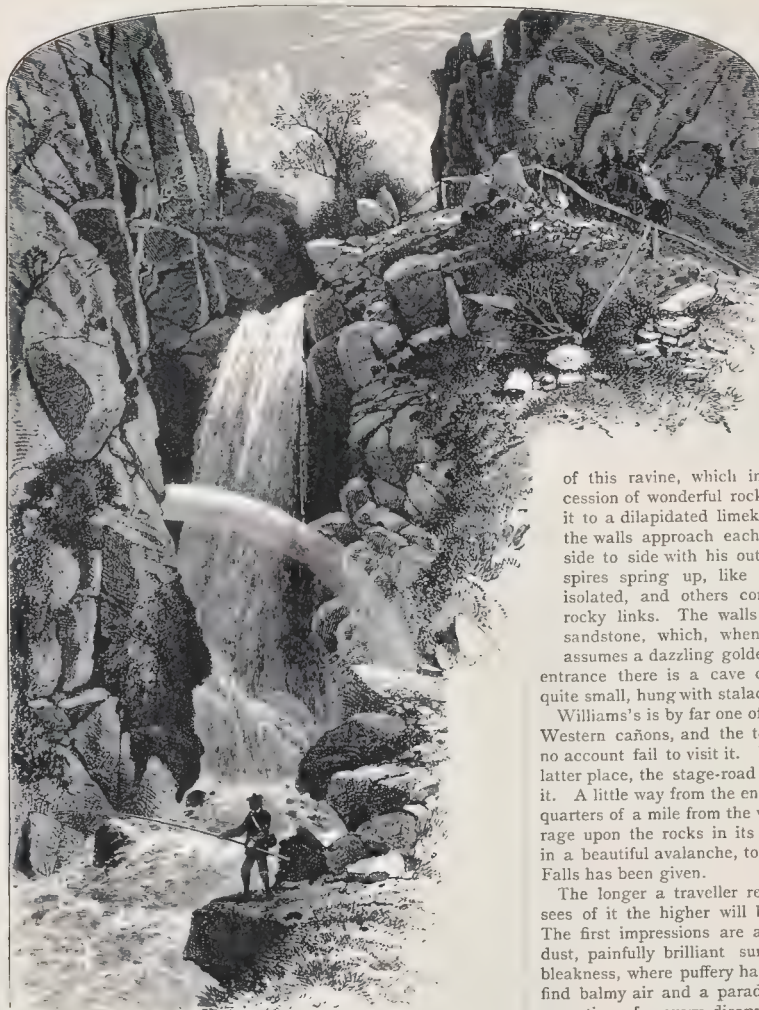
Continuing your walk or drive past the house of General Palmer, which is romantically situated at the end of the Glen, you will next reach the portals of a wild cañon, and thence returning to the Cliff House, at Manitou, you will be within easy distance of Williams's Cañon, to which allusion has already been made. No pen can do adequate justice to the beauties

of this ravine, which in its whole length presents a succession of wonderful rock formations. A road runs through it to a dilapidated limekiln, about half a mile above which the walls approach each other until a man can reach from side to side with his outstretched arms. Great towers and spires spring up, like sentinels, along its course—some isolated, and others connected by fissured and distorted rocky links. The walls of this cañon consist of a yellow sandstone, which, when lit up by the sun's direct rays, assumes a dazzling golden hue. About half a mile from the entrance there is a cave called the Mammoth, though it is quite small, hung with stalactites, and bristling with stalagmites.

Williams's is by far one of the most interesting of the smaller Western cañons, and the tourist who is at Manitou should on no account fail to visit it. Ute Pass is also accessible from the latter place, the stage-road to the South Park passing through it. A little way from the entrance to the pass, and about three-quarters of a mile from the village, the creek breaks in a white rage upon the rocks in its course, and suddenly falls sixty feet in a beautiful avalanche, to which the poetic name of Rainbow Falls has been given.

The longer a traveller remains in Colorado and the more he sees of it the higher will be his appreciation of the country. The first impressions are apt to be unfavourable, as he finds dust, painfully brilliant sunshine, scarcity of vegetation, and bleakness, where puffery had led him to expect that he would find balmy air and a paradise of flowers. But there are compensations for every disappointment, and in this case he will receive an equivalent that will make a summer visit to Colorado a memorable pleasure if a genuine sympathy with Nature has induced him undertake it. The invalid may depend upon almost every comfort and convenience obtainable in an Eastern hotel of average excellence. There are good carriage roads, and livery stables well supplied with horses and vehicles.

The most direct and pleasant route from the East is by the Kansas Pacific Railway, which deposits its passengers in Denver, whence all the points of interest are easily approached. The other route is by the Union Pacific to Cheyenne, and thence south by the Denver Pacific.



Rainbow Falls, Ute Pass.

of the Gods, nor Glen Eyrie, nor the Rainbow Falls, should be neglected.

The Garden of the Gods is situated about half-way between Manitou and Colorado Springs, and is reached by a road which is remarkable for an enormous boulder standing at one side—standing, or rather balanced, on so fine a point that one marvels how it retains its position. The Gateway to the Garden is about a mile from this landmark, and is distinguished by two high precipitous cliffs, with a large detached tower standing

AUTOTYPE AND ITS RELATION TO ART.

FOR about ten years a process of photographic printing yclept "autotype," has been growing into notice, and asserting its right to occupy the field of Art Photography. It not only claims to have solved the problem of rendering the photographic image inalterable, but by the command of a wide range of monochromic effect, and of different surfaces for the reception of the picture, to have rendered practicable the reproduction of an artist's work in fac-simile. For example, an artist expresses his ideas in charcoal, in crayon, in sepia, or red chalk; the process is able to replicate his work, the same size, or larger, or smaller, employing the pigment of the original and the same kind of paper or foundation. The copy in such case may reasonably be believed to be as permanent as the original. A drawing or other artistic work reproduced by ordinary photographic means is palpably but a photograph: printed in autotype it will be so close a fac-simile of the original as not easily to be distinguished from it.

The autotype thus claims under favourable circumstances to reproduce the very body and soul of an artist's work—his touch and sentiment, with the actual pigment of his palette and the material he works upon. Effecting this by chemical means without the intervention of another hand, the process found a sponsor to name it Autotype.

A recent visit to the Autotype Fine Art Gallery in Rathbone Place, and a survey of the productions displayed on its walls, have increased the favourable impression received and recorded in this Journal when autotype first attracted the notice of artists and the public. Great progress has been made in the interval, a considerable industry has been created, many important works have been published by the Company, and our readers will be interested by a brief summary of the methods and the history of autotypy, which, among the various modern processes of permanent photography, aspires to be considered the most successful handmaid of Art.

The starting-point of all photographic pictures is the production of a negative in the camera. The negative becomes a matrix of endless prints. Most of our readers are familiar with a negative, and have noticed how the lights and shadows of the image on the glass are reversed; the high lights of the subject being represented by a dense deposit, while its shadows approach the condition of clear glass. It follows that light will be retarded in its passage through a negative exactly in proportion to the varying density of the image on its surface, and the art of photographic printing consists in providing that the transmitted light shall impinge on a surface sensitive to its impression. This has hitherto been effected by the use of a paper coated with a thin stratum of albumen and rendered sensitive to light by a salt of silver. Photographs so produced are, unhappily, liable to gradual spontaneous decay, and fade away to the pale ghosts of their former selves, and ultimately disappear.

Autotypy claims permanency for its *raison d'être*. The difference it imports into photographic printing consists principally in substituting for the fickle salts of silver some permanent pigment as the physical basis of the picture. This substitution not only supplants the evanescent by what is practically inalterable, but endows photographic Art with the wide range of monochromic effect. Photography in natural colours is still a dream, but autotypy is able to make some slight advance towards Art in this direction. The process is founded on the property of gelatine when combined with a bichromate salt to become insoluble in water after having been exposed to light. Paper is coated with a film of liquid gelatine containing finely ground colour and sufficient of the bichromate salt to insure chemical action. This sensitive tissue, kept from the light, is perfectly soluble in water; but if light acts upon it the whole condition is altered: the gelatine becomes insoluble, and firmly imprisons every particle of the colouring matter. It will now be under-

stood that if this sensitive tissue be placed under a negative and exposed to light, the chemical action exerted upon it will be in proportion to the density of the negative; where much light passes, the tissue will be deeply penetrated and much colour imprisoned; where the light is partially intercepted less colour will be fixed, and a latent picture will be formed in the tissue in exact gradation, and with the lights and shadows as in nature.

To make this latent picture visible, it is, in technical language, "developed" by the action of warm water, washing away such portions of the coloured gelatine film as have not been influenced by light. But effective development is only possible by an ingenious operation known as "transfer." The impact of light through the negative on the surface of the tissue has rendered that surface insoluble, and to achieve success the pictorial film must be attacked at the *back*, that is, at the surface resting on its paper support. The various methods of effecting this constitute an important part of the autotype patents.

The sensitive tissue which under the negative becomes fecundated by light is called the "temporary support," and the surface of this is made to adhere by pressure to the material on which the picture shall finally remain. This "permanent support" may be drawing-paper, canvas, panel, ivory, or, in fact, almost any material used by artists. The two adhering supports are immersed in warm water, which softens the gelatine, and allows the original paper or temporary support to be peeled off, and thus lays bare to the action of the water all the pigmented gelatine unaffected by the light. Under the solvent action of water the picture gradually appears and remains firmly adherent to its support. The lights and shades of this picture are built up by various degrees of thickness in the gelatine and pigment, representing exactly the gradations of density of the original negative and the consequent modifications of the action of light. The developed pictures, after being immersed in a solution of alum, washed in pure water, and hung up to dry, are trimmed and mounted in the usual way. Such photographic pictures consist of particles of pigment held together by an incredibly thin film of gelatine, rendered insoluble by chemical agency, and converted into a substance resembling parchment. All the elements of the picture are maintained to be of a nature to guarantee its permanency.

Autotypy has now been long enough in existence to afford material for some decision on this claim of permanency. It was in 1864 that Swan, of Newcastle, worked out the problem of "autotype transfer," and became the founder of this branch of photographic industry. In 1868 the Autotype Company was formed, and the patents for France acquired by M. Adolphe Braun, of Dornach (recently deceased), who, apprehending the great artistic value of the process, commenced that series of reproductions of the drawings of the great masters known in every capital of Europe, and which have done much to cultivate a taste for the masterpieces of classic art. The Autotype Company opened offices in the Haymarket, organized a factory at Brixton, commenced the reproduction of original drawings in the British Museum and at Oxford; published the "Liber Studiorum" of Turner, the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of such men as Beavis, Bida, Cruikshank, Hardy, Lehmann, Lucy, Poynter, Sant, Cave Thomas, Ward, and other contemporary artists. For a considerable period public appreciation of the effort was of the slightest; the process itself was found difficult and had to be perfected; purchasers of classic examples were a select few, and the invention, admittedly clever, was highly unprofitable. Luckily the company had the advantage to possess, in its leading director, a gentleman of great sagacity, ample means, and persevering courage, the head of a distinguished firm connected with Art materials. Believing that autotype had special merits of permanency, monochromic effect, artistic

expression—that it must become to a large extent the photography of the future—that gentleman determined that its mission should be fulfilled. A noble gallery was erected at 36, Rathbone Place, for the effective display of autotypic art; special ateliers, on a very extensive scale, were built at Ealing Dene for the manufacture of tissue and the production of pictures; a liberal outlay encountered to insure publicity; the first photographic ability secured; and all difficulties, financial and commercial, incident to a novel enterprise were grappled with vigorously.

In 1873, when the field of operations began to widen, the former chiefs of the staff became proprietors of the company, and have largely developed the capabilities of the process and the resources of their establishment, employing at the present time upwards of one hundred and fifty persons at their offices and works.

After this brief sketch it becomes necessary to measure the pretensions of autotype by an examination of the work done, to look at its productions with critical eyes, and estimate not only the advantages over ordinary photographs conferred by permanency, but the capacity to render more effectively than hitherto the inspiration of the artist. The inalterable character of sun pictures produced through the autotypic medium is a question that requires ages to settle to demonstration; but from a consideration of the means employed and the experience of a decade, there can be no doubt a decided advance has been made in the direction of stability.

The pigments employed being of known permanency, and the film of gelatine converted by the process into a substance lasting as vellum, as a matter of logic the combined results may be predicated to be as enduring as any records of the painter's genius. As a matter of fact, autotype prints have been submitted for eight or ten years to the influence of time without any impeachment of the claims made for them; and as the process revolutionises the older form of photographic printing, depreciates vested interests, and compels the learning of new methods, rivals can never have been wanting to proclaim defects of performance had such been manifest. The fading of silver prints is an evil so universally acknowledged that, at least till the advent of some still better process, the autotype may be welcomed as a boon.

It needs only a visit to the Company's gallery to perceive, at a glance that autotype has a special character and distinct expression. To persons acquainted only with silver prints, the Art productions of the Company would scarcely be supposed to be photographs at all. In some cases, notably in copies of charcoal or sepia drawings, one sees exact fac-similes of the originals. A series of some thirty studies by John Forbes Hardy, comprising views on the Rhine, in Switzerland, and at home, executed in charcoal, are reproduced with a fidelity that must be as grateful to the artist as advantageous to the public.

The same quality of verisimilitude attaches to the reproduction of engravings, whether in line or mezzotint. But the most important work achieved by the autotype (and mainly by the indefatigable exertions of A. Braun) has been the reproduction of studies by the great masters from the treasures of the Louvre, the Albertina Gallery, the collections at Florence, Bâle, &c. We have from these sources examples of the works of such men as Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Andrea del Sarto, Dürer, Holbein, and the giant workers whose names mark the history of Art, reproduced with such fidelity as to be scarcely distinguishable from the originals, and at prices bringing them within the range of humble incomes. A visit to the Exhibition of Drawings of the Old Masters at the Grosvenor Gallery, supplemented by an inspection of autotype reproductions of similar works, will afford material for estimating aright the capabilities of the process in this direction. As some of the originals now in the possession of Malcolm of Poltalloch and on view in Bond Street have been reproduced in autotype, comparisons can be specialised.

The first important venture in autotype was thus in the region of classic Art, but it is evident the process is gaining favour, and the field of its adoption extending.

We have given much space to this subject—space to which it is entitled—and must refrain from details as to its long list of admirable, useful, and instructive publications, single or in "sets." They are of great value to all Art learners and of great interest to all Art lovers. A collection of the works issued by the Autotype Company would be an Art treasure great in extent, and of immense worth as an Art instructor as to what is doing in the present and what has been done in the past.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.*

THE OLD AND DECEASED MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THIS, the Ninth Winter Exhibition of Works by the Old Masters and by Deceased Masters of the British School, is made up of two hundred and ninety-four paintings and three hundred and forty-four mezzotint engravings after Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough. The latter is a new feature in these Burlington House gatherings, and the council did wisely in introducing it. At the close of the last century and the beginning of this we had attained to great perfection in mezzotint, and those who practised the Art succeeded in giving to their plates a depth and richness of colour which has never been excelled, if, indeed, equalled since. The older engravers, moreover, possibly from their working in so soft a material as copper, instead of on the more stubborn surface of steel, were able to reproduce the characteristics and almost the very touch of the master they engraved. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, we welcome so splendid a collection of their engravings; and the hearty thanks of the public are unquestionably due to Mr. Samuel Addington, Mr. J. H. Anderdon, the Duke of Buccleuch, and the other contributors, whose prompt liberality

has enabled the council to fill two galleries with such rare impressions of the men and women who made history and fashion and literature and Art "when George the Third was king."

We need scarcely remind our readers that the engravers of these famous portraits included such men as Bartolozzi, J. Raphael Smith, S. W. Reynolds—the master of Samuel Cousins, R.A., who is still happily among us—the Watsons, John Jones, Valentine Green, and James McArdel. Galleries VI. and VII. are entirely occupied by their works, and any one at all familiar with the achievements, the gossip, and the scandal of the time, will find almost an endless interest in scanning the various faces of the actors.

Gallery No. I. is exclusively devoted to paintings of the principal representatives of the Norwich school; and here again the council have shown judgment and taste. "The Norwich Society of Artists," instituted in 1805, and mainly due to the exertions of the humbly-born but rarely gifted John Crome, whose plain, honest, intelligent face, as depicted for us in the beginning of the century by John Opie, R.A., adorns the centre of the room, was the first provincial association of the kind in England; and it is from the works of the creators of that institution that English landscape in its best phases has taken its entire character and tone. In making this remark, we are not at all oblivious of the brilliant path Turner made for

* Continued from page 66.

himself, when he departed from the quiet, modest track of his compeers and immediate predecessors. We are inclined to think that this departure amounted to a fatal aberration, and that he was truer to Nature when he stood by the canons so nobly illustrated by Crome and his companions. There are only two pictures by Turner in the present exhibition, viz. 'Walton Bridge' (131) and 'The Trout Stream' (134), both belonging to the Earl of Essex, and they hang in Gallery III. Were these works transferred to Gallery No. I. the visitor would walk up to them and say, What splendid examples of the Norwich school!

The works of the men, then, who may truly be said to have laid the foundation of English landscape Art will be found in Gallery No. I. Close observation of Nature just as they found her, and a faithful endeavour to reproduce her simplicity and breadth in arrangement of quantities and massing of light and shade, characterized the Norfolk artists. The broken foreground of a common, with an old cottage, a characteristic tree and pool, and a far-receding valley and meandering stream or distant woodland—a piece of sandy beach, or an old pier, with gleams of a grey sea and scudding craft, and clouds bright or black, as the case might be—were the materials ready to their hand, and of which they made transcripts that will be considered Art as long as the threads of the canvas whereon they are painted hang together. Yet, absurdly incredible though it may appear, not one of these men was thought good enough to receive in his lifetime the honours of the Academy!

Among the more prominent of Crome's works we would point to his 'Landscape' (17), showing a horse and cart proceeding through a wood, and his view 'On the Back River, Norwich' (20), with some clothes hung up to dry in a cottage garden, beyond the bank of the river; his 'Yarmouth Jetty' (28), with its grand, dark cumuli; and his 'Carrow Abbey, near Norwich' (27), whose grim impressiveness is but partly mitigated by the mantling ivy. These, as was the habit of the school, were all painted in a low key and with the most powerful arrangement of light and shade. But that Crome could vary his key and lift himself into lighter and gayer regions comes most palpably home to us in his 'Yarmouth Water Frolic' (44), which Callcott doubtless studied, in his 'Boulevard des Italiens' (18) and in his 'Fishmarket on the Beach of Boulogne' (14), both of which he painted in 1814, when, on the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, all the world rushed to Paris.

Then we have Crome's distinguished pupil, James Stark, whose precise touch in foliage and correct observation of Nature may be studied to advantage in his view 'On the Yare, Thorpe' (11), in his 'Landscape and Cattle' (31), and in landscapes 33 and 35. How the men of the Norwich school could treat sea subjects will be seen in Joseph Stannard's 'Yarmouth Sands' (55), John Sell Cotman's Turneresque 'Sea Piece' (43), and especially his 'Sea View' (25), with a boat making towards the coast under a lively press of sail. Hook himself could not have placed her more naturally in the water. Besides these there are several important examples of George Vincent, not nearly so well known as he deserves. See his 'Early Morning on the Thames' (53), his 'On the Yare' (6), and his 'Spearing of Salmon' in a Highland stream (22). Altogether Gallery No. I. is full of interest and instruction to those who care to look into what constitutes the real foundation of English landscape Art.

In Gallery No. II. we find the Norwich influence, at all events the Norwich way of looking at things, in Constable's 'Malvern Hall, Warwickshire' (61), and in Nasmyth's 'Landscape and Cottages, Kent' (69); and if we would go to the unquestionable sources whence Crome and his brethren drew their inspiration it will be found in such works as Jacob Ruysdael's 'Cornfield' (84), his 'Landscape' (90), and in Hobbema's 'Landscape and Figures' (86). There will be found several other interesting examples of the genius of the Low Countries in this room, such as Frank Hals, Vander Heyden and Vander-velde, Terburg, Teniers, and De Vadder.

The place of honour is very worthily filled by Sir Joshua's magnificent portrait of 'Lady Cockburn with her three Elder Sons' (89). Sir James Cockburn was so displeased with the plate of this picture, done by Charles Wilkin, that he forbade

him to publish it; but the engraver was not to be baffled, so he changed the name, and called it 'Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi.' There are several other excellent portraits by the President in this room, as well as a remarkably fine example of Sir Henry Raeburn in the portrait of 'Mrs. Malcolm' (62). Benjamin West, George Morland, Gainsborough, George Romney, John Jackson, Thomas Stothard, William Dyce, James Holland, Gilbert Newton, and Sir David Wilkie ('Letter of Introduction') are all present, though not in very overpowering force. The 'Equestrian Portrait of the Duke of Alva' (82) is a very spirited picture of the school of Rubens, but we should doubt whether the work is his, unless the Earl of Portarlington possesses a trustworthy pedigree of the picture. The portrait is certainly *not* that of the Duke of Alva. Rembrandt's portrait of himself at the age of twenty-eight, belonging to the same nobleman, is remarkable for its fine flesh tone; and the 'Portrait of a Man' (102), also by Rembrandt, looks as if it had been knocked off at a sitting, so unhesitating and masterly is the handling. Canaletti's 'View of Whitehall' (73), belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, and his 'View on the Thames' (234 and 244), both belonging to Her Majesty the Queen, are three of the most interesting and artistic bits of London topography the accomplished artist ever put upon canvas.

Were we not assured in the catalogue that the Portrait, in Gallery No. III., of 'W. Grant, Esq., of Engalton, skating in St. James's Park' (128), is by Thomas Gainsborough, we should have unhesitatingly attributed it to Sir Henry Raeburn. A more graceful and manly figure was surely never painted by an English artist, and if Gainsborough was that artist this is unquestionably his master-piece. See also the portrait of a 'Spanish Gentleman'—not an Alcade as stated (130), by Velasquez; 'Portrait of a Young Man' (140), very much rubbed, by Titian; 'The Marriage of St. Catherine' (141), by the same artist, or, at all events, by some one of his disciples; and a very fine Paul Veronese, representing a 'Lady kneeling at an Altar' (142). The magnificent Vandykes, 143, 145, 147, 153, 158 and 166, will attract the admiration of the visitor. He will do well also to look at the Duke of Buccleuch's two fine Pourbuses (152 and 160). In this room will also be found Rubens' grand but rather repulsive picture of 'The Daughter of Herodias' (168), flanked by the two replicas of Rembrandt's famous 'Jewish Rabbi' (167 and 169), the first belonging to Viscount Powerscourt and the second to the Duke of Devonshire. Which is the original experts will be unable to say; the better flesh colour and the more masterly touch belong most assuredly to the duke's picture. A little farther on will be found the Artist's Portrait by himself (171), and a sad, moral wreck of a face it is. 'Rembrandt's Mill' (172) hangs next to it, and Titian's 'Sophonisba' (174) nobly closes this part of the exhibition, if it is a Titian. The arms and hands are most wooden and inexpressive, and as nothing when compared with the modelling of Rubens' copy (242). It could never have been made from 174, for the arrangements of the pearls, the ear-drops, and the rings is different, and Rubens' lady has a bracelet on one of the arms, and no green curtain behind her—not to mention several other important discrepancies.

Gallery No. IV. is devoted to Pre-Raphaelite works by such men as Ugolino da Siena, Filippo Lippi, and others, the most important of the whole being Giotto's wonderful composition of the 'Death of the Virgin' (197). Considering the conventional way of treating the eyes, it is astonishing what variety he has been able to introduce into the various faces of the personages surrounding the Virgin. We would call attention to the 'Portrait of a Youth' (221) by Leonardo da Vinci, and to a splendid 'Triptych' (223), attributed to Vander Goes or Hans Memling.

Gallery V., the Octagon, and Vestibule are filled by artists some British some foreign, and include portraits, landscapes, and figure subjects, many of which are of the highest merit, but which lack of space prevents our particularising. We have said enough to show that there is no falling off in these winter gatherings at Burlington House, and that the present one has features peculiar to itself and more than ordinarily interesting.

HAN SEBALD BEHAM'S COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

THERE are several societies in London for encouraging the Fine Arts, but for real, honest, unostentatious work in this direction the Burlington Club distances all competitors. Its members are all men of culture and earnest in their desire to extend a knowledge of Art matters to their brethren; and many of them being collectors and connoisseurs of renown, their well-lighted gallery is seldom without something to attract the attention of the genuine Art lover. The present gathering consists of several hundred engravings on wood and copper, by John Sebald Beham, a German artist, whose works belong to the first half of the sixteenth century. By collectors he is classed among the *little masters*; but apart from the limited scale of his plates, his correctness, his composition, and variety would entitle him to the appellation of *great*. While possessing much of the Gothic quaintness and power of his illustrious townsman, Albert Dürer, he shows also an affinity to the best Italian masters, and often in his drawing and arrangement we are reminded of Titian, and, in the set of a head, of Correggio. This Italian feeling shows itself even in his decorative borders, and although he may never have followed in person his elder brother to Italy, the works here exhibited plainly enough show that his heart went with him. The commercial intercourse between the great industrial centres of Germany and Italy afforded ample opportunity for the importations of the Art-products of the South, and of these, there can be no doubt, the younger Beham amply availed himself. In choice of subject he follows the bent of the time; and, in addition to Scriptural themes, he draws largely on classic mythology, and treats the latter with unconscious freedom and the former with unconscious quaintness; but never in either case forgetting truth of nature or loyalty to the Art sense. The collection, in short, is one of great interest, both archæologically and artistically, and the Burlington Club deserves our hearty thanks for bringing it together. The gentlemen to whom we are more immediately indebted are Mr. W. Mitchell, who sends over a dozen examples of the master; Mr. W. Bell Scott, who contributes about thirty; Mr. R. Fisher who owns nearly eighty; and the Rev. W. J. Loftie, from whose ample Art stores come as many as two hundred. We are glad to be able to announce that, as we write, the committee are actively engaged getting together a collection of the works of that most accomplished landscape painter, J. S. Raven, so lost to Art.

THE GUARDI GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THIS collection is limited to a hundred pictures of the continental schools; but they have been selected by Mr. Martin Colnaghi, a gentleman of large culture and experience and a member of a family in whose judgment the Art-patrons of this country have for generations placed implicit confidence. Flemish, French, Spanish, and Italian masters of recognised position are here in most attractive guise, and ample opportunity is afforded the connoisseur of inspecting the peculiarities and familiarising himself with the beauties of each in detail. At the far end hangs the largest and most important winter piece, by L. Munthe, ever seen in this country. It is the famous 'Frozen River' (31) picture, which was exhibited at the Vienna International Exhibition. It is getting towards the close of day, and far away on the low level distance a streak of pale yellow gives almost a gloaming-like effect to the wide-spread level of ice, whose desolation is not only neutralised but made to teem with quaint life by the presence of irrepressible boys and of sundry fearless crows, who show rather an affection for their lively neighbourhood. Seen from the far end of the gallery the picture is almost mocking in its show of reality. Then, in purely figure subjects, there is a most pleasing example of Bischoff in the 'Sacristan's Daughter' (11), whom we see polishing some silver tankards at an old-fashioned table, while her face is reflected in a looking-glass. Pierre Billet, the French artist, sends a no less delightful picture (8) of two French girls catching eels on the sands, while Roybert is represented by his famous 'Amateurs de Gravures' (14). R. Madrazo is represented by a very brilliant picture, painted expressly for Mr. Colnaghi, called 'Le Retour du Bal' (16), showing a young girl leaning pensively against the curtained wall of her room, with her outward adornments and disguises thrown carelessly aside. What, however, gives special interest to this gallery is the work of Domingo, a Spanish artist, whom Mr. Colnaghi was the first to introduce to this country. He works on a similar scale to that of Meissonier, and has all his breadth and in some instances more than all his subtlety. His 'Au Desespoir' (101), a cavalier in pale green dress, reading a letter which brings him sad news, is one of the most perfect bits of miniature we ever saw. His sword and plumed hat lie negligently on a chair, and we see his solacing violin on the table, foreshortened with the most consummate art. There are eight or nine other examples of this master, but none of them equal to this in finish, breadth, and power.

SHAKSPEARE.

Engraved by E. STODART from the Statue by JOHN Q. ADAMS WARD.

AMERICA claims, and rightly too, a share in the honour derived from the men of genius to whom the mother country has given birth and an inheritance common with ourselves in whatever may have been the result of the labours of those who wrote or spoke in a language which is the property of both nations. The men who struggled and fought against us for independence towards the close of the last century are proud in the feeling that they are descendants of those who conquered at Crecy and Agincourt; and in spite of their republican principles they are by no means disposed to reject kinship with courtiers of Queen Elizabeth. The names of the poets, philosophers, and divines who shed glory on her reign—Leicester and Essex, Howard Seymour and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakspeare and Bacon—are honoured and cherished in the United States no less sincerely than in England itself. We have fresh evidence of this in the shape of a characteristic statue of Shakspeare, lately executed by Mr. John Quincy A. Ward, President, since 1874, of the National Academy of Design, New York—the chief Art institution in the United States. Mr. Ward was born in Urbana, Ohio, and after studying medicine

for some time, entered the studio of the sculptor, H. K. Brown, in 1850, where he remained six years. He was for two years afterwards in Washington, where he executed numerous portrait busts, and, in 1861, removed to New York. In 1864 he completed his model of 'The Indian Hunter,' which, cast in bronze, now stands in the Central Park, New York. Two other statues by Mr. Ward, 'A Private of the Seventh Regiment' and 'Shakspeare' (the original of our engraving), also adorn that noble park. Mr. Ward is the author of 'The Good Samaritan,' a statue of Commodore Barry, 'The Freedman,' and of many bas-reliefs, groups, &c.

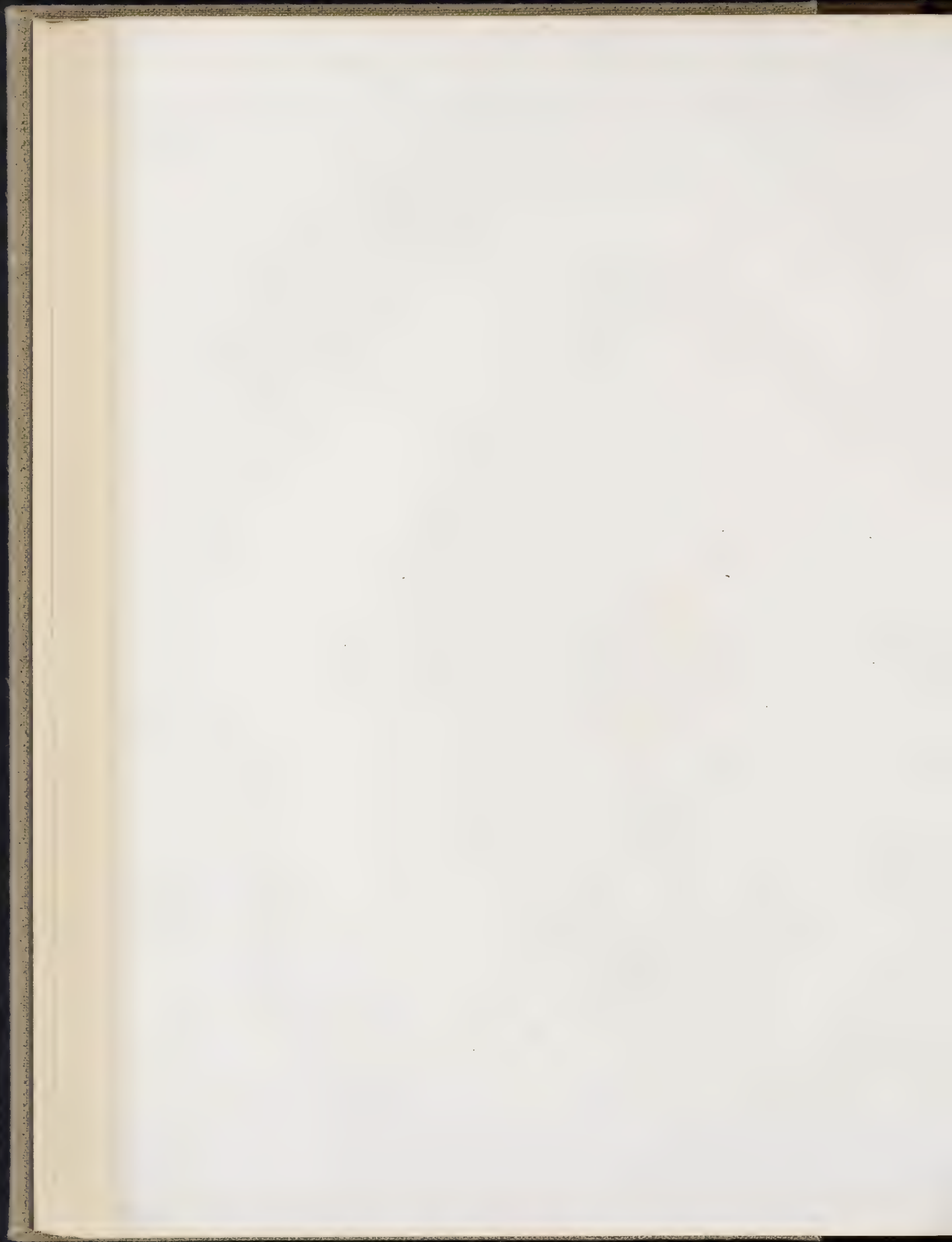
The statue of Shakspeare occupies a prominent position at the head of the Mall in the Central Park. It is of heroic size, and stands on a granite pedestal; the whole being a tribute to the genius of the great dramatist from a number of his admirers in New York. The sculptor has succeeded in making a striking figure of the poet, and an unmistakable likeness, according to what we know of his personal appearance from such Art works and other records (unhappily few and unsatisfactory) as have been handed down to us.





J. H. P. 1611

Engraving of a standing male figure, likely a historical figure, wearing a doublet and breeches, holding a small object in his right hand, standing on a pedestal.



ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

CAMBRIDGE.—The full-length marble statue of the late Prince Consort, lately erected in the entrance hall of the Fitzwilliam Museum, was commissioned by the University of Cambridge soon after the death of his Royal Highness, as a memorial to its late Chancellor. Three sides of the pedestal on which it stands are enriched by bas-reliefs representing Science, Literature, and Art, and on the fourth is the inscription. The figure is habited in the official robes of the Chancellor, and the right arm is extended as if the Prince were in the act of addressing an audience. The head conveys a sense of intellectual character, power, and refinement, and there is about the lines of the drapery and the whole figure an air of dignity and grace.

EDINBURGH.—The late James Drummond, R.S.A., left behind him a large number of sketches, in pencil, of Old Edinburgh, which are valuable both artistically and historically. We hear they are to be reproduced in some form for publication, and will, it may be assumed, make a handsome volume.—On the 11th of February Mr. W. E. Lockhart, A.R.S.A., was elected Academician in the place of Mr. Drummond.

GLASGOW.—A meeting of artists was held here in the month of January, with the object of considering a project for the formation of a Society of Water-Colour Painters, similar to those existing in London. Mr. F. Powell, a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, presided at the meeting, the result of which was the appointment of a committee to carry out the resolutions agreed to.

STAMFORD.—Miss Matkin, of Stamford, has recently executed two water-colour drawings of a portion of the interior of the Mortuary Chapel of the Burghley family in St. Martin's Church, the principal feature being the tomb of the Lord Treasurer Burghley, which is composed of alabaster and variegated marbles. Both drawings have been purchased by descendants of the great statesman, one being in the possession of the Marquis of Exeter, the other in that of the Marquis of Salisbury.

WE have received accounts of meetings of several schools of Art for the annual distribution of prizes, but can find no room for any statement of particulars. Among these schools are those of Cork, Nottingham, Rotherham, and Wolverhampton.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

CALCUTTA.—Mr. Marshall Wood's statue of the Queen, the gift of the Maharajah of Burdwan, was unveiled in this city on New Year's Day. It is of white marble, and the figure is of heroic size.

ST. PETERSBURG.—On the occasion of the "Alexander Centenary," commemorated at the close of last year, an exhibition of pictures, twenty-six in number, was held in the Riding School of this city. They illustrated leading incidents in the life of the Emperor Alexander I. from his boyhood to his death. The first picture shows the Empress Catherine II., his grandmother, who superintended his education, teaching the boy to write a copy; the last picture is the 'Death of the Emperor at Taganrog,' on the 1st of December, 1825. We have been unable to ascertain by whom the pictures were painted. Among them are some battle-scenes at which Alexander was present, as at Culm, Leipsic, and La Fere Champenoise.

ST. ROMAIN.—It is stated that in the course of researches lately carried on in this French town, the remains of a splendid Roman villa have been brought to light. Among these, many coins of the reigns of Adrian and Constantine were found. The architectural relics presented numerous columns, marbles of different colours, walls painted in fresco, several chambers and larger

halls, and a splendid mosaic, eighty metres long, with proportionate breadth. In close proximity to this villa humble structures arise, wherein no doubt the slaves were accommodated. Although it is probable that sixteen centuries have elapsed since these ruins have been wrapped in darkness, the portions and fragments of various kinds of work that remain are in a wonderful state of preservation.

SYDNEY.—Arrangements are being made for the holding of an International Exhibition at Sydney in 1879, under the auspices of the Agricultural Society of New South Wales. Sir John Robertson, the Premier, has expressed his approval of the scheme, and has consented to assist the Society's efforts. It is anticipated that many of the articles shown at the coming Paris Exhibition will be transhipped to Sydney.—Mr. T. Woolner, R.A., is, we believe, at work on a colossal model statue of the circumnavigator, Captain Cook, to be cast in bronze, and erected on a lofty pedestal on a site overlooking the whole Bay of Sydney, where it will be visible as far as Port Jackson Heads. The statue shows Cook in the naval uniform of the middle of the last century, or, to speak more exactly, that worn in the early years of the reign of George III. The right hand of the great sea captain is uplifted.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Mr. Charles Lock Eastlake has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Wornum as Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery. Mr. Eastlake is an architect of good reputation, and has published an excellent little work on Furniture, Upholstery, &c.; but these seem to be scarcely the qualifications essential to the fitting discharge of the responsible duties attached to the post of Keeper of our national picture gallery, who, though second in command, so to speak, under a

Director, is assumed to have a thorough acquaintance, both with pictures and painters, practically as well as theoretically. Mr. Eastlake, as nephew of the late Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., the former Director of the National Gallery, may possess this knowledge, but that remains to be seen.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The following particulars relating to the removal of the Society of British Artists from Suffolk Street to their new galleries in Conduit Street may

be of interest to our readers. As the lease of the exhibition rooms in Suffolk Street would shortly expire (viz. in June of this year), it became a matter of grave consideration for the society whether to seek for its renewal or to take the opportunity of removing to a better locality. The *cul-de-sac* in which the galleries are situated, the imperfect lighting of the rooms, which are adapted only for a summer exhibition, as well as the almost endless wall space to be filled, rendering a really select collection of works almost impossible—everything seemed to indicate that a migration would be desirable; and the recent addition to the society of a strong body of young artists made the change practicable. On the other hand were to be set the advantages of the old galleries having become well known to the public as the domicile of the society for half a century. The crown lease (of which about forty-five years remained) belonged to Messrs. Hurlstone, sons of the late president, and was advertised for sale by auction. The society was financially in a position to purchase, and determined, under the advice of Messrs. Farebrother, who valued the premises for them, to bid to the limit of their valuation, but to go no further. The galleries were eventually knocked down to Messrs. King & Co., bankers, for £12,200, and are, we believe, to be used for banking purposes. Several offers were then made to the society; of these the galleries of the Architectural Union, in Conduit Street, appeared to meet every requirement as to space, lighting, and situation, and they were accordingly selected. The new galleries will open in the spring of this year with the fifty-fifth annual exhibition. Although the space will be much more limited, it will still be open to all artists, whether members or not, to contribute. To enable themselves to do this justice to non-members, the members have resolved to restrict the number of works that any one painter may exhibit. This is another liberal movement on the part of the society, which has recently been both energetic and generous in its management. We hope it will win the success it deserves by maintaining in an honourable position an institution that has done good service to Art during a period of more than half a century.

THE SOANE MUSEUM.—Mr. F. P. Cockerell, the architect, has been elected trustee of this institution in the room of the late Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The Council of this society, "after grave consideration of the claims of many gentlemen of great merit," has resolved to recommend Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, one of the newly-elected Associates of the Royal Academy, as the recipient of the Royal Gold Medal for the current year.

MESSRS. HOWELL AND JAMES announce a third annual exhibition of paintings on china by artists and amateurs; and prizes will be again awarded by the adjudication of E. W. Cooke, R.A., and Frederick Goodall, R.A. It will open on the 11th of May, so that ample time is given for competition. There is no doubt that much good service to Art has been accomplished by these exhibitions; they are conducted on a just basis, and probably have done much to stimulate those who seek creditable and profitable occupation in a way peculiarly suitable to ladies desiring employment that may be pursued at home.

THE DIPLOMA PICTURES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—At last the Royal Academy have got together their diploma pictures and have arranged them in the galleries at the top of Burlington House. We are sorry to see that these galleries are so limited in space that D'Oggione's copy of Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' which constitutes the Academy's most valuable possession, and the noble cartoon of the 'Meeting of Blucher and Wellington,' which its author, the late Daniel Maclise, presented to the Academy, cannot be adequately seen by the visitor. The diploma pictures are about a hundred and thirty in number, the engravings and architectural drawings about a tenth, and the sculpture little more than half, the latter figure. The collection is especially interesting so far, that it enables one to judge of the spirit in which the honour of R.A. was received, and of the importance attached to it. Mr. F. Leighton, with his 'St. Jerome,' Etty,

with his 'Sleeping Nymphs and Satyrs,' one of his finest works; Hilton, with his 'Rape of Ganymede'; Mr. Armitage, with his 'Esther'; Messrs. Pettie, Poole, Wells, Calderon, Constable, Lewis, Watts, Turner, Gilbert, Millais, and Sir Joshua, all thought evidently that Alma Mater deserved their very best. Sir David Wilkie, Sir Henry Raeburn, and W. Dyce, on the other hand—all Scotch too—evidently thought the less expense and trouble incurred the better. At the same time Sir David's 'Digging for Rats,' though a small picture, is full of character and artistic excellence. Messrs. Elmore, Phillip, Frith, Horsley, and all that school appear to have struck the happy medium both as to size and quality of their diploma works. In Art quality and sentiment, indeed, Phillip's 'Prayer' is as fine as anything he ever painted. The most supercilious recognition of the honour conferred is that given by Mr. Woolner, in his very small relief of 'Achilles and Pallas,' which, alongside Flaxman's glorious 'Apollo and Marpessa,' 'The Falling Titan' of Banks, or 'The Younger Brother' of Foley, looks an insignificant scratch. Messrs. S. Hart and Charles Landseer come out well in this exhibition, but Mr. J. C. Hook sends a most inadequate specimen of what he can do. Mr. Richmond's 'Bishop of Oxford' is very good, and Messrs. Cooke, Stanfield, and Constable are all well represented—the latter supremely so. Among engravers we have the 'Raising of Lazarus,' by Mr. G. T. Doo, after Del Piombo; Mr. J. H. Robinson's 'Napoleon and Pius VII.,' after Wilkie; Mr. Lumb Stock's 'Claude Duval,' after Frith, and Mr. S. Cousin's 'The Queen receiving the Sacrament at her Coronation,' after C. R. Leslie. Turner's diploma work is in his first manner, and no doubt the intelligent visitor will find many other works of note besides those few we have been able to indicate.

WORKS OF THE LATE JOHN S. RAVEN.—With that desire to promote the interests of Art which characterizes all the proceedings of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the Council has followed up the exhibition of the engravings of Hans Sebald Beham with one of the paintings and cartoons of John Samuel Raven, the distinguished landscape painter who was so lately among us. These consist of forty-eight oil pictures and half-a-dozen cartoons. Mr. Raven has based his practice upon those sound English principles which have made the works of Crome and Constable landmarks in the history of landscape painting. We see this exemplified in 'A Study from Nature' (10), exhibited at the Royal Academy so far back as 1852, and in 'A Sussex Mill' (16), painted in 1860; the sky of the latter might have been from the hand of Constable himself. As time advanced, however, the individuality of the artist asserted itself, and he was able to see the poetic side of Nature, and to realise it on the canvas in such a way as never occurred to any of his predecessors, with the exception of Turner. 'The Shadow of Snowdon' (19), exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1867, is a beautiful illustration of this seizing on the exceptional phases of Nature. The valleys are full of warm mist, and the contour of the mountain beyond rises before us in golden grandeur. This feeling for Alpine effect was fondly cherished by the artist, and we find him a few years later, viz. in 1872, exhibiting at the Royal Academy 'Fresh Fallen Snow on the Matterhorn' (15). As further illustrations of what may be called his emotional mood, we would point to 'Midsummer Moonlight' (1), with dew rising over tree-shadowed water, and to 'Lord's Seat, from the Slopes of Skiddaw' (23), with a rocky foreground, dark wood to right, and purple precipitous hills beyond. How rich he could be in colour and transparent in shadow comes out very pleasingly in 'The Philosopher's Stone' (37), with its beech-environed glade; and how dainty he could be at times in his choice of spot may be seen in his charming 'View on the Tay' (38), with the Highlander seated on the pebbly shore, with two silvery salmon at his feet and the coble drawn halfway out of the water. But Mr. Raven by no means confined himself either to the sweet or the sublime in Nature. He could be as faithful and loyal to what was before him as any one. See how simply and how truly he treats 'Aspens in Spring Bud' (7), with sheep on the common round an empty waggon, and the shepherd and his dog resting

by the furze bushes beneath a bright clear sky. Nor was the artist destitute of humour. 'The Rooks' Parliament' (12) shows a flock of these sable gentry on some newly-ploughed land, which is backed by growing corn and bounded by a wooded hill. The various attitudes of the birds are depicted simply and without extravagance, and we look on the scene with the same interest that we would on nature. Mr. Raven was the son of the Rev. Thomas Raven, of Trinity Church, Preston, and was born on August 21, 1829. His genius for Art he inherited from his father, but no one would ever dream, in looking at the works we have described, that he was almost self-educated, and never studied under any professional artist. His sudden death last year, at Harlech, we reported at the time.

MR. RUSKIN'S COLLECTION OF TURNER DRAWINGS.—By the time this number reaches our readers, Mr. Ruskin's collection of Turner drawings, numbering over a hundred, will be on view at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. This will form a very worthy sequel to the Exhibition of the Early English School of Water Colours at the Grosvenor Gallery. The interest of the collection will be further enhanced by the explanatory pamphlet upon which Mr. Ruskin is engaged. The net proceeds are to be devoted to objects named by Mr. Ruskin, probably the extension of the Sheffield Museum.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—As we pen this notice, the floor of the Consistory Chapel, St. Paul's, henceforth to be known as the Wellington Chapel, is being laid with square slabs of white marble. This may be regarded as the finishing touch, the closing act of a drama which has interested and agitated the public for nearly twenty years. The completing and erecting of Alfred Stevens's noble design was latterly intrusted to his able pupil, Mr. Hugh Stannus, who appears to have carried out his master's idea with the most religious regard to every detail. We need scarcely remind our readers that the Wellington Chapel is the first on the right, as one enters the great western door, or that the famous design is of white marble and bronze, treated after the manner of the Renaissance at its best period. The monument consists of the Podium, the Order, the Canopy, and the Attic. Beneath the canopy, which consists of an arch thrown across from the east to the west groups of columns, which are of the Corinthian order, rests a finely ornamented antique sarcophagus, and on the bier placed above it we see the recumbent effigy of the Duke. Above this is the attic, with remarkably rich baluster columns at the corners, and in the panels escutcheons with the armorial bearings of the Duke. The horse and rider which were to have been placed on the top of this attic, according to the original design, have been dispensed with, and, considering the limits of the place, we think very properly. Indeed the confined area of the chapel, the altitude of the figures, and the awkward angle at which they are struck by the light from the great window, all conspire to reduce these, the noblest elements of the composition, and which give this monument character and value above all other memorials of the dead erected in this country, to absolute chaos. The two famous groups to which we allude are at each end of the attic; that in the east representing 'Valour crushing Cowardice,' and which many of our readers will remember in the Royal Academy a couple of seasons back; and that in the west—a much less pleasing subject—typifying 'Truth tearing out the Tongue of Fraud.' But these noblest pieces of English sculpture are, for the reasons we have stated, lost to the public. They are more than sixteen feet from the floor, and one cannot get far enough away to see them properly. The chapel altogether is only fifty-five feet long by twenty-six broad, and forty-three feet in height to the vaulting. In each of the ends, which are both apsidal, are three panels, in relief, illustrating passages of scripture that are thought appropriate to the life of the hero. Mr. W. F. Woodington, A.R.A., has executed those at the west end, and Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., those at the east end of the Chapel. The construction of the monument is doubtless as solid as its design is stately; but we cannot help repeating our regret that those features which make its individuality glorious above all other British monuments are as good as lost to the public.

THE GOLDSMITHS' PRIZE OF £50, offered by the Company of Goldsmiths, was gained by Mr. Singer, jun., the son of Mr. John W. Singer, of Frome. The design was for a casket. We rejoice to know that the energy, enterprise, and great ability of the elder are inherited by the junior of the eminent firm of manufacturers of church "furnishing." The works were entirely created by Mr. Singer, and, with only one exception, the artisans were trained by him, entering his service and his ateliers as mere boys, and now aiding him in bringing out some of the finest Art-productions of the country. Hereafter it may be our pleasant duty to describe one of the most interesting establishments we have ever visited.

THE OWEN JONES PRIZES FOR DESIGNS.—The committee of the "Owen Jones Memorial Fund" has presented to the Council of the Society of Arts the sum of £400, being the balance of subscriptions to that fund, upon trust, to expend the interest thereof in prizes to "students of the schools of Art who in annual competition produce the best designs for household furniture, carpets, wall papers and hangings, damask chintzes, &c., regulated by the principles laid down by Owen Jones;" the prizes to "consist of a bound copy of Owen Jones's 'Principles of Design,' a bronze medal, and such sums of money as the fund admits of." The prizes will be awarded on the results of the annual competition of the Science and Art Department. Competing designs must be marked "In competition for the Owen Jones prizes." The first award will be made at the annual competition in 1878, when the accumulated interest available will amount to about £25.

THE ROYAL DANISH GALLERY, BOND STREET.—The two famous pictures painted by Dubufe for Charles X. of France, representing 'The Temptation' and 'The Expulsion of Adam and Eve' are now on show at the Danish Gallery. The directors of this gallery intend having them reproduced by M. John Ballin. Replicas of these works were executed for M. Gambart by M. Dubufe thirty years ago, and were exhibited all over the country. Engravings of these replicas may still be had of M. Gambart's successors, Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre; but that is no reason why the public should not be furnished with other engravings of the same subject by the Directors of the Danish Gallery.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY held its first meeting on the 29th of January, under the presidency of Mr. A. D. Fripp, in the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters. The pictures contributed by the "artists and amateurs" and their friends, were displayed on screens round the room, in front of the walls whereon were still hanging the works forming the winter exhibition of the Water-Colour Society. There were many interesting drawings and two or three oil pictures shown, but we certainly have seen in past seasons a more varied and a better collection. The next meeting was to take place on February the 26th, after we were at press. While referring to the Society of Water-Colour Painters, we may notice the death, in the early part of last month, of Mr. J. Thomas, who, as Keeper of the Gallery for many years, must have been well known to the habitual visitor.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.—The public journals of every kind have, it may be assumed, conveyed the intelligence of the death, on the 1st of February, of this veteran artist and true-hearted philanthropist to the remotest corner of the British empire into which such papers penetrate, while very many of them have borne ample testimony to the life-long labours of one whose hand and heart were from boyhood to old age (a period of nearly eighty years—he died at the age of eighty-six) occupied on some work or other calculated to benefit his fellow-creatures, either socially or morally, or both. The earlier sheets of this number were at press before the news of Cruikshank's decease reached us; we are therefore obliged to postpone giving our own personal recollections of this master of graphic satire. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, on the 9th of February, the funeral being attended by a large number of artists, literary men, and other admirers of the departed. The pall-bearers were Lord Houghton, Mr. C. Landseer, R.A., Mr. G. A. Sala, General McMurdo, Mr. Edwin S. Ellis, and Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

IT may not be rash to affirm, that the most interesting publication issued for a very considerable period, having reference to Fine Art, is the elaborate biographical notice of the great sculptor, David d'Angers, which has been prepared by M. Henry Jouin, and recently published by M. Plon & Co., of Paris.* The assured competence of the writer for his exacting task may be conceived from the one fact, that in connection with the ministry of the *Beaux Arts* M. Jouin has the responsibility of conducting the formation of that vast and unique national work, the *Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France*. The fund of Art information and practised critical faculty required for such an office is obvious: concentrated upon this lesser labour, it will be found by the reader enriching every page. The subject in hand merited such an introduction.

David d'Angers, who illustrated French sculpture during the first half of this century, was a man most singular for the contrasted phases of his career and for the various developments of his unequivocal genius. He was born in absolute poverty, in the town of Angers, his father, a toilworn wood-carver, scarce able to keep his family in the necessities of life. Nature implanted in his child's bosom a true seedling of taste, not for the shaping of wood, but for the sculpture and transfiguration of marble. Child, boy, and developed youth, David assisted his relentlessly rigid parent, and only in secret, encouraged by an artist friend, who noted the germinating capabilities, and a fond mother's acquiescence, mastered the process of modelling and moulding, and gained a general notion of the art at which he aimed.

At length the day of his deliverance arrived. He copied two female heads, after originals of Michael Angelo, and they appealed so strongly to the old man's convictions, that he withdrew his veto on his son's transit to Paris. But there were no available *centimes* in the domestic treasury to meet the expenses of the expedition. His artist friend was true to him, and tendered to him forty francs. These were to him like the wings of the wind, and David d'Angers, aged twenty years, found himself standing in the streets of Paris with nine francs of resource in his pocket. The world was all before him. It was the year 1808. Fortune seemed determined now to take him by the hand, in compensation for past severities. He sought for employment to meet his actual necessities, and was at once engaged as an humble assistant, in working, up to its completion, on the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. His emolument amounted to ten-pence a day, and thereon he laid the foundation of a fortune. Every spare moment of his day was devoted to study in the Louvre, and in little more than two years he won the Roman prize for an elaborate model. Thus began a career which, in about fifty years, established in wealth the first sculptor of France, and the impoverished young labourer of the Carrousel had become the guide and master of more than forty pupils.

Happily for David, he found Canova and Thorwaldsen in Italy, and became a favourite of the former. He studied his great profession with the spirit of a philosopher, and, where there was great antagonism, became an acknowledged leader. He was a sculptor in the widest application of the term, and produced masterpieces in purest Attic and in statues where modern costume obtained; witness the dignified elegance of President Jefferson, and the noble severity of Guvion de St. Cyr.

David d'Angers visited England twice—the last time when in the height of his fame. He was intimate with, and duly appreciated Flaxman, and looked with an interest seldom found in his countrymen upon the characteristics of the British school of painting. Much of his written opinions is preserved in these volumes, and indicate a mind of high elevation and judicial

grasp; as for his general qualities, they may be truly conceived from the numerous friends by whom he was warmly cherished. We regret that the especial plenitude of matter which controls us in these times prevents our introducing some specimens of the engravings which render M. Jouin's volumes so rich; but we trust, at some later period to make due amends.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON offers to its subscribers of the current year, in addition to the usual chance of acquiring a painting or some other valuable work of Art at the annual distribution of prizes, a print, very delicately engraved by Mr. A. Willmore, from the beautiful drawing by Mr. E. Duncan, representing 'The Return of the Lifeboat.' It is perhaps not so well adapted to make an effective engraving, on a scale of considerable size such as this, as some other marine subjects the society has formerly published—'Tilbury Fort,' 'Mount St. Michael,' 'Dutch Trawlers landing Fish,' &c., but simply because the composition is deficient in some prominent object or objects that would at once arrest attention and be expressive of power. Yet is there no absence of interest or of animation; groups of figures wait anxiously on the beach the return of the gallant boat, with its precious freight of human beings, as it makes its way through the surf, while the unfortunate ship is seen in the distance amid the troubled waters and beneath a black and sullen sky. The great claim of the print is the skilful manner in which the plate has been engraved; the play of light and shade on the broad sea and the lively action of the broken waves are telling points in Mr. Willmore's rendering of the subject. The scene lies off Whitby, whose ruined abbey walls are seen half shrouded by mist on the cliffs to the right.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS! The name is always suggestive; the story of his eventful life reads like a romance so many centuries after "the Discoverer" left the world he had so mightily enriched. The field has been fertile to historians and biographers, yet none the less do we welcome a very beautiful volume as the best that has yet issued from the press of Belfast.* It is in truth a volume *de luxe*; though published originally in France, it will find cordial welcome to a home in England, for the man of lofty soul is perhaps more appreciated here than he is in any other country of the world. The noble author of the life has done his work well, with persevering industry and with fervid enthusiasm. It is a full book, and does justice to a grand theme. The history of his life is given in happy language, from its beginning to its close; there is a graceful harmony in the style that absolutely entrances the reader, who cannot lay it down until the last page is reached; the facts are given so graphically that one almost sees the people and the places of whom and of which he reads. That the author has been greatly aided by the artist none will doubt who are familiar with the masterly pencil of M. Leopold Flameng. Both the woodcuts and the etchings are admirable, the latter especially so. Altogether the volume may be classed among the very best that have of late years issued from the press.

"ENTRE NOUS" is the title given to a beautifully printed and adorned volume of poems by the Marquis de Leuville, an Anglo-French gentleman of illustrious descent, who must have been long resident in England, for he writes the English tongue with as much facility as if he were "to the manner born." The poems are varied in length as well as in subject, and originality characterizes the book. The poetry is of the very highest order of power as well as grace. Many of his themes he found in his much loved Italy: they are often tender and touching, and always vigorous while refined. The writer has established his claim to prominent rank as one of the poets of the period.

* "David d'Angers: sa Vie, son Œuvre, ses Écrits, et ses Contemporains." Par M. Henry Jouin, Secrétaire de la Commission de l'Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France. Published by E. Plon & Co., Paris.

* "Christopher Columbus: the Discovery of the New World." From the French of M. le Marquis de Belloy. With Fifty-one Drawings on Wood and Six Etchings, by Leopold Flameng. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVI.



HE first port touched *en route* for the capital of Norway is Christiansand, snugly hidden in the extreme south of the district or "amt" of Sæterdalen—that land of eccentricity in costume and quaintness of habitation, of short waists and long trousers reaching to the shoulders, above which come the baby-looking jackets of no depth. With what zest does one strain for the first peep at the small seaport of a new land! What value is attached to the first symptom of costume, or even a new form of chimney! The steamer from Hull generally arrives on Sunday,

when Christiansand is looking its neatest. The white tower of the church, shining over the wooden houses of the town, the Norwegian smacks and shipping, all in repose; only the heavy compressed Noah's Ark kind of dumpy barges moving, together with a Customs' gig, with some official. As we looked

up at the church tower we could not but wonder if we should hear, during our short visit, the whistle of the "wakter"; for tradition says that, for the protection of the place, a watchman is always on the look-out, ready to give the alarm should a fire break out in the town, which, being built almost entirely of wood, would soon be reduced to a heap of ashes. But no! we heard no whistle from the watchman, not even a rehearsal. *On dit* that for three hundred years has the wakter looked out afar, and no whistling arousal has come forth from the tower. Christiansand has been mercifully preserved from fire, and long may it be so. Coming over in the steamer, a friend told me of a Norwegian he once met on board. He was a Christiansander. The Norseman was in great glee and high spirits, and having entered into conversation with my friend, soon proposed a "schaal" (a health). This achieved, the story of the Norseman's adventures began to run rapidly off the reel. Born at Christiansand, at the age of sixteen Lars became restless—wanted to see America, and make his own way. Lars's father and mother were then living, with one daughter, besides himself. She would take care of them whilst Lars started on a voyage of discovery on the battle-field of life; he therefore determined to go. So he left home, visited Chicago and California; but



Christiania.

when at San Francisco, hearing that at Yokohama, in Japan, there was an opening in the butter trade, he went there, founded a business, and made it pay. Afterwards Lars returned to San Francisco, engaged in an ale brewery, and was now on his

way back to his native place in search of a glass-bottle manufacturer to accompany him to San Francisco and make bottles for the ale brewed by the worthy Norseman, whose experience had shown him that "bottled ale" was the leading article to make the concern duly profitable. This is the yarn, though much abbreviated, he told my friend, and when they came

* Continued from page 79.

into the harbour poor Lars's anxiety was intense. He had telegraphed to say that he was coming, and expected some one to meet and welcome him. During his absence he had heard that his sister had married happily, and the son-in-law was very kind to his father. Soon Lars's mind was set at rest; a boat neared the steamer; in the stern-sheets sat an old man, a good fair-haired Norseman rowing him. The old man was Lars's father. Soon the old man was on deck, and looked round; but he did not see his boy. At last he spied him, and throwing his

arms round his son's neck, was fairly overcome with joy. Soon the old man recovered and began a good flow of Norse. At this juncture poor Lars felt how long he had been away; he could not remember his native language; it had fled, as from the Claimant; *Non mi ricordo* was the fact, and it was some time before they thought of getting down into the boat to land. More success we heartily wish to the good Lars; may his bottles be manufactured on the spot, and his good "øl" cheer the heart without muddling the brain.



A Timber Shoot.

When we entered Christiansand we looked out for a boat. Hans Luther Jordhoy had come down from Gudbramdalen to meet us; he came off and was soon on board; a closely knit frame, fair beard, moderate stature, and kindly eye, there our future companion stood before us, and our first impressions were not disturbed; he had very good points, and has afforded us many pleasing associations in connection with our days of travel in "Norge."

As we steamed out of the harbour of Christiansand, we met a small passenger coast steamer coming in. One of those innu-

merable small screw steamers which run in and out of every fjord from Cape Lindesnesk to the North Cape. Are their names not written in *Norge Communicationer*, the Norwegian steamer *Bradshaw*? The kindly national feeling towards the English was soon shown, for the brass band on board the excursion boat immediately struck up "God save the Queen." We quite regretted that we had no band to return the compliment, which we longed to do. The only thing left for us to do was to give a cheer, which was done heartily by those on board our vessel.

We are now started for a run to Christiania. Comparatively smooth water, a lovely evening, a prolonged *crepusculum*; and late in the evening a sweet little French song was sung, with the most delightful simplicity, by a lady on board; "Petites Fleurs des Bois" is indelibly impressed on the mind of the patriarch as a high moral influence. When it was afterwards known that we were indebted to an English bride for such a treat, as it really was, the bachelors whispered a "Happy bond of union;" but considered that Norwegian travelling was not

made on purpose for honeymooning. Take carriages, for instance, or the jolting of stolkjæ, where the bride would sometimes be thrown into the lap of the bridegroom, or *vice versa*. No; unless the bride knows all about Norwegian travels, manners, and customs, Norway will not prove the happy hunting grounds for honeymoons. The whole of the Christiania Fjord is grand, and it is immense. A decided flutter takes place on board when the town is in sight and preparations are made for disembarkation. Hans Luther, our *nouveau arrivé* at Christiansand, had by



A Market Cart.

this time made the personal acquaintance of our luggage, and went to the Custom House, whence we were soon sent for. Certain condiments and preserved provisions were unknown to the officials, one item especially, pea-soup in powder. We arrived, and suggested that the unusual product should be tasted. The official demurred at first, then yielded. At the moment of putting the powder to his lips, he unfortunately drew a long breath, which drew the dry powdered pea-soup down the wrong way; he ultimately recovered, and then, doubtless, made a vow never, never again to taste any foreign importation.

We were soon at the Victoria Hotel, with its quaint courtyard, the galleries running round, the pigeons excessively tame, hopping and perching on all sides; the reindeer head was nailed to the woodwork. During the tourist season a large marquee is erected in the centre of the courtyard for the tables d'hôte and extra meals. In the meantime we went to our rooms, longing to be out in a boat for a general view of the city. A few extras were required before starting in real earnest; amongst these were two rifle slings. These had to be made, and are referred to here because they caused us to become acquainted with the manners

of the place. The leather slings were well made, the price was most "tolky" and exorbitant. This led to remonstrance, upon which the saddler wrote a remarkable letter. It is a pity it has not been preserved verbatim; it was, however, to the effect that the saddler was happy to serve us well; but thinking we were English gentlemen, he thought we should wish to pay English prices; still, if we wished to pay Norwegian prices, it would be so much; and it was the "so much" which we did pay.

Christiania has a population of about seventy thousand, and owes its modern appearance to the destruction of the old town by fire; in the present day, the suburbs extend widely and all round; to the westward, villas reach almost to Oscar's Hall,

an object of interest distinctly seen from the town itself and from the fortress, and situated some four miles distant by land and half that distance by water. The Villa, with its high tower, is the property of the king, and is rich in the native talent of Tidemand, who was the national *genre* painter of his day. Magnificent views of the fjord, bay, and surrounding mountains seem to come at all points, high or low, whether from the fortress or from the Egeberg, or from the tower of the church in the Market Place, or, farther off, from Frogner Sæter and from Skoyomsaas; for this latter a long day should be taken.

The University, the Storthing, museums, and Mr. Bennett have already been so often described—still just one word.



Christiansand.

Every Englishman is received by Mr. Bennett, and at once his every wish is carried out. We only called to see him, and get some "smaa penge"; for if we had not, no one would have believed that we had been to Norway. Before the country was well opened, Mr. Bennett must have been of the greatest service, to first comers especially.

During our very short stay we had an excellent opportunity of judging of the character of the people, when collected in masses and great crowds. There was to be a great procession of guilds and all kinds of things up to the New Palace. This we attended, and very gratified we were to find how orderly the good folk were; how quiet, and yet what a sense of comfortable

enjoyment, if that term may be used; no excitement, but a cheerful interest in all that was going on; no crushing, no rush of roughs. If this were the case in the large towns, we considered that it omened well for the provinces. Between Christiania and Kongsberg, passing Drammen, much timber is seen wending its way down to the fjord. An instance of a "timber jam" after a shoot is given in one of the illustrations. Sometimes trees are torn away at flood time. The regular timber is duly marked and started, and, at certain periods of the year, persons follow the course of the river for the purpose of releasing the "jams" and helping the timber on its way down to Drammen, where it is shipped for all parts of the world.

PHILOSOPHY AND ART.

D. HUNTINGTON, Painter.

W. RIDGWAY, Engraver.

THIS picture is the work of an American painter, who, after studying during his youth at Hamilton College, began work as an artist, availing himself of the instructions of Professor Morse and the privileges of the National Academy, New York. In his earlier career he was satisfied with painting pictures of *genre*, and chiefly of a humorous kind; as his nature deepened from experience he sought in landscape a wider sphere, and found subjects for his pencil in the scenery of his native State, and particularly in the vicinity of the Hudson. But with much religious feeling, and a strong tendency towards Episcopacy, Huntington finally dedicated his talents to Christian Art, as evidenced in his pictures of 'Early Christian Prisoners,' 'Christiana and her Children escaping from the Valley of the Shadow of Death,' 'The Woman of Samaria at the Well,' 'The Com-

munion of the Sick,' 'The Dream of Mary,' from Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other pictures of a later date. In 1862 he was elected President of the New York Academy.

The work engraved here shows a young female exhibiting a painting of the 'Holy Family' to a venerable and learned man engaged at the time in searching a volume the pages of which are headed "Science" and "Mechanics," the latter having geometrical figures on it. The girl, of well-developed form and of expressive features, appears to be asking the old man's opinion of the work while expatiating on its beauties, but he looks somewhat indifferently upon it, his thoughts evidently preoccupied by his studies, for he does not even take his fingers from the pages of the book. It is a most attractive composition, showing the mind as well as the hand of a careful and accomplished artist.





A MEMOIR OF THE SCULPTOR MARGARET F. FOLEY.

[MISS MARGARET HOWITT has furnished us, at our request, with this memoir of her beloved friend, the sculptor, Margaret Foley. It is a sad yet happy duty to append to it a poem written by the venerable author, William Howitt, now in his eighty-sixth year. It has much of the sparkle, vigour, piety, and holy benevolence, of the good man in his prime.]

MARGARET FOLEY was the eldest child of an Irish gentleman of honourable and ancient descent, and of his wife, Sarah Bradstreet, a lady of a sweet and saintly character, belonging to an old Puritan family. From infancy she was singularly attractive and lovable, for whilst fair in form and highly gifted in mind, she united in her nature the wit and geniality of the Celt with the firmness and depth of the Puritan. Shortly after Margaret's birth, Mr. Foley removed from the United States to Montreal, where she enjoyed a good and careful training. This, however, was interrupted by a sudden return to the States and the subsequent death of her mother; causing her while still a child to take upon her willing shoulders the cares and responsibilities of womanhood. She had, however, the gift of making friends. She was helped and encouraged on all hands, and after continuing her education for about the space of two years, was elected by the school board of Vergennes, in Vermont, to the honourable but onerous post of public schoolmistress. The discipline of the school had become very lax, the children played truant, and were wild and unruly. Thus more than ordinary difficulties awaited her; nevertheless she set to her duties in good earnest, and speedily surprised and delighted parents and guardians by the change which her intelligence and decision wrought. No child could resist her marvellous sympathy and geniality; she won all their hearts, and youths and maidens, her seniors, bent submissively to the sway of her firm but delightful teacher.

It was during these days of public tuition that her latent genius as a sculptor first manifested itself. The children brought her pieces of a soft white stone, out of which she carved figures with a penknife, and then gave them as rewards for good conduct. When she first saw a cameo she perceived with delight that she could do likewise; and on hearing of a worker in shells at Boston she went to him, and obtained such instruction as he could give her. She learnt from him something of the management of the tools and the material, but she soon surpassed her teacher in truth and delicacy of workmanship. Her career was decided. She had already resigned her post as schoolmistress. This caused unfeigned sorrow amongst her pupils and some grave remonstrance from her friends, for it was an established fact that she possessed rare qualities as a teacher, whilst no one then could predict to what height she might attain as a sculptor.

We next find her settled at Lowell. There she remained after she began to be employed professionally as a cameo cutter, one reason being that the living was cheaper than in Boston, and that she had the opportunity of giving evening lessons after her own hard day's work was done. She had soon perceived her need of instruction in drawing, and on a female school of design being opened in Boston attended it assiduously. This necessitated a daily railway journey of about twenty miles each way, besides a long walk to and fro between the terminus and the school in all weathers, whilst, after the manner of other enthusiastic young artists, she willingly deprived herself of regular and nourishing diet, besides often sitting the entire day at her work with wet feet. She doubtless injured her health essentially by these means, for she was of that fine nervous organization which gives the spirit power to tyrannize over the flesh, and the flesh, like other slaves, later takes its revenge. Moreover, she had never discontinued her labours as a cameo cutter; and making portraits on cameos is a great strain on the nerves and the eyes. The space is so small that less than a hair's breadth of varia-

tion may destroy a likeness, and Miss Foley never refused an order, even for a pair of portraits in tiny sleeve buttons.

She succeeded in producing in the miniature form of cameo many admirable portraits. This increased her resources, and her interests and activity lying in Boston, she eventually removed thither. Her intrepid perseverance, her brightness and intelligence, united to a childlike simplicity and total unconcernedness of self, went straight to the hearts even of strangers. The noblest and best sought her society and valued her friendship.

In 1857, when Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke returned from Rome to Boston, she became acquainted with, and much interested in, Margaret Foley. Even then the strain from cameo cutting was beginning to tell on her health, and Miss Clarke urged that, if possible, she should go to Rome and produce medallions in marble, which, being on a larger scale, would be much less trying to the system, and much more remunerative. Miss Clarke also considered that she could begin to work in clay without further training. An attempt was successfully made. Miss Foley executed some medallions, besides one bust, if not more, with great credit. Finally, her precarious health gave way, and her physician forbade any future exposure to the rigour of a New England winter. The time had obviously come for the long projected journey to Italy. It was the year 1861. Civil war had begun in April, skirmishes and conflicts were proceeding, and while Miss Foley had concluded every preparation for the journey the hospitals were fast filling, which caused an earnest appeal to be issued to the women of the Federal States to go to the aid of their wounded brethren. Margaret, responding to the call, volunteered her services, upon which Charles Sumner wrote her back word that America had plenty of faithful and competent nurses, and could well spare one little sculptor. With a clear conscience, therefore, she bade farewell to her native land on July 15, 1861.

After visiting England and Paris, she joined Miss Charlotte Cushman and Miss Stebbins. Hiring a carriage together at Bologna, they drove thence to Rome, which they reached in October. There she immediately met her old friend, Miss Hosmer. Writing in a journal intended for Miss Clarke, she says, "Came to Rome *via* Perugia; entered the city about four o'clock P.M. Wednesday.—Weather lovely. Hattie (Miss Hosmer) rode out to meet us. As I had no place to go to, Miss Cushman kindly caused a bed to be made for me on a sofa. The next day Hattie took me to see her studio. She has just made a design for a fountain, which I think very beautiful. The subject is the Syren, and is admirably treated. I have not seen Mr. Gibson yet, as he has been in England, but I have often been to his studio with Hattie." A few pages farther she says, "To-night Mr. Gibson and Mr. Severn dined at Miss Cushman's. After dinner Mr. Gibson asked to see my work, and praised it beyond my wildest expectations. *My wildest expectations!* What a random expression! Just as if I had formed any expectations from a few poor little medallions."

Considering, however, Mr. Gibson's habitually measured speech, and cold, dry manner, there was sufficient in his warm and unqualified praise to have turned a vainer head.

Miss Foley had gone to Rome to labour and to perfect herself in Art. Thus one of the first entries in the journal runs, "To-day commenced working."

Her first studio was on the ground floor of 55, Via Sistina, as it curiously happened, in the house which was to become her last home in Italy. It was in a classic portion of the city. Thorwaldsen's residence was next door, and she took up her abode, a few weeks after her arrival, on the opposite side of the street, in a house where Flaxman had lodged during his sojourn in Rome.

She steadily and unobtrusively followed her chosen calling, at first, when solicited, continuing to cut portraits in cameo.

The peculiar excellence of her medallions became, however, perceived and acknowledged, for they had the advantage of being in much lower relief than had hitherto been the practice, which made them gain in lightness, precision, and grace. The attributes of her portraits were accuracy of feature with a faithful and feeling rendering of character. She was particularly careful in the modelling and anatomy. In proof of this assertion the writer may mention that, being one day in Miss Foley's studio, a gentleman entered, without giving his name, who, after closely inspecting the various busts and medallions, sententiously remarked, "The structure and position of the ear are correct in every instance. This has not been my general experience in statuary." The stranger gave his card on leaving. It bore the name of a noted London anatomist. Out of a long list of portraits we can especially recall those of Charles Sumner, Longfellow, Bryant, Mr. Aspinwall, Dr. Whipple, bishop of Minnesota, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, and Mr. Henry Wreford, the *Times* correspondent for Southern Italy. Her likeness of Pius IX., though merely the result of observations made on public occasions, was pronounced by a high ecclesiastic in daily attendance on the Pope as decidedly one of the most favourable and faithful portraits of his holiness.

Her ideal compositions in bas-relief became extremely popular. They were original and poetic in conception, and exquisitely finished. The 'Albanese,' a female head, was the result of a summer sojourn at Albano, in 1862. Then followed in succession 'Pasquicia,' her rendering of a celebrated living Roman model, a dark, self-satisfied beauty; the 'Trasteverina,' whose regular, classic features point to her ancient lineage, and make her the type of yesterday as Pasquicia is of to-day; 'Undine,' 'Viola,' 'Graziella,' a Capri girl; 'Excelsior,' a large half-length bas-relief, a commission from the Marchesa di Torre Arsa; 'The Infant Orpheus' blowing a lute, one of her latest most felicitous works, the property of Louisa Lady Ashburton, a replica being in the possession of Mrs. Kendricks, Providence, Rhode Island.

During the first years of her residence in Rome, Miss Foley made two ideal bas-reliefs from the Old Testament, Joshua and Jeremiah. She intended the former as the study for a frieze of a sublime but most difficult subject—the great Israelite warrior commanding the sun to stand still. The latter she elaborated into a fine bust in marble, the property of Miss Hosmer, which she intended in its turn should serve as the study for the head of a colossal sitting figure of the prophet, illustrative of the grand, all comprehensive words from Lamentations, chapter i. v. xii.—"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." His grief too deep for tears was to be indicated in the pathetic countenance and the convulsive clasp of the hands. A duplicate of the head is in America, having been sent to the Centennial Exhibition. The pencil design for the entire statue remains in the artist's portfolio.

The constant interruption of broken health more and more thwarted her promising career. She was confined often for weeks and even months to her couch. At such times she never yielded to adversity, but her ready hand preserved in pencil the beautiful fancies of her creative mind; and she treasured them up in the hope that under happier circumstances she might be able to express them in marble. Usually, however, when permitted to rise and return to work, she was forced to accept orders for portraits, and was thus hindered from embodying many genuine inspirations, and from pursuing that severe and accurate course of study to which she felt even a practised sculptor should devote himself, for the perfecting of noble work.

Before enumerating her ideal subjects, we may mention *en passant* her admirable medallion portrait of Miss Elizabeth Macdonald, of Aberdeen, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, in 1877 (erroneously entered in the catalogue as Miss Cunliffe); her bust of Mr. Farnam, at Yule College, United States of America; her masterly bust of Theodore Parker. A personal friend of the latter and a competent judge of Art says, "It is the only real head of Parker which I have seen,

except the one which memory called back as I stood by his grave in the little cemetery at Florence." A small replica of this bust is owned by Mr. Tebb, Albert Road, Regent's Park.

In an ideal head Miss Foley gives her reading of Cleopatra's character. The features are a mingling of Egypt and Rome, and the expression is subtle intelligence combined with voluptuousness, making the deadly fascination which the notorious queen exercised over others to seem very self-evident. The original is the property of Mr. George Peabody Russell, the Isle of Wight. A duplicate in marble, still unsold, is in the United States.

Mr. George Brown, of Trowbridge, England, and Miss Mary H. Drake, of the United States, possess marble copies of the 'Boy and Kid.' The design for this statue was made in America in 1860. It was executed some nine years later in Rome. A pet kid, not content with his share of vine-leaves, tries, over the shoulder of his little master, a pleasing boy of five, to seize his repast of luscious grapes.

Margaret Foley's childlike nature gave her a oneness with children, which peculiarly fitted her to be their interpreter. She shows us how fully she entered into their wisdom and innocent mirth, in the beautiful youthful group which make her fountain her masterpiece. In the centre a lofty acanthus rises from a rocky base, on which are carefully grouped three children, the size of life—two brothers and a little sister. They have obviously found a delightful bathing-place, and are about to bathe. The eldest boy, full of health and strength, desirous to call his playmates, blows in happy exultation on a horn. The younger, less daring and independent, leans on their sister, before taking the leap. The girl, a sweet infant woman, betrays by a shrinking attitude her natural timidity, whilst her clasped hands and the calm expression of the tender little face denote the solicitude to do her duty to the utmost.

The three children are remarkable for variety of character, as well as for the freedom and grace of their action and perfect proportions. Their intrinsic beauty and merit become even more evident as separate statues than as a group. This has led to a constant and steady demand for two out of the three figures which Miss Foley executed in that shape.

'The Young Trumpeter' is the property of Mrs. Nesmith, of Lowell.

The little girl, entitled 'The Timid Bather,' is owned, in marble by Mr. Botume, Melrose, United States; Mr. Philip Wright, Mellington Hall, Montgomery, South Wales; Mr. Young, of Kelly, Scotland; the Marchesa di Torre Arsa, Sicily. A fifth replica in marble is also disposed of.

The pencil design of the fountain bears the date Albano, August, 1862. A plaster study was finished in 1870. It was deservedly admired by connoisseurs, and a subscription was begun by some gentlemen of Chicago, for the purpose of purchasing it in bronze for that city; consequently, in October of 1871, Miss Foley went to Munich to make arrangements about the casting. She was stopped before visiting the foundry by the news of the conflagration of Chicago, a disaster which suspended for a time the negotiations for the fountain. She decided, however, to execute her long-cherished design, and completed it in marble in the autumn of 1874. The next year it was selected by the Commissioners of the American Centennial Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia, to occupy the centre of the Horticultural Hall. This finely proportioned building was erected as a permanent structure, and the fountain, furnished with two basins, proving an harmonious and fitting addition to the interior, has been secured as a lasting monument by a number of public-spirited citizens.

The fountain witnesses to the artist having freed herself from the bonds and difficulties which restrain the earlier efforts of the sculptor, and contains a promise of still grander and even nobler conceptions; a promise frustrated by protracted illness and death.

Never strong in health, she was still able to accomplish a great deal of work in the quiet old days before Rome became transformed into the Italian capital; but, after the change took place, the perpetual bustle and noise affected her. This

compelled her at times to seek change of air and rest even during the season. In one of these forced absences the present Queen of Italy honoured the studio with a lengthened visit, and graciously caused to be conveyed to Miss Foley the expression of her sincere admiration for her works and sympathy in her sufferings.

Broken health led the subject of this memoir to the conclusion that the life of a sculptor was too hard for a woman, unless she receives more help in her work than she considered legitimate.

She felt keenly the imputation now so increasingly current concerning sculptors in Rome, namely—to quote from a recent novel—"that they scarcely touch their marble themselves, create vicariously and multiply with rapidity their colossal dolls and their millinery in stone." The knowledge that there was some truth in the report caused her to practise great openness regarding her work, so that, until her failing strength actually forbade it, she received at all times and permitted whoever came to watch and criticize her subject and method of handling. Nor did she limit her studio to mere purposes of Art, but welcomed within its doors every stranger from across the Atlantic, every sufferer who turned to her for sympathy, every worker among the sick and the poor. Her sweet voice, full of tenderness, and her warmheartedness cheered many wanderers, who have since testified that the hours spent with her in the studio or at her house were among their happiest in Rome.

Full of the deepest affection, she especially showered it on her little domestic circle; on her valued friend, Miss Clarke, who had once more become a resident in Rome, on her clever and promising Art-pupil, Miss Hadwen, on the writer and her parents. During the last seven years of her life she lived in the most intimate relationship with these English friends. The

winters were spent together in Rome, the summers in an old mansion in Tyrol.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, she grew weaker and weaker. In the summer of 1876 she was confined to her bed from July to September. In the following winter, her last in Rome, she was able to work a little on an ideal subject, a bas-relief, which she had almost completed. It was the angelic reaper Death gathering his flowers. After a few minutes of work, however, she would become so exhausted that she was forced to leave her 'Angel' for a stronger day, which perhaps did not come for weeks or months, then it failed entirely; and she herself lay down and waited for the angel to gather her.

It was very hard at first, even in her sufferings, to leave unaccomplished all the beautiful works she had planned. The 'Infant Mercury,' a companion to the 'Infant Orpheus'; another, but quite different, fountain with children, designed at Perugia, in September, 1870; also a wall fountain with the figure of a little girl; a statue of the young and innocent Virginia returning from school, her satchel in her hand; finally, a frieze taken from the Apocryphal New Testament, and from the infancy of our Lord.

In October of last year, whilst still in Tyrol, Miss Foley's health hopelessly broke down through chronic inflammation of the brain. Her parental friends, the Howitts, conveyed her, as soon as she could bear the fatigue of even that short journey, to Meran, to be under the care of a skilful physician, Dr. von Messing. All that medical wisdom or affectionate care could devise was attempted, but in vain. The sufferer, who had long and calmly looked on death as one of her best friends, entered into rest December 7, 1877, and her mortal remains, attended by a little band of sincere mourners, were interred in the peaceful Protestant cemetery of beautiful Meran.

M. H.

FARE THEE WELL, LOVED ONE!

By the sound of strange waters in strange earth we laid her,
Far away from the land of her birth and her friends;
And strange were the hands to her rest which conveyed her:
But what reck's it where weary mortality ends?

And, oh, she was weary! so worn, weary-hearted!
Weary in spirit and weary in brain.
Fain to depart, but not to be parted
From the friends that she clung to in pleasure and pain.

So we laid her to rest where a gathered band
Of the pilgrims of suffering had sunk to repose,
Where records and symbols of many a land
In the tongues of their races above them arose.

Where the snow-mantled pinnacles, rugged and steep,
Of encircling mountains heaven's clear azure sever,
Like mighty archangels, who solemnly keep
Their vigils above them for ever and ever.

So we left her alone. No! not lone nor forsaken,
For the flowers that we rained on her hallowed sod
Were the pledges of union eternal, unshaken,
That we were with her spirit united in God.

Beautiful spirit! generous, outspoken,
All warm with affection, all radiant with power,
Ah! to have seen thee thus crushed, bruised, and broken,
Prostrate in weakness, cut down like a flower!

We who had seen thee, as once we had known thee,
When across thy bright pathway abruptly we came,
Ere insidious death had thus overthrown thee,
Thy mission arrested, ungarnished thy fame.

A creature all energy, frank, blithe and beaming,
Scattering thy fancies like sunlight on dew,
Thy soul with all forms of the beautiful teeming,
Drawing round thee the souls of the pure and the true!

Ah! for the days that can never come back again,
When we saw thee stoop child-like in love o'er a flower!
Never with thee on some wild mountain-track again
Shall we stand in the presence of Infinite Power.

Spirit, which now hast so tearfully entered
The limitless realms of the God-loved and free,
Where all riches of love, life, and wisdom are centred
And the marvels of being are unfolding to thee.

Cast loose are earth's fetters—powers deathless possessing,
In scenes where the noblest and greatest live on,
Sages and poets and artists progressing
From victory to victory—there makest thou one!

Where forms the divinest, where myst'ries sublime
From the innermost heaven encounter thy glance,
Where all nations and races from uttermost time
Are planted, yet fill not the mighty expanse.

Ah! they tell us Heaven's gate shines most fair to the dying,
But on this side its portals are shadowed by sin,
And its threshold is paved with pain, groaning, and sighing;
Its beauty and glory beam only within.

In coldness and darkness awhile we pursue thee,
The torch of thy love-light still gleaming before;
Till again in the strength of the Heavens we shall view thee,
Embrace thee and love thee and leave thee no more!

* "Ariadne," by Ouida.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

WHEN the process of taking sun-pictures, which M. Daguerre first published to the world in 1839, was afterwards, by the patient and ingenious experiments of others, carried further and expanded into what we now know as the art of photography, it was thought that, in this direction at least, we had wrenched from Nature her last secret, and, with the sun for our limner, that we could, at all times and for ever, gratify our vanity or affection, our curiosity or reverence. The face of the favourite poet, the adventurous traveller, the honoured statesman, the fondly loved friend or relative, even the familiar lineaments of our own smiling or sullenly grandiose countenance, dearer than all, could in future be gazed on at will, and the world's wonders, whether famous or notorious, analysed leisurely by turning over the familiar leaves of our album.

But the perfection of all this was only to be had on one condition, and that condition the radiant good-humour of our arch-limner, the sun. The fog and mist laden atmosphere of these northern latitudes too often interferes with this one condition, by hiding from us his face, and absorbing, instead of diffusing, the essential light of day. For this reason many dear ones have gone from us without leaving any recorded image of their personal selves, although the presence of such similitude would, in our estimation, have given sanctity to all our other earthly treasures.

What then must be the delight and gratitude of those possessing loving and reverential natures, when we tell them that an American artist, whose pictures have not been unknown heretofore on the walls of our own Royal Academy, has done away for ever with this one condition, and can, by artificial light, produce portraits far more brilliant than ever the sun kissed into existence in all his noontide glory?

Nor is there any chemical mystery involved in the invention of Major Henry Vanderweyde, who has served his country as a soldier as well as the world at large as an artist. During the American war he took part in many battles, and served on the staffs of Generals Wheaton, Russell, and Jackson. In speaking of our inventor, General Hamlin uses these words: "He has greatly distinguished himself by his exceeding gallantry in every action. I know of few men whom I can so conscientiously recommend. A brave and accomplished soldier, having served upon my staff in battle and in camp with great credit." Major Vanderweyde's name occurs also on the "Roll of Honour" in William Swinton's "History of the 7th Regiment." Another military man is thus added to the list of those soldiers who have

achieved distinction in the field of photography as well as on that of war.

Major Vanderweyde's process, then, is more mechanical than chemical, and is as simple as it is perfect. Instead of the sun the gallant major takes the electric light for his illuminating agent, and this light he obtains from a Siemen's magnetic battery placed in the basement of his house in Regent Street, driven by an engine of several horse power, and which he has entirely under his control in his studio up-stairs. The sitter is posed on a low circular revolving platform, and between him and the camera is a large annular lens, about forty inches in diameter, and composed of prismatic concentric rings of glass, such as are seen in lighthouses. This lens, to use the words of a scientific contemporary, is backed by a truncated chamber, the interior of which is painted a pure dead white. The carbon points of the electric light are placed inside of this chamber and just behind the centre of the annular lens. Care is taken to prevent any of the direct light of the carbon points falling upon the sitter, its function being confined to the illumination of the white interior of the chamber behind the lens, the form of the chamber being somewhat similar to that of a parabolic reflector. When the plate is placed in the camera and the operator turns on the light, the fierce beams of the carbon points convert the whole interior of the chamber behind the lens into a mass of intense luminosity, and it is the concentrated light from this globe-like mass which is thrown upon the sitter.

From this concentration of light, and from the circumstance that the operator can place his artificial sun just as he pleases, there is no end to the artistic variety of his effects. The sitter is only detained a few seconds—ten at the most—and from the examples we have seen, the portraits produced are purer, brighter, and more silvery than any known to us hitherto. There is a subtlety about the half tones and the modelling with which no other studio can hope to vie. The posing of the sitter, by no means the least important part of the business, is the special care of the major, and in the examples submitted to us he appears to have been exceedingly happy. A sojourn for Art-study in almost every capital in Europe has evidently in his case not been in vain. Little did the London photographer, to whom the Major complained some two years ago, when sitting one dull day for a most ineffectual portrait, think that the advice given to the impatient American, that he should invent some process for taking photos in the dark, would be so immediately and so successfully acted upon.

WAITING FOR THE COUNTESS.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

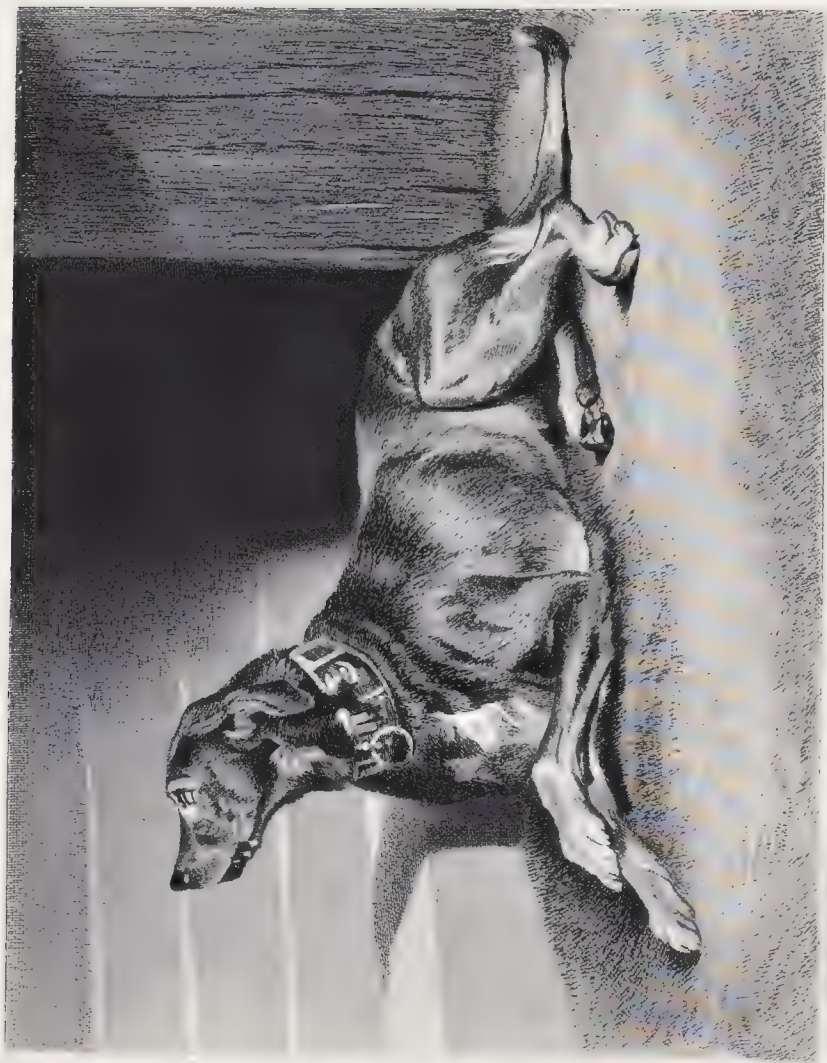
C. G. Lewis, Engraver.

THIS picture was painted by Landseer in 1832 for his friend, the accomplished and fascinating Countess of Blessington, whose mansion, Gore House, Kensington—on the site of which, or on land immediately adjoining, the Albert Hall now stands—was in those days the resort of the fashionable world, and of very many men and women distinguished in the arts and literature. This lady, who died in 1849, was the daughter of an Irish gentleman, and, though not an artist herself, associated much with them, and was also engaged in literary pursuits. For several years Lady Blessington edited *The Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake*, besides contributing frequently to several of the leading magazines of the time. The original painting was sold at Gore House—when the Countess's works of Art, &c., were dispersed in 1849, a few weeks only before her decease—for the sum of

250 guineas, to Mr. Grundy, the dealer, of Manchester, from whose hands it passed into those of Mr. C. W. Wass, who engraved it on a somewhat large scale. The engraving was published in 1850. The picture then became the property, by purchase, of Messrs. Agnew, who disposed of it to Mr. John Chapman, in whose possession, we believe, it still remains.

The graceful bloodhound lying at the foot of a flight of steps was a favourite dog given to the Countess of Blessington by the then King of Naples. The beautiful animal is eagerly watching for his mistress, and evidently hears her footsteps as she descends. Its head is full of intelligent expression, and, with the body and limbs, shows all the power and truth the painter imparted to such subjects with scarcely an exception.





THE COLLECTION OF ART OBJECTS FROM THE SITE OF TROY.

A NUMEROUS and eager gathering attended, on the 19th December, in the Lower Court of the South Kensington Museum, the private view of the objects of ancient Art, found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, now identified with the ancient Troy. The attention of the public has anew been directed to this unprecedented find by the yet more precious hoard dug, in the course of 1877, by the same explorer from five tombs at Mycenæ. This latter treasure, which contains objects in gold to the weight of nearly five thousand sovereigns, is now in the museum at Athens. But the admirable account published in this country, with all the aid that the art of book illustration can command, by Mr. Murray, may serve not only to direct attention to the actual display at South Kensington, but also, to some extent, to shed light on many of the objects there exhibited.*

As matter of Art workmanship, the chief interest in each case is concentrated on the specimens of goldsmith's work, and of that of other artificers in metal, of which the latest conjectured date is upwards of three thousand years ago. But the more general subject of the historic progress of Art is illustrated by objects of very different materials—in pottery, obsidian, ivory, bone, precious and other hard stones; by copper utensils and by bronze arms; as well as by domestic utensils and personal ornaments in the precious metals. And the first and most unexpected light which has been thrown on Art history by these objects is to this effect. The art of the potter was in its cradle at a time when the art of the goldsmith had attained an excellence which might put to shame not a few of the workmen of the present day. If the delicate work of some of the gold and silver vessels, and notably that of the very beautiful cup in electrum, or alloy of gold and silver, which are now to be seen at South Kensington, be contrasted with the slovenly manner in which the heraldic tinctures are omitted from the blazonry of the royal arms on our present coinage—even in so large a piece as the crown—the palm for fidelity and finish of work must be given to the Trojan goldsmiths as compared with our English mint.

Another very interesting comparison is that of the two gold head-dresses which Dr. Schliemann, with great probability, concludes to be specimens of the ΠΑΚΤΗ ΑΝΑΓΕΣΜΗ of Homer, in the cases at South Kensington, with the magnificent diadems or tiaras in gold *repoussé* found at Mycenæ. The dates of the two, as far as we can at present conjecture, are nearly coeval. But the idea of the Egyptian head-dress is distinctly present in the fringe of gold beads and cheek pendants sustaining little golden amulets, or idol figures, of the Trojan ladies; while no resemblance to an Egyptian model is to be traced in the lovely ornamentation of the goldsmiths of Mycenæ. The treasure of Troy is referred by Dr. Schliemann to the second in point of age of the five successive cities through the ruins and débris of which he has dug down to the solid rock. But in the underlying, or first city, have been found samples of pottery which (although of great rudeness as regards the manipulation of the potter, or the constructive or industrial part of the work,) display a classic grace in the forms of some of the vessels, and in their bold decoration, which produces a very rich effect by very simple touches, and are truly Greek in taste. There is a direct filiation in Art between these rude pots, many, if not all, of which were made by hand, and the finest type of the purest period of the ceramic art in Greece. Indeed, a method was employed in this archaic decoration which (though afterwards laid aside in Greece for the bichromatic finish with which students are so familiar) appeared some one thousand five hundred or two thousand years later in France, and characterizes the most delicate and effective of the French faience of the present day. We refer to the application of a wash, or inlay, of a clay of a different colour from that which forms the body of the vessel. In the Henri Deux ware, this inlay of clay of different colours may be called a *marquetry* in faience. In the porcelain

of to-day, the floating of delicate white figures, in extremely low relief, over a sage-green ground has long been familiar to the admiration of our readers. In the earliest vases found at Hissarlik, where the execution, both as to moulding and as to firing, is extraordinarily rude, the hand of the artist was sure and bold. Not only are lines of ornament broadly indented by the modelling tool into the damp clay, but a wash of white clay, laid on, it would seem, by a brush, accompanies, in some instances, the impressed patterns. Thus on these ugly ochreous pots we find patterns drawn by men of pure Grecian taste, and made permanent by a method which leaves the figures white and clean to the present day.

We are thus able to draw from the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann a canon of primary importance in the history of Art. It is to the effect that the progress of Fine Art, in these early centuries, was in advance of that of Industrial Art. The goldsmith had attained great excellence before the potter had learned to turn his wheel. Not only so, but there is some reason for concluding that the use of the wheel of the lapidary preceded, in point of time, that of the wheel of the potter, for in the Hissarlik cases are to be found three of the most instructive objects discovered at Mycenæ. They are true intaglio gems, in *pietra dura*, the brilliant polish of which indicates the use of some method of this nature. And these *intaglii*, which, though not equal to the best period of Greek Art, are yet far from contemptible, in design as well as in execution, were found together with rude pottery, some made by hand and some apparently treasured as being wheel-made. Thus then the gemcutter, as well as the goldsmith, is the predecessor of the potter; and not only so, but the artist or decorator on pottery was a man far in advance of the humbler skill of his industrial fellow-workman. A similar remark, indeed, may be thought to hold good with regard to the Raffaele majolica.

It would hardly be of interest to our readers to give any detailed account of the works in clay, which form, numerically speaking, the bulk of the collection. The habits of life of the contemporaries of these early potters must have been much the same as those of the inhabitants of Greece, the Grecian Isles, and Magna Grecia, at the present day. A noble wine jar, over six feet high, is to be seen from Hissarlik, which very closely resembles the amphoræ found at Pompeii. And the curious form of a double cruet, varying from that of two little bottles joined like Siamese twins, to that of a larger flask with two parallel necks, and, apparently, a diaphragm within, is so admirably adapted for administering the mixture of oil and vinegar, which is still considered to be the proper dressing for wild asparagus, as to suggest the idea that such was the object of the double flasks of Hissarlik.

The greater number of the golden objects of small size were found by Dr. Schliemann in a silver flagon, of eight inches in diameter, which is also to be seen. Taking these objects apart, their number is given at 8750—but that is individualising such matters as gold beads. Some pendants for earrings, composed of three small prisms and beads of gold, were probably the predecessors of the enormous drops, chiefly consisting of seed pearl, worn by the South Italian peasantry at the present day. The gold head-dresses, with a fringe of gold to fall over the forehead, and side pendants, must have borne a strong resemblance to an early Egyptian type of head-dress. But the effect is not so very far removed after all from that of the mantilla of Maltese or Spanish lace of the present day. Fifty-six earrings are displayed—rather coarse, for the most part, in the handling. The taste in personal decoration in gold jewellery at Troy was very far inferior from that displayed by the owners of the diadems and *repoussé* stars, brooches, and pins of Mycenæ. The golden bracelets seem to denote very small hands; unless it were the case that the hand was as it were screwed into the spiral of the bracelet—the gold being sufficiently pure to admit of such a mode

* "Ancient Mycenæ: Discoveries and Researches on the Sites of Mycenæ and Tyria." By Dr. Schliemann. Published by J. Murray, London, 1878.

of treatment. The leaves of the diadems are of *repoussé* work. The chains are made of portions of wire soldered together, but not as true links. While the ancient goldsmiths wrought objects of such minute size that it is only by stringing a large number of them together that any richness of effect would be produced, they showed no inability to beat out cups of ordinary size and vases seven or eight inches high. The effect of the plain, unchased gold, of which some of these vessels are formed, must have been charming, when they were uninjured by fire or violence. As far as fair use was concerned, they must have been imperishable as well as undimmed. We can hardly form a good idea of the great beauty of electron as a material from the actual

condition of the objects in that precious alloy. We must not omit to mention the very spirited group of Apollo, with a highly conventionalised nimbus, or glory of rays, driving four noble horses. This is of the date of the latest, or latest but one, of the five ages of city building. Although bent, burnt, and torn, an upper shield, with a round boss in the centre, will merit the attention of the Homeric student.

The extraordinary value of this unique collection of ancient Art objects will be increased by being placed near those similar objects (such as the case containing pottery and idols from Cyprus already in the museum), which have been discovered by explorers in different parts of the ancient world.

THE ROYAL TAPESTRY WORKS, WINDSOR.

AT the height of the great Art-epoch in Italy, Rome had to send the noble designs of the prince of painters to the commercial cities of Flanders to be worked in tapestry; but if our welfare as a nation continue, and Art knowledge and feeling go on spreading as they have done during the last quarter of a century, England will not only design, but execute, her own tapestries; and, if we may judge from what we have seen at the lately opened manufactory at Windsor, she will soon create for herself a reputation in this branch of Art industry which will rival even that of France. We owe the establishment of "The Royal Tapestry Manufactory" at Windsor to an accidental conversation between his Royal Highness Prince Leopold and Mr. H. Henry, who has devoted himself to all the higher kinds of design connected with the present decorative Art revival, whether in wood and metal, paper-hangings, textile fabrics, or furniture. About two years ago, when Mr. Henry was on a professional visit to Boyton Manor, the country seat of Prince Leopold, in Wiltshire, his Royal Highness, after talking about decorative matters generally, in which he takes a great interest, turning to Mr. Henry, as both were examining a piece of old tapestry hanging in the hall, said, "Ah, they don't make tapestry now." "Only at Gobelins and Aubusson," returned Mr. Henry. "Why don't they make it in England?" promptly retorted the Prince; "why don't you start a manufactory?" "It ought to be a national thing," responded the artist; "and if your Highness would only become president of such an establishment and give me your support, a committee might be organized who would carry the project out." To this the Prince graciously answered, "If you will make a report on the subject, and furnish me with a list of the names of your proposed committee, I will submit both to the Queen, and ask her sanction." In the meantime M. Brignolas, who is now the manager of the works at Windsor, was recommended to Mr. Henry as one peculiarly skilled in repairing old tapestries; and at the request of the latter he undertook to reproduce in tapestry a hunting scene which Mr. Henry had had painted on rough canvas to imitate old tapestry. The work, some twelve feet by nine, was finished within a couple of months, and forwarded as a specimen, along with Mr. Henry's report, to her Majesty at Balmoral. The royal sanction was at once obtained, Prince Leopold became president, and Lord Ronald Gower, the sculptor, who has a house and studio at Windsor, the honorary secretary. Among the committee are some of the most distinguished names associated with Art, such as the Duke of Westminster, Sir Richard Wallace, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, Director of the South Kensington Museum, the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Bute, the Duchess of Cleveland, Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford (who has herself supplied designs for tapestries which are now being worked), the Countesses of Breadalbane, Cowper, Warwick, and Wharnccliffe. In the interval a moderately sized house, of the ordinary suburban villa class, about a mile on the other side of the Long Walk, Windsor, on the old coach road to London, was taken by Mr. Henry, and fitted up as a factory.

In his report, in which he sets forth carefully the working of the whole scheme, he proposes to raise the necessary means by donations from various persons, those subscribing £1,000 or upwards to be called founders; and from this body a committee to be formed of twelve, exclusive of president and two vice-presidents.

But Mr. Henry has been able to organize and carry on this noble undertaking without hitherto asking anyone for a farthing, and at present there are eight looms actively employed. When increased orders necessitate the moving into more extensive premises, which, indeed, are already greatly wanted, Mr. Henry proposes that the cost of the erection be guaranteed in the meantime, under the firm conviction that by the establishment of a sinking fund arising out of the profits of the work done, the whole amount would be speedily paid off, and the manufactory thus become, in the strictest sense, self-supporting. He contemplates, moreover, taking apprentices, who shall be taught not only the art of tapestry working, but also drawing, designing, and colouring. In short, Mr. Henry intends attaching to the manufactory a regular school of design. Already the wools are all dyed on the premises.

The only difference between the tapestry looms at Windsor and those at Gobelins lies in their position. The former are horizontal—*basse lisse*, low warp, as the French call it; whereas those of our readers who have visited Gobelins will remember that the warp there is perpendicular—*haute lisse*—to the worker. In both cases the coloured cartoon is placed on the far side of the warp, so that the worker can at any moment, if he chooses, pull gently aside the threads constituting it, and satisfy himself that he is following faithfully the copy.

One of the first of our great firms which took up the idea in its practical form, and immediately gave a large order for a series of tapestries intended for the decoration of the dining-room in the Prince of Wales's pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of this year, was Messrs. Gillow & Co., of Oxford Street, with whom Mr. Henry has been for many years connected as director of the Art department of their house. From Mr. Henry's position he has been able to introduce largely in his decorations the use of tapestry; as, for example, in the staircase of the new town house of Mr. Christopher Sykes, which will be decorated with three large panels representing hunting subjects, after the designs of E. M. Ward, R.A. One of the looms is now occupied with a design in Louis Seize style for a sofa for the Queen.

The factory, as we have already hinted, will be moved by-and-by into a large and handsome red brick edifice in the neighbourhood of Old Windsor, designed expressly for the purpose—externally, in the style of Queen Anne, by Mr. Walter F. Lyon, and internally by Mr. H. Henry—and which will be erected on land granted by the Crown. In the meantime the Royal Tapestry Manufactory is open to the public on Saturdays from 10 till 3; and from the number of visitors who avail themselves of this privilege, it is evident the public take a warm interest in what is the beginning of a grand national Art enterprise.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THIS, the last of the four volumes forming the series which the learned antiquarian Paul Lacroix has given to the world on the history of almost every subject which constituted the life of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, will be found in no way inferior in interest to those that have preceded it, though, possibly, it is addressed to a more restricted class of

world; and the invention of the printing-press and the discoveries of men of science expedited that general, not universal, diffusion of knowledge which, enlarged by the studies and



Monks engaged in Agriculture: Capital Letter in a Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century.

readers. Yet it may safely be affirmed that no period of the history of Europe has had so great influence upon the destinies of mankind as that which, at this distance of time, we are accustomed to consider the "dark ages." And so they were at their commencement, early in the fifth century; but the light of Christianity was beginning to shed its bright beams over the Western, as it had already over some parts of the Eastern



King Robert, Son of Hugh Capet, composing Sequences and Responses in Latin: from a Manuscript of the Fourteenth Century.

genius of successive generations of men, has made the science and literature of the nineteenth century what we now know them to be. It is this doctrine of evolution, as applied to such



Conquest of Jerusalem by Charlemagne: from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century.

matters, that M. Lacroix traces out in his most interesting

* "Science and Literature in the Middle Ages, and at the Period of the Renaissance." By Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob), Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris. Illustrated with Thirteen Chromo-lithographic Prints by F. Kellerhoven, and upwards of Four Hundred Engravings on Wood. Published by Bickers and Son.

volume, in a number of chapters treating of the various sciences, popular beliefs, proverbs, literature of every kind both in prose and poetry, and even civil and religious oratory, down to the time of the Reformation. The publication of this series of Mr. Lacroix's works has now been transferred from the firm of Messrs. Chapman and Hall to that of Messrs. Bickers and Son.

OBITUARY.

MRS. FANNY BURY PALLISER.

BY the lamented death of this estimable lady we are deprived of the valuable aid of a writer whose pen had been frequently engaged in the service of the *Art Journal*. Mrs. Palliser died on the 16th of January, at her residence in Kensington, after a very short illness. She was sister of Mr. Joseph Marryat, the second edition of whose elaborate volume on the "History of Pottery and Porcelain" was largely added to and improved by her: it appeared in 1857. In 1864 she published her "History of Lace," a valuable and exhaustive account of the subject. She was an accomplished French scholar, and, if we are not mistaken, translated her brother's work into that language: it was published in Paris in 1866. On the other hand, she turned from French into English Labarté's "Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages." In 1870 appeared her "Historic Devices, Badges, and War-cries," a curious and most interesting volume, the origin of which was a series of papers written two or three years previously by Mrs. Palliser for the *Art Journal*: these papers were largely amplified for the separate publication. "Brittany and its By-ways" is another of this lady's pleasant volumes; it was published in 1869. Mention should also be made of her "Brief History of Germany to the Battle of Königgratz," on the plan of Mrs. Markham's well-known histories, of her "Mottoes for Monuments and Epitaphs, selected for Study or Application," and of her translation of Jacquemart's "History of the Ceramic Arts." At the time of her death she had in the press a translation of Jacquemart's "History of Furniture;" we trust the publication of this important work will not be unnecessarily delayed. The last book on which her pen was employed is a learned and comprehensive treatise, called "The China Collector's Pocket Companion;" it appeared in 1874. Another of Mrs. Palliser's brothers was Captain Marryat, the popular novelist.

We hardly need remind our readers that there appears in our number for January—the month in which, as stated, our esteemed contributor died—an able review from her pen of Mr. L. Jewitt's "Ceramic Art in Great Britain,"—a subject Mrs. Palliser had long made one of her special studies.

MICHAEL ANGELO HAYES, R.H.A.

In our last number we briefly announced the premature death of this painter by suffocation, he having accidentally fallen into a cistern attached to his house in Dublin, while examining some defects in it. The son of a clever artist in water colours, whose works were favourably known some years ago to the visitors of the Royal Hibernian Academy, he, at a comparatively early

age, gained considerable repute in his native country by his pictures, in which horses occupy a leading feature. His portraits of the animals and their riders had the merit of being faithful, as well as excellent paintings. Perhaps the best work of this kind from his pencil is 'The Race for the Corinthian Cup, Punchestown,' painted about 1854. Of another class is the 'Installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick,' in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Mr. Hayes obtained a prize from the Irish Art Union for a series of outline drawings illustrating the ballad of "Savourneen Deelish," and his picture, 'Wayside Country,' was engraved by the National Art Union. As a member of the Institute of Water Colour Painters he was a regular contributor to the annual exhibitions of the Society in Pall Mall, his subjects being chiefly, if not exclusively, military scenes, such as reviews of cavalry, charges of cavalry, &c. Several years ago he published a series of drawings illustrative of the military costumes of the period. Mr. Hayes was much esteemed in Dublin for his genial disposition and respected for his varied attainments. He had for many years been secretary to the Royal Hibernian Academy.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL, BART., M.P., K.T.

As an important contributor to the Art-literature of our time, the decease of this worthy baronet, which occurred at Venice, after an illness of a few days only, on the 15th of January, merits a record in our columns. The works by which Sir William is best known are his "Annals of the Artists of Spain," long out of print, and "Velasquez and his Works," also, if we mistake not, unobtainable except at second hand. Another of his books, and a very popular one, is "The Cloister Life of Charles V." A new edition of the "Annals" has long been wanted and anxiously looked for by those interested in the history of painters; but it is to be feared that there is now but little chance of its appearance. Sir William filled various important public offices in Scotland, was also a trustee of the British Museum and of the National Portrait Gallery. At the time of his death he was in the sixtieth year of his age.

JEAN BAPTISTE LOUIS BOULANGÉ.

The French papers report the death of this clever artist, in the early part of January, at the age of sixty-six years. He was one of the few landscape painters whose works we do not remember ever to have seen exhibited in any of our public picture galleries. M. Boulangé studied first under M. Paris, and subsequently under M. Eugène Delacroix.

THE TOILETTE.

Auguste Ludwig, Painter.

H. BURKNER, Engraver.

THE German school of painting is assumed to adopt, as a rule, a higher and what may be deemed a more sedate character of subject than any other of the European schools. The artists of that country generally claim to be academic, scholarly, and elevated; idealists rather than naturalists, imaginative rather than realistic. This was certainly the case with all the leaders of the school some years ago, and still is with a few who are regarded as successors to the great men who shed a lustre on German Art at an earlier period of the present century. But of later years there has arisen a class of painters who have been satisfied with representing the ordinary affairs of everyday life, as they occur in the home and among the household. In a word, Germany now produces pictures of *genre*,

such as the Low Countries gave birth to in the seventeenth century especially, and such as have long been familiar to us from the pencils of our own artists. So far as concerns the composition, a Dutchman or an Englishman may have painted 'The Toilette,' wherein we see a young German mother, having taken her infant from the cradle and laid it out on the table, preparing to give the child its morning ablutions; and right thoroughly she appears to be setting about her duty, while the little one, unembarrassed by clothes of any description, and in all the vigour of infantile health, gives full play to its little rounded and chubby limbs. The picture is indicative of home happiness, just as the room is full of nature's sunshine. The name of the painter is new to us, but she is an artist of ability in Düsseldorf.





PHOTOCHROMY.

WERE we to estimate the æsthetic proclivities of the age by its fecundity of invention of printing processes for the pictorial reproduction of the choicest examples of Fine Art and of the Fine Art manufactures, we should be egregiously misled; for our means are in excess of the demand for this kind of reproduction, and at present are but tentatively employed till the Art millennium shall bring the best of them into full work. Nevertheless the mechanical reproduction of works of Art exceeds that of any other period in history; and if the notion of those enthusiasts who believe in the efficacy of Art example to educate, to create good taste, were correct, the present age ought to exceed all others in its original Art productions. But what are the real facts? We have been made cognisant of every detail of Grecian architecture, we have possessed the remains of the finest works of Phidias over half a century, and yet, in spite of this, so far as our architecture and sculpture are concerned, the Greeks lived in vain. Chinese and Japanese barbarisms are extolled and held to be the true thing, and Gothicism thrives; portrait painting has declined since the time of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, and notwithstanding the advent of our supposed Art-educational advantages; all unity of principle and of practice has departed; and the only comfort left to the thoughtful is that contained in the aphorism that it is darkest before dawn.

Amidst all this fecundity of invention we have been forcibly struck with the last new process for the pictorial reproduction of works of Art and of Art manufacture, "Photochromy," a process by which a photographic foundation is utilised for printing in colours. It is the invention of M. Léon Vidal, who is carrying it out under the encouragement of M. Paul Dalloz. It is the process which the *Société de Publications Périodiques* is now working for its own and the public's advantage at 33, Southampton Street, Strand.

The word photochromy may create misapprehension, if it lead the unscientific to suppose that means have been discovered for photographing nature in its own proper colours, for this is not the case; such means are, in all probability, not in nature's repertory. We do not know the mechanism of the new process; but if the results exhibited be attained, as reported, entirely by mechanical printing, and without *retouching*, they are truly marvellous. Almost as great a fidelity is reached in copying the colour of objects as we can conceive attainable.

The examples which were submitted to our inspection were of the most varied character—copies of pictures, of portraits, of

sculpture, of gold and silver work, of jewellery, of enamels, of mosaics, &c. The copies of pictures of complicated figure-subjects are like actual paintings rather than coloured photographs; the presentation of sculpture is also very remarkable; but the process, perhaps, shows its pre-eminence in the rendering of the Fine Art manufactures. It can make use of gold, silver, and bronze in the portrayal of metal-work and gilding. It is so realistic in its delineation of such work as to rival in appearance the real thing. For the purpose of recording the contents of any exhibition of the Fine Art manufactures the process is invaluable. It will be possible, if the invention realises all that is promised, to have an entire museum of Art treasures in a few volumes on our library shelves, not simply delineated in light and shade, but in all the blazonry of gold, silver, and colour. The large manufacturing firms will be able to produce catalogues of their goods from which purchasers may select the objects they desire with as much confidence as in the warehouse itself. In portraiture, at present, it appears to be weakest, and it may, perhaps, be questioned whether the process can ever be utilised beyond very moderate dimensions. However, we must not be ungracious in imagining what the process cannot accomplish, but be thankful for what it can do so wonderfully well.

Works of Art can, by the new process, be copied and housed in books without the necessity of carrying them off from their birthplaces, or forcibly tearing them away from their original associations, for the purpose of heaping them together in museums and galleries. What economy is in store for the nations, especially for that nation which deems it imperatively necessary to transport every stock and stone of past ages to its shores for the purpose of Art and adult instruction by museums; which would preserve every piece of masonry and brick wall of the past capable of being measured and precisely reproduced, as models of beauty which should be preserved, at any cost, for the edification of the present and of a future age! Let all, I say, who grieve over that infatuation which would overrun the country with museums, and put England to no end of useless expenditure for a very inadequate return, indulge the hope that photochromy will realise all that is expected of it; for, in that case, every provincial town will be able to deposit the pictorial representations of the contents of all the Art collections in the world on a few bookshelves. The museum calamity which threatens the nation may then be averted.

W. CAVE THOMAS.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—We commence with this month's issue of the *Art Journal* an Illustrated Report of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and shall continue to give monthly, during the remainder of the year, sixteen pages of engraved works of Industrial Art, selected from the contributions of the best manufacturers in the world, who will form the Exhibition thus reported. We believe, without exception, such manufacturers are desirous to be so represented in our pages; it is an acknowledgment of their superiority and a right reward of their efforts, leading, moreover, directly to commercial gain by means of honourable publicity. We trust we shall also content the large majority of our subscribers, although to achieve this object we abridge and contract other departments of our Journal. We cannot overrate the value to all kinds of producers of Art works of the Illustrated Report we shall thus furnish. The several Reports supplied from time to time, in years gone by, have had

1878.

a directly beneficial effect on British Art manufacture, and must have contributed very largely to its progress; for, as most of our readers know, the artist, the manufacturer, and the artisan have by this means been made familiar with the best and most suggestive productions of all the leading Art producers of every nation of the world. The Illustrated Catalogue we now prepare will be in no way inferior to any we have hitherto produced, while probably it will be more useful than either of its predecessors in the manufacturing districts of these kingdoms.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY is at some future time to acquire Ary Scheffer's picture of 'St. Augustine and Sta. Monica,' by the will of the late Mr. Robert Holland, of Great Stanmore, who left it to his wife during her life, and to the nation after her decease.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—As the result of a motion made in the House of Commons by Mr. A. Beresford-Hope on

March 5, Government has promised to have the pictures removed from their present locality, described by the honourable gentleman as a "cheap, nasty, and combustible gallery, mixed up with a cookery school, and having gas pipes laid down all about it," to the space below their present rooms in the eastern block of the Exhibition Buildings. This is to be handed over at once for the purposes required.—Lord de L'Isle and Dudley has been appointed a trustee of the gallery in the place of the late Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, M.P.

THE WILL of the late Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., who died in December last, has been proved, the personal estate being sworn under £80,000. The testator bequeathes all the honorary medals presented to him, or to any of his family in his possession, to his daughter for life, and then to the President and Council of the Royal Academy, to be by them preserved for ever; his furniture and household effects to his daughters; to Mr. Beck, £200 per annum for managing his property; upon trust for each of his daughters, Isabella Lange, Mary Octavia, and Margaret Jane, such a sum as will produce £650 per annum; and upon trust for his son, Albert John, for life, £5,000 Consols; the rest of his property he gives to his three sons, Sidney, Edward, and Alfred. We often look, when reading the wills of artists who die leaving property behind them, for some recollection of their brethren less fortunate than themselves, but generally are disappointed.

THE STATUE OF JOHN STUART MILL, by Mr. Woolner, R.A., erected in the garden near the Temple Station, on the Thames Embankment, was "inaugurated" on the 26th of January. The figure is represented sitting on a garden seat, the right hand holding a book and the left hand resting on the knee: the head and body are bent forward as if rising from the seat. At the feet lies a newspaper. The pedestal, of Portland stone, is encircled with oak-leaves, and bears simply the name of him whom the statue personifies, with a branch of laurel beneath it.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERY.—The annual exhibition of selected water-colour drawings by deceased and living artists, which Messrs. Agnew and Sons hold in these galleries, is made notable this year by including fifty choice works by Mr. Walter Severn. This artist has long taken his place as one of the most successful renderers of bright, healthy, outdoor effect; his handling is large and broad, yet, when occasion requires, he can be as dainty and careful as any one. The modelling, for instance, of the distant hills in his drawing of a grouse-haunted moor on 'The 11th of August' (38), the day before their slaughter begins, is of such a kind as would delight the eye of Mr. Ruskin; and when he comes to foreground boulders and the like, he is as geologically true as he is artistically beautiful. In this respect let the visitor examine 'Boulders and Trap Dykes on the South Coast of Arran' (27), and 'Coast of Bute' (14). In relation to cloud forms and gradated distance, nothing could be finer than 'Down the Glen—Commeragh Mountains' (18), and 'Glen Sannox, Arran' (31). Indeed, these drawings are all of them choice, and admirably illustrate the three leading characteristics of the artist, viz. breadth, luminosity, and truth. Besides these there are about a hundred and fifty carefully selected works by such deceased masters as G. Barrett, David Cox, De Wint, David Roberts, William Hunt, and J. M. W. Turner; while living men are represented by Burne Jones, E. K. Johnson, Thomas Faed, Édouard Frère, Birket Foster, Louis Haghe, and Sir John Gilbert. With the exception of 'A Forest Scene' (174), which we cannot imagine was ever touched by the pencil of De Wint, the collection is excellent. We never saw a finer example of the delicate, yet broad and artistic, finish of J. F. Lewis than his 'Edfou, a Sheikh Encampment, showing the Valley and Course of the Nile in the distance.'

SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.—We lately took occasion to notice that this artist had a new picture on his easel; it is now finished, and is being exhibited in Edinburgh. The title, 'Life and Death,' is illustrative of that passage in the "Pilgrim's Progress" where, in the Interpreter's house, is shown "a man with a muck rake

who would look no way but downward." In this man, straining after every sorry acquisition, even to the sticks and straws on the ground, while the hoardings of years are piled upon his back and gaping from his capacious pouches, is symbolized the carnal mind. And verily the greedy, grasping spirit is vividly borne out in the hard, keen face, and eager, crouching attitude of the worldling. Over the head of this figure, and surveying him with ineffable compassion, stands One with a celestial crown on his head, to whom the other pays no heed, or rather, whom he does not see at all, being so immersed in his earthly treasures. Higher still, and poised in air, hovers an expectant angel, beautifully serene of countenance. The gloom of the dreary chamber is relieved only by the halo round the Saviour's brows, and the more delicate radiance that invests the heavenly messenger. A lamp emits a feeble light along the floor, showing the accumulated rubbish upon which the rake is being employed. The power of contrast with the human and divine, in which Sir Noel specially excels, finds scope here for grand exposition. The deep moral contained in the picture is enforced with striking originality alike of theme and treatment. We believe the present is the first of a series of paintings suggested by Bunyan's famous book contemplated by this eminent artist.

'CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL,' BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.—A large historical work of some interest, executed by Daniel MacLise when only twenty-five years of age, is in the gallery of the Messrs. J. and R. Jennings, Cheapside. The subject is 'An Interview between Charles I. and Cromwell.' The work was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1836, and was purchased by a gentleman in whose family it has remained ever since. The centre of the picture is occupied by a large table, at which, on the farther side, Ireton is seen writing, and Fairfax standing beside him. At the right end of this table sits Cromwell in cuirass and jack-boots, grasping his white beaver in his right hand, and looking intently, and apparently not without sympathy, at the group at the other end. This group is composed of the King and two of his children, the Duke of York and the Princess Elizabeth. The father looks down affectionately on the boy as he reads to him, while his little sister lays her cheek playfully and lovingly against the glossy coat of her favourite spaniel. A white greyhound stands immediately behind the little princess, and helps to connect the two sides of the composition. Over their heads are emblazoned the royal arms, and the colouring throughout has none of that tendency to chalkiness which in after years detracted so much from the works of MacLise. There is nothing here but what would lead one to anticipate a coming colourist, just as already the group of the King and the two children speaks of dramatic instinct and composition. The figures are life size, and the canvas measures eight feet by six.

THE LATE DR. HOOK, DEAN OF CHICHESTER.—In memory of the accomplished author of the "Lives of the Archbishops," Sir Gilbert Scott has designed a Gothic alabaster tomb, on the top of which is to be placed the monumental effigy of the learned dean. This figure Mr. W. Day Keyworth, jun., of Hull, whose work we have repeatedly had occasion to praise, has just finished in marble, and all the intimate friends of the ecclesiastical historian, including Lord Hatherley, have pronounced the likeness admirable. The Dean, attired in cassock, surplice, and stole—and each texture is carefully differentiated by the sculptor—is depicted lying on a mattress with his hands gently closed as in prayer, and at his feet are placed two volumes—presumably of the Doctor's own works—which help to modify the disagreeable effect produced by the usual conventional treatment. The Dean has a fine square head with massive features, and a correspondingly pronounced character belongs to the beseeching hands, on which the sculptor has very properly bestowed as much care as he has done on the face itself. The whole will be erected at Easter in the parish church of Leeds, in which Dr. Hook laboured so long and so successfully as vicar. Through his efforts fifteen new churches have been added to the neighbourhood, and the present monument is the result of public subscription.

PRIZE DESIGNS FOR PLATE.—The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, with a liberality characteristic of the guild, has awarded certain prizes for successful designs and models, which have been, and perhaps are now, on view at the Royal Architectural Museum, Westminster. Let it be mentioned, in passing, that a School of Art in connection with the South Kensington Science and Art department has existed here for the last two years, and, under the fostering care of Mr. Randall Druce, the Curator, is in a satisfactory and even flourishing condition. Those who attend the classes are mainly composed of architectural students and carvers in wood and stone. The first prize of £50 for the design or drawing of a casket exceeding thirty ounces in weight in silver was awarded, as stated last month, to W. H. Singer, Frome. There were four prizes of £25 for similar objects under thirty ounces in weight. These were gained by G. W. Rhead, Chelsea, with a tankard incrustured with reliefs; by Ellen J. Letts, with her very original design of a globe clock, showing three figures grouped round the supporting column, and other figures at the base representing business, sleep, and pleasure; by W. W. Morrison, with a vase of the Renaissance, showing Bacchanalian figures, and handles formed by *chimerae*; and, fourthly, by James Ward, of Barnes, with his design for a timepiece in a square case ornamented with enamels. The prize of £50 for the best model of an object over thirty ounces was carried off by W. Marshall, Brompton Road, with his shield showing battle groups embossed, and a border in low relief. This student carried off the same prize last year. The shield, we observed, was very carelessly cast, and by no means did justice to the artist's composition. There was also a prize of £25; but, to our surprise, considering the salver sent in by Henry Harvey, of Chelsea, it has not been awarded. This salver is in *repoussé* work, showing Dante in the centre, with scenes from the "Divine Comedy" for a border. It is chaste in design, and if the works of the other prize-holders are to be the criterion of excellence, there is quite Art quality enough about this work to have won the prize.

MR. C. HEATH WILSON.—One of the latest acts of King Victor Emmanuel was to confer on this gentleman, who has long been resident in Rome, the decoration of a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Wilson was for many years Head Master of the Glasgow School of Art, and has often been a contributor to our Journal. He is also the author of "The Life and Works of Michael Angelo," a comprehensive narrative published in 1876, and noticed at the time in our "Reviews."

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes to the pupils of this institution took place on the 23rd of February, in the theatre of the Museum of Geology, Jermyn Street, the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, Bart., presiding on the occasion. The report, read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Francis Bennoch, F.S.A., referred to the present most satisfactory condition of the school, as evidenced in the fact that the number of awards made to the students, at the last competition with one hundred and forty-one other schools of Art in the United Kingdom, was greater than any hitherto reached. Four out of the seven students in the modelling class sent works to the South Kensington competition, and all obtained awards, one being a national medal. The Royal Academy has admitted the three ladies, Misses Alice Hanslip, Ida Lovering, and Catherine Benson, as students in its schools. A former student, Blanche Macarthur, obtained a silver medal from the Royal Academy at the examination in December last, for a painting of a head "from the life." The reverend chairman afterwards distributed the prizes to the successful students; the principal being the Queen's gold medal to Miss Angela Mary Marshall; Miss Rhoda C. M. Holmes winning the Queen's Scholarship of £50; Miss Florence Reason and Miss Catherine Wood were both recommended for the "Subscribers' Scholarship;" and to Miss Elizabeth Lovell was awarded an extra "Subscribers' Scholarship." The proceedings terminated by an expression, on the part of the chairman, of the zeal and ability displayed by the Superintendent, Miss Gann, in her conduct of the school, and of the valuable aid given by that

lady's assistants, Miss Wilson, Miss Burrell, and Miss de la Belinaye. We hear that the "Gilchrist Scholarship," value £50 per annum, tenable for two years, has this year been awarded to Miss Maud Havell, daughter of Mr. C. R. Havell, Head Master of the Reading School of Art.

DECAY OF GRANITE SURFACE IN PARIS.—The warning given in the pages of the *Art Journal* as to the probable effect of the London climate on the granite of the Egyptian obelisk is supported by the observations of a German doctor as to the influence of the air of Paris on the Luxor obelisk. Since coal has been so generally burnt in Paris, the lightness and purity of the atmosphere, for which that city was formerly famous, have sensibly diminished, and fogs like those of London are not unknown. The Luxor obelisk was erected in the Place de la Concorde in 1836. It is made of a syenitic granite, of a brownish-red colour. In 1844 the red colour of the felspar was conspicuous. Later the surface became duller, and of a lighter tint. In 1872 it was observed to be covered with a thin white film of kaolin, the so-called china clay, which is produced by the decomposition of granite. Thus thirty-six years of exposure to the atmosphere of Paris have proved more injurious to the stone than three thousand four hundred years of exposure to the dry climate of Egypt. The question may arise whether an artificial siliceous coating would efficiently check the destructive action of the corrosive London atmosphere. That question, which is of interest with reference to many architectural features of importance, is not one hastily to be solved. But experience of the fate of the Luxor obelisk, under circumstances so much less injurious than those to which granite is exposed in London, proves that our remarks as to the probable destruction of the monument in consequence of its transportation are thoroughly well grounded and just.

PAINTINGS OR OLEOGRAPHS?—A case, Harwitz & Co. v. Doyle, came before the Liverpool County Court somewhat recently which raised this question. The case itself was an issue sent for trial from the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice by Mr. Justice Field. The plaintiffs were picture-dealers, carrying on business in London, and the defendant was in the same business at Southport. The action was brought to recover the agreed price of certain pictures sold by the plaintiffs to the defendant, and guaranteed by them to be oil-paintings. The defence was substantially that the pictures in question were not oil-paintings, as they were represented to be, but oleographs; in other words, that they were transfers taken from original pictures by photography, printed on paper or canvas, and afterwards "sharpened up" by the painter's brush. A sum of £19 14s. 6d. had been paid into court, and the balance of the claim of £31 14s. 6d. was disputed. Witnesses, assumed to be "learned in Art," appeared for both parties—one, M. Baner, having been brought over from Vienna specially to prove that the pictures in question were copied by himself from original paintings by Schmidt and Passini respectively. The Judge, considering the weight of evidence was in favour of oil-paintings, gave judgment for the plaintiffs accordingly for the full amount of their claim, with costs.

A STATUE of the late Sir John Cordy Burrows, an old and highly esteemed resident of Brighton, has recently been erected in the Pavilion grounds in that town; it is the work of Mr. A. B. Stephens, A.R.A., and is of marble, the figure being about seven feet high, standing on a block of granite of nearly the same height.

A MEMORIAL BUST of the late Dr. Cookson, Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, executed by Mr. T. Woolner, R.A., has been presented to the university by the subscribers: it will be deposited in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

A COPY OF THE STATUE OF QUEEN ELEANOR, wife of King Edward I., on her tomb in Westminster Abbey, has been placed in a niche outside the tower of the new parish church of Harley, in Lincolnshire, close to the site of which the Queen was born in 1290, at the house of Richard de Weston. The *replica* is the work of Mr. Earp, and is the gift of Mr. Freeth to the parish.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

THE first portion of a work, to be completed in four volumes, has made its appearance: it is addressed to such a limited class of the public that its author can scarcely expect any other reward for his immense labour than the thanks and support of a few enthusiastic collectors of a particular kind of engraving, and that kind by no means the most popular.* The book, as set forth in its title-page, is a Descriptive Catalogue of British Mezzotinto Portraits "from the introduction of the art to the early part of the present century, arranged according to the engravers; the inscriptions given at full length, and the variations of state precisely set forth; accompanied by biographical notes, and appendix of a selection of the prices produced at public sales by some of the specimens down to the present time." Now, if we bear in mind that the space of time over which Mr. Smith's researches and annotations range is more than a century and a half, and that during this period mezzotint engravers were numerous, and often very fully employed, one may have some idea of the extent to which his catalogue must necessarily run: for example, under the name of Richard Earlom, one of our most famous engravers, fifty of his prints are described at length, and with every variation that may have been made in each plate. The author has followed in his arrangement of the subject-matter the plan adopted by Bartsch in his "*Peintre-Graveur*," by Dumesnil, and other authors of later date, by classifying the prints under the names of the respective engravers, instead of the names of the painters of the portraits, who, as he says rightly, are, with few exceptions, not generally known. The names of the artists are, however, inserted with those of the individuals represented, so that nothing is wanting in the way of identifying the print in its threefold character of painter, personage, and engraver. As a book of reference, Mr. Smith's work promises to be valuable to the collector of mezzotints, as it is undoubtedly one showing vast industry and patient research: to the public generally, the most interesting portion of the volume will be the short biographical notices of the personages whose portraits are catalogued therein. Certainly Mr. Smith has not rendered himself amenable to the charge brought by Horace Walpole against Granger in his old work on Portraits, of "drowning his taste for prints in the ocean of biography."

We are indebted to Mr. Anthony Trollope for a remarkable and very interesting book.†

"He travels to good purpose who takes note."

It is true his travel was a rapid one: a few weeks sufficed to gather together the materials that make his two volumes; and, no doubt, the work would have been better done if he had taken longer time to do it. But perhaps he accomplished as much in two months as most men would have achieved in two years; at any rate we have to thank him for a vast deal of information concerning a country very interesting to us, and becoming more and more so every day. He gives us the earlier and later history of the colony, or rather colonies, for he treats separately the Cape, Natal, the Transvaal, Griguland, the Orange Free State, and the native territories.

Certainly much of his information is derived from books and "hearsay" evidence; but his strong mind and sound judgment have enabled him to sift the chaff from the wheat, and we have ample proof that his statements may be relied upon. But the style is so piquant and pleasant, the language so thoroughly English and good, that the book is among the most agreeable and instructive reading of the year; full of illustrative anecdote, characteristic sketches, and descriptions that carry the reader

straight and at once into the scenery and among the people depicted by the author.

That the book will be of great value to future travellers there can be no question; but it may be very useful at home, especially to those who are taking thought concerning the momentous business of emigration, or as to where trade through new markets may be prosperously carried on.

ALGIERS has become of late years very interesting to England, and is likely to be more so, for its mild yet exhilarating climate favours invalids, those especially who are threatened with the English malady—consumption. It has, however, many other attractions. The authoress of this pleasant and instructive book* writes, "For the antiquarian, for the archæologist, for the historian, for the naturalist, the artist, and the mere lover of the picturesque, it has endless treasures." Some of them she has opened up to us in a manner exceedingly agreeable to the general reader; her details and descriptions are well illustrated by engravings, and altogether the result of her visit has been to add a valuable contribution to our literature of travel. It is by no means a dry book, for much of it is essentially interesting, and the writer has skilfully interweaved historical facts with anecdotes and descriptions that keep attention alive, and reward it. No doubt the volume will tempt many persons to visit Algiers, and see for themselves that which the authoress describes as a feast prepared for them by Nature and the creations of centuries.

MESSRS. PILGERAM AND LEFEVRE, who seem to be taking a foremost place as English publishers of engravings, have issued a line engraving, small in size but of exquisite character, from the master burin of Auguste Blanchard, after a graceful and effective picture by Alma-Tadema, A.R.A. It is of a Bacchante looking from a balcony, and listening to the sounds that rise to her from "the marble floor" underneath. As with all the works of the accomplished artist, this combines grace with power. No living master can better execute, if he is not always happy in his subject. Yet this is an attractive print—the joint work of two men of high genius.

In the *Art Journal*—November, 1877—the late Mrs. Bury Palliser reviewed at some length a "*History of Furniture*," the work of a renowned writer on that and kindred subjects, Albert Jacquemart. It is now published in English, and edited by the accomplished lady.† We gave examples of the illustrations, and somewhat elaborately criticized the contents. It is consequently needless now to do much more than describe it as a very elegant volume of nearly 500 pages, full of excellently engraved illustrations—a book that will be interesting to all readers, but especially useful to such as are engaged in the pleasure or business of furnishing, and of immense utility to the practical cabinet-maker; for it is a history of every class and order of the art he is bound to study. A bare enumeration of its principal contents will sufficiently show that—historical furniture, ecclesiastical furniture, furniture of different kinds, hangings, tissues, embroidery, sculptures in stone, wood, ivory, &c., terra-cottas, bronzes, the goldsmith's art, glass and ceramics, worked leather, &c. It will thus be seen that the goodly volume spreads over a wide area, and is by no means confined to furniture proper, but enters minutely into all matters that may be classed under the general term furnishing; upholsterers are thus not the only persons who will resort to it for profitable information. The eminent author has contributed largely to our knowledge on this and cognate subjects, and we have to acknowledge another debt to his indefatigable industry and enterprising zeal.

* "*British Mezzotinto Portraits described*." By John Chaloner Smith, B.A., M.R.I.A., &c. Part I. Published by H. Sotheran & Co., and J. Noseda.

† "*South Africa*," by Anthony Trollope. In two vols. Published by Chapman and Hall.

* "*Walks in Algiers and its Neighbourhood*." By L. G. Séguin. Published by Daldy, Isbister & Co.

† "*A History of Furniture*." Translated from the French of Albert Jacquemart. Edited by Mrs. Bury Palliser. With numerous illustrations. Published by Chapman and Hall.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF A STATUE.

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.



THE profuse "bestatuing" of mediocrity which is now in fashion bids fair to abolish the value of what should be the last and highest honour. A great, a very great man departs, and his image is placed in the forum or public place, to recall him vividly, and, by recalling him, stimulate curiosity and revive the memory of his achievements. As the public place belongs to the people and is for the people, so it should be with the quality of any image set up there; representing one who, when alive, had attracted the same attention, and who, standing in the flesh on such a rostrum, would command notice and admiration. Any statue not of these pretensions is an impertinence, as it were, and defeats its own claims to attention; just as some pretender in real life, thrust into a position for which he is unfitted, finds that it brings him discredit rather than honour. All our cities are being rapidly filled up with bronze men in coats, supported behind by a sort of milestone, with enormous cloaks hanging off and trailing on the ground. Three-fourths are obscure, or men of celebrity in a small class, and therefore unfitted for being thus set up for the crowd. We need only walk down the Thames Embankment to find this illustrated, for we are confronted there with the effigies of Outram, Brunel, and Mill. Of these three it may be said the crowd knows little; they become therefore bronze enigmas, excite no interest, kindle no feelings, and might as well be away. Nelsons, on the contrary, Wellingtons, Pitts, Foxes, Queens, Kings, and the like, all speak in a language of their own to the crowd. This may be laid down as a broad principle which, however, has its limitation, for there are conditions under which a specialist in bronze may speak to the multitude: the principle of which is, when natural feeling and high Art make the bronze expressive. To see a striking attitude and a face highly significant at once arouses curiosity, and thus interest will be awakened in the pursuits that are the very *raison d'être* of the figure. All this holds more particularly in a great capital like London, in which no obscure or mediocre men should have place, and only those who have done vast service to the empire—a consideration which enters enormously into the artistic value of the image, as not even a Flaxman or Thorwaldsen could lend dignity to a personage thrust into so conspicuous a position without claims. In provincial towns eminent local personages may appropriately find place; though here, too, the same jealous principle of selection should obtain. Many, such as Birmingham, are fortunate in their statues, which have a grace and quaintness wanting in London figures. Much of this is owing to their being persons of the last century, where the costume favoured effect; and indeed it might seem a good rule that a couple of generations at least should elapse after the death of the celebrity, before this form of homage is paid. Now the moment a great man dies, subscriptions are collected for a statue, and, within a year or two, he is exhibited in his metal frock-coat and trousers, with the effect of an undue and vulgarising familiarity. Thus we have the late Lords Derby and Palmerston, *cum multis aliis*; and we may reasonably feel alarm at the certainty that the vast crowd of conspicuous men of the second and third rank who now engross attention will be celebrated and their memory

embalmed in this mode. In Dublin there are some picturesque statues, mainly the work of Foley, while classic Edinburgh is abundantly supplied with excellent works.

But there can be no doubt but that this over-satiety of statues will defeat its object, and that a city crowded at every turn and street corner with figures will inspire rather a feeling of disgust. To have a good and effective statue there must be many elements:—first, a personage of great celebrity and popular gifts; secondly, it must have a direct reference to an architectural position—the centre of a square or corner where many streets converge or cross; thirdly, it must be characteristic and significant; not a mere figure, that is, but a figure expressing the gifts for which the original was celebrated.

There have been so many failures in the making and setting up of statues, even under the most favourable conditions of subject, position, abundant funds, and even of competent artists, and the eye is so much offended by what is presented to it, that it may be worth while inquiring whether, if some simple and not very recondite principles were attended to, something far more effective might not be secured. For it is really disheartening to see the vast amount of money and enthusiasm that has been expended in these memorials without producing much greater results than the erection of huge masses of metal or stone blocks, with a label below, and with none of that half-tender, half-grateful sense with which we look on some well-executed portrait or medallion of a relative whose memory is dear to us. In this general failure there is a curious analogy to the style of comedy and acting which is or was lately in vogue, and which would appear to be based on that taste for a low and vulgar realism that assumes the most exact imitation of physical objects is a form of Art. This school, as is well known, deals with what are merely accidents instead of the essentials, and therefore the likeness is rather apparent and on the surface than real. The Robertson comedy, for instance, gives us the gossip of society, the colourless drawing-room manners which are the same in every type, whereas there are, even in fashionable life, *principles* and passions that the true dramatist should seize and analyze, to give a genuine picture of our society. So with sculpture. Many would suppose that if there were some ingenious invention by which a perfect cast could be produced of a human being in every-day dress, with his hair, whiskers, &c., nothing better, as a likeness, could be desired or hoped for; yet, so far is this from being true, that it is no exaggeration to say that a true artist would give a better "likeness" of such a person in which no single line or surface or curve would agree with any actual line, curve, or surface of the original figure. The reason is, that the mind or soul within, ever in motion, manifests itself by a thousand movements of limbs, of muscles, nerves, and each change within causes a corresponding change without. Hence a cast of the human face could not be a likeness, unless it be assumed that the particular mind within is in a state of torpor, and shows no life or movement. Further, these movements may be roughly "diagnosed" as it were for practical purposes, as the results of certain emotions or habits of mind; as, for instance, a logical or impulsive being would betray this temper in sharp movements of his body and limbs, which he would use to help his meaning; these, again,

would affect the very shape of his clothes, his way of standing or sitting, his walk, &c. And mark the result in a statue, and his operation on the crowd ignorant, perhaps, of the character before it. From custom we associate these appearances with the causes that produce them, and at once are helped to the character of the man. It would take long to work this out in detail, but the principle can be at once applied. For when it is stated that the average statue-maker usually works from a *dressed* lay figure, having first made use of a tolerable likeness for the face—in short, deals with the body in a sort of conventional style—it will be seen that a great portion of the likeness must be absent. The truth is, a face and head that are like, without a body equally like, is no likeness; or rather, is merely the likeness of a face and head: indeed, where even the face is not very like, a striking likeness of the body will often supply the defect. No one who has seen Mr. Charles Mathews perform in *The Game of Speculation* could help being struck by the characteristic individuality of his back and shoulders, while helped by art, costume, &c. Who shall say that such points are considered in our statues? There is, beside, the favourite attitude, not, as is too often the case, represented as almost an eccentricity, but indicated so far only as it represents the mental quality of which it is a physical evidence. But let us now approach the more practical points which should guide the making of a statue.

What was the thought in the mind of the community when it conceived the notion of setting up a figure on a pedestal in the market-place? Why should it be reared so high on a structure or block? The reason is, of course, that it should be conspicuous at a distance, and also have an air of dignity from its high position. But still, until we fix clearly what is intended by the position, there is something arbitrary and even eccentric in the idea of an image being thus pilloried to do him honour.

Is this pedestal a pillar shortened from a great column; or is it simply an elevated portion of the ground on which he might have been standing in his lifetime? Most figure-makers, I believe, assume the former theory: that it is a means of perching the statue at a good height; but the true theory I believe to be, that it is to represent a fragment of the ground. No doubt, when statues crown buildings and balustrades, the former is correct—viz. that it should be placed on some kind of stand; but it is the application of this principle to statues detached from architecture that is accountable for a common element of failure. There is hardly a statue in this country that is not spoiled by its pedestal—invariably too meagre and pillar-like, so as to suggest the idea that the figure is insecure, has but a precarious footing, and requires almost a living power of self-balancement, so contracted is the space on which it stands. The statues of Havelock and Napier in Trafalgar Square are special instances; and the leverage exerted by gusts of wind and the heavy o'er-topping weight at the shoulders is a parallel to the "displacement" controversy about the ironclads. The constructive mind, to make itself easy, immediately supplies great irons sunk deep in the pedestal to make all secure. The figures just named are on a gigantic scale, and the pedestals are certainly not in the usual proportion. Apart, too, from the simple effect of meagreness and stint of space, a figure under such conditions should be at its ease, with room, as it were, to take a step, just as a preacher has in his pulpit, or any one speaking from or looking down from some rostrum; and, as was said before, the idea should be conveyed—not too distinctly, of course—that the figure is on some raised place of honour, or portion of a balcony, or the platform of a flight of steps, or some idealized "coin of vantage."

The presence of a little pillar or post, which to secure effect is almost invariably placed behind, shows that this is the true theory; as to "mast-head," and "hoist aloft," such an adjunct with the figure is surely out of keeping and character. The

pedestal, therefore, must be large, solid, and even spacious—a structure, in short. It is surprising how much an inferior statue is improved by a properly proportioned pedestal, and it will be noticed, in the case of the statues before referred to in Trafalgar Square, that their position is so precarious as to suggest a nervous idea of the slightest movement backwards being attended with fatal results.

With regard to this post or pillar, which is so invariably found behind the statue with a cloak thrown over it, it is usually introduced with a view of lending support, and to this end is made to adhere by some mysterious law to the back of the legs. This absurd arrangement is really the cause of much failure; for so Siamese a junction of life and matter is not in nature. On the other hand, the post or pillar is *de rigueur*, as no one could see a figure without something filling up the background, and the effect of a pair of legs *au jour* with a triangle of light between is bald and unnatural in the extreme. Mr. Woolner's statue of Palmerston has a meagre and unfinished air.

There is a statue—of Goethe, I think, at Weimar—in which the figure leans in an attitude of ease and comfort against a round pillar with excellent effect, doing away with the ponderous and clumsy result so usual in this country, and which destroys all effect when viewed from the side or from the back. For when the figure is independent of this necessary post, the outline can be followed; not so when it is mixed up with a falling cloak or blanket. A little reflection would soon discover variety and novelty in the shapes of this support, a fragment of balustrade, a corner of a wall, &c.

But the greatest failures have been where the figure is placed seated in a chair. We have only to take a pilgrimage to the Exchange and visit the effigy of the late Mr. Peabody, which, raised but little above the ground, seems to be presiding or ready to preside at a meeting of the merchants. The position, attitude, all seem conceived with a view to abate any idea of dignity. The person thus "honoured" by a hard fate can only excite grotesque emotions. Not less absurd is the figure of Fox, in Bloomsbury, seated in a Roman dress; but really more like a gentleman taking a Turkish bath. What is the idea of a sitting figure? Not surely to represent what is, after all, but an inferior and artificial attitude meant to restore the human body to strength. It is of course really symbolic, typifying an office of the magistrature, or of peculiar veneration or study, and therefore there was no clear reason why the new statue of Mill, on the Embankment, should be thus disposed. And, on the other hand, the attitude of standing is not, as would seem to be supposed, associated with public speaking only. A sitting figure, like that very fine one of the American hero at Washington, should be almost theatrical in its arrangement. The chair should not be a homely dining-room one, as in the Peabody case, but what Lamb would have called "a glorified chair," a thing of state, a throne, and the figure should sit, as it were, in state. But outside these conditions a sitting figure betokens something of infirmity.

It is surprising what a field of interesting speculation this subject opens, and we need only turn to that wonderful disquisition, the "Laocoon" of Lessing, to see what profound and important questions are involved in the conception of a statue. Without being in possession of these, it may be said that no sculptor is acquainted with his art. What are the *limits* of sculpture? Where does it begin to trench on the *pictorial*? Should it deal with rest or motion? and, if the latter, what *point* in the motion, the beginning or the full development? To what degree should dress or drapery extend? What ought to be portrayed in marble? what in metal? All this is matter of extreme importance, and regulates the effect, making the difference between a mass of metal after the shape of a man, or a *man* made out of a mass of metal.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE fifty-second exhibition, which opened on the 16th of February (the annual banquet of the members and their friends having taken place on the previous evening), gave favourable indication of artistic progress in Scotland. A few pictures of acknowledged ability—most of which have made their mark in London or elsewhere—were exhibited, notably F. W. Lawson's 'Imprisoned—Spring,' of last year's Academy, Alma-Tadema's 'Widow,' and a 'Pastoral' by the late J. B. Corot, a perfect dream of southern beauty. But the character of the whole remains of course in Scottish hands, and we are not disappointed at the result. There were a greater number of figure pieces than on some former occasions, and altogether more variety in the themes chosen. The Academicians numbered strong, there being scarcely one unrepresented. At the head of them stands Sir N. Paton's 'Twilight,' in which the poet Shelley holds high communion with the spirit of solitude: a noble work formerly noticed. Besides his 'Rose' of last year, J. Archer gave the pleasing episode of a child and dog on a bank, the former putting the question archly to the animal, 'Which hand will you take?' J. Faed's 'Guilty, or not Guilty?' is of startling effect. The prisoner of scowling brow, and clenching his brawny hands, is a study of resolute ferocity: the costume is marvellously correct in tone and detail. 'Pleasures of Hope,' R. Herdman (painted for the Art Union of Glasgow) shows a thoughtful young mother clasping a child to her knees who is lisping his evening prayer: simple and tender. H. Cameron is natural as ever in several homely subjects, specially 'Wearied Arms,' a girl of lovely countenance, resting her pitcher, and throwing up her arms in token of fatigue. Like many of the best artists, W. McTaggart exhibits pictures already sold. We have one or two of his excellent seashore scenes, with fishers and children; and a charming water-colour, 'Gathering Drift.' We are glad to meet with George Hay, who, though a mannerist, is so always after a quaint fashion of his own. His very telling leaflet from 'Days of Yore' is the lady in high peaked hat, picking her way daintily over the stepping-stones of a brook, followed by a page supporting her train. The stiff, self-conscious air of the dame, partially reflected in the boy attendant, lends a considerable touch of humour to the scene. Seldom have we seen G. P. Chalmers—whose untimely death has produced, both here and elsewhere, a profound impression and deep regret—to more advantage than in his 'Rain in Sligachan,' where the *multum in parvo*, which it is the privilege of great talent alone to compass, is successfully realised. The miserable soaking atmosphere hanging over flat *dowie* fields brings a shiver to the beholder's frame. 'Bylaff Glen,' S. Bough, notwithstanding a strong suspicion of composition, is a charming picture. Of all the Academicians, however, we venture to say that none has made such a bold stride in advance as W. E. Lockart *elect*. Passing over his 'Bride of Lammermoor,' to which we take grave exception in respect of the colouring of the countenances, and with a word of honest commendation to the 'Wreck in St. Andrew's Bay,' as well as to the 'Staircase in Cairndhu,' excellent in drawing and finish, we pause before 'Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada.' The incident is well considered. The offended prelate, standing at the top of the stairs, and pursuing the young man with mortified and angry glances (in keeping with his bitter words), is powerfully rendered; while we cannot help noting the rare skill with which the mass of red in his ample robe is harmonized. Gil Blas, too, coming leisurely down the steps in his black habit, with thoughtful face and smooth-trimmed hair, quiet, yet not over-daunted by the ecclesiastical censure, commands our admiring attention: the *tout ensemble* is graphic, solid, and impressive. W. Fettes Douglas shows some clever bits of peasant life in Rome; and R. Gavin, as formerly, devotes his rich colour to Eastern themes. 'Sunshine in Spring' gives A. Fraser at his best: it is exquisitely touched.

Of Waller Paton's seven expositions we single out 'The Decay of the Forest,' where the bold disposition of clouds, the glint of moonlight on the deep waters, and the weird ancestral trees form at once picture and poem. 'In Hiding,' which is more of landscape than figure, J. B. Macdonald tells the simple tale effectively. Charles Lees, Kenneth Macleay, and A. Perigal were severally well represented. We do not often see finer portraiture than G. Reid's 'Francis Edmonds, of Kingswells,' simple, intelligent, and lifelike. Two works sure to detain the spectator are the 'Forest of Birse,' J. Farquharson, and 'The Moon is up' of James Cassie. The former is remarkable for breadth and delicious mellow tints: in the latter we look upon a glorious expanse of ocean and sky, with a solitary star glittering beside the queen of night—a literal embodiment of the poet's majestic lines. W. Beattie Brown is bold and effective in the 'Falls of Conon,' though the water somehow lacks the subtle fluidity peculiar to that element. 'Harvest Time,' by the same, is delightfully fresh. J. McWhirter's 'Thunderstorm on the Prairie' almost lies beyond the pale of criticism, the subject being such as not one in a thousand may have ever seen: to our eye it is wild and incomprehensible. W. D. Mackay, a new Associate, contributed an 'October Morning,' replete with soft grey tints that mark the sweet repose of the hour.

Outside the Academy good service has been done to Art by W. B. Hole, in a vigorous dramatic effect called 'Alarm,' where, religious service being suddenly interrupted, opportunity is given for the *pose* of figures in varied attitudes of fear, astonishment, and suspense. Much ability is also shown in the 'Last of the Bin,' two boon companions, connoisseurs in liquor, pledging each other over the finishing glasses of the ruby wine. Miss M. Chalmers has met her merited reward in the purchase of her 'Enthusiast' by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. The face and attitude of the flute-player, desperately straining the physical power to keep pace with the mental ideal, are all the more characteristic from a slight admixture of the grotesque. J. Noble ('Water Lilies,' &c.), D. Farquharson ('The Last Furrow'), and J. T. Ross ('Rival Fishers') and others, evince progress with industry. We admire 'Snow in Autumn,' R. Smellie, where the timber-laden waggon labours up the forest steep while "the snow lies white." R. Gibb, who has been steadily rising in public estimation, verifies the promise of recent years in a powerful and pathetic incident called 'Comrades.' It is remarkable at once for careful conception and earnest treatment. Amid driving snow, which envelops the hillside foreground and shrouds the distance in dreary mist, two Highland soldiers bend over the prostrate body of a third, evidently in the last stage of dissolution. The grouping is admirable. The face of the dying man is almost too livid in its deathly pallor, and the interest of the scene is intensified by the evident proximity of the enemy, which causes one of the comrades to grasp his musket in readiness for the encounter.

We would gladly expatiate further on the merits of the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition of 1878, but space forbids. The sculptures are thirty-six in number. There are several creditable busts by Hutchison, Brodie, Webster, &c. In statuary the 'Lady Godiva' of D. W. Stevenson undoubtedly bears the palm. The moment chosen is when the heroine is loosening her last hold of terra firma, and calls up her courage for the grand coup; the expression of form and countenance, timid, yet with a certain resolute dignity and purity of purpose, is in fine accordance with the situation. We must not omit a passing eulogium on Charles McBryde's 'Wanderer.' The simple story is touchingly indicated in the weary, worn look of the female who has fallen back exhausted by the wayside with the baby asleep on her knee, and the little bundle dropped on the ground at her feet. Many of the higher elements of Art are apparent in this unpretentious group.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE Institute opened its seventeenth exhibition on the 5th of February, after the usual inaugural *conversazione* on the previous evening. The collection was a fair one, though not equal in numerical strength to some previous years. Many of the pictures, too, are smaller in size. The loans were few, which we approve, as more space is thus afforded for merit actually in the market. Indeed, we trust the time is not far distant when, if the galleries of modern Art are to be eked out by gems of the dead masters, these may be placed in a separate department, where the opportunity of studying them may not interfere with the arrangement of pictures by the living.

Of the six hundred and eighty works a goodly proportion have already appeared in London and elsewhere. This is particularly apparent in respect of the Edinburgh contributors, and tends of course to detract from the interest of the aggregate. Of foreign artists there is a tolerable sprinkling. On a general survey we miss any special production of commanding importance, and would gladly forego a host of pictures suggestive of much hard labour, for one glimpse of the fresh, the grand, the beautiful, that may come to us in dreams so frequently, on canvas so rarely. Yet let us not repine, but rather seek wisely to cull the flowers within reach, not knowing how soon under genial influences they may expand into the fruit of the Hesperides. Scottish painters naturally abound, and whether naturally or not, landscape forms the staple of their toil. 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' painted for the Glasgow Art Union, is a fine specimen of R. Herdman. The figures are skilfully balanced, telling the story boldly and graphically. A pleasing picture is Mrs. Anderson's 'Reverie,' where an elegantly draped lady muses over some flowers. F. W. Topham gives an interesting and well-designed episode in fifteenth-century history, where a noble infant was saved from massacre by being smuggled from the scene in a bundle of hay. W. M'Taggart is powerful and pathetic in his 'Sailors' Wives and Mithers.' Notwithstanding much careful manipulation in 'The Coppersmith,' by L. Mettling, there is a certain stiffness of detail that mars the harmony. 'The Lost Heir,' P. R. Morris, tells of a boy kidnapped by gipsies, who is here being washed beside the tent. The picture has been seen in London—at the Royal Academy last year. Commendation is due to Hübner's 'Consolation of Prayer,' finely toned; as also to 'A Lift by the Way,' D. M'Laurin, where the rain-beaten high-road is admirably treated. 'Left in Charge,' R. C. Crawford, merits a special encomium. The sunset glow, with the perfect calm brooding over the far expanse of water, relieved only by the solitary figure holding the boat, forms a *tout ensemble* at once soothing and delicious. A delicately handled subject by A. S. Boyd shows a lady

sauntering in an ancient garden. A strange weird bit by L. Smythe is a steersman at the wheel in a starless night. 'The Waif,' by A. Johnston, is too smoothly painted; yet the touching episode of the destitute child, fast asleep in the doorway of the Refuge where the chance pedestrians linger, and the policeman's dingy lantern below contrasting with the glimpse of sweet moonlight above, is an interesting and effective study.

The Institute is rich in landscape, and comprises many old favourites. James Docharty has three worthy specimens, notably 'The Salmon Stream,' which, in the combined excellence of colour and composition, will vie with his best previous efforts. The same may be said of 'Evening, Glenfinlas,' J. M'Whirter, where the manifold hues congenial to land and sky at gloaming hour are beautifully touched. In the 'Waterfall,' A. Fraser, the skilful disposition of luminous floating clouds over the precipitous uplands lends breadth and depth to a scene otherwise rather contracted. A fine sample of a winter forest is J. Cooseman's 'Fontainebleau,' grandly coroneted in snow, while the nipping air winds through the tall stems of the trees. 'Glen Sloy,' R. Greenlees: here the chief strength lies in the foreground, where lonely hill and brawling stream are overarched by heavy rain clouds, relieved by a brief gleam of treacherous sun: behind, the landscape lacks the indefinable grandeur pertaining to the subject: is it that the objects are too small? C. J. Lewis has two figures sitting among 'Daisies pied and Violets blue,' a very feast of beauty. David Murray sustains his growing reputation in several leaves from Nature's book, of which the brightest, 'Apple Blossom,' is a charming rendering of an orchard in full splendour under an evening sky. Barring a slight duskiness, which seems to be the artist's besetting sin, we admire P. Buchanan's 'Pass of the Trossachs,' as full of sympathetic feeling. 'Mang muirs and mosses mony, O!' J. D. Adam, is a wild scene in excellent keeping with the fierce herd that are stumbling their way over the rugged foreground. This picture is in the artist's best style. J. Farquharson's 'Silver Birch' is simply and faithfully what it is called, and very "fair to see."

The water-colours include several well-known names. The sculpture is scant beyond precedent: W. Stevenson's model of the Burns to be erected at Kilmarnock is highly creditable to the young artist. G. Halse has a statuette of a child, 'Day Dreams,' exceedingly poetical.

We may mention, in conclusion, that the Glasgow Institute has in contemplation to erect a spacious gallery of its own for the annual exhibitions, which will entirely supersede the use of the Corporation Halls. A good site for the new building has been already secured.

THE ANGEL OF THE RESURRECTION.

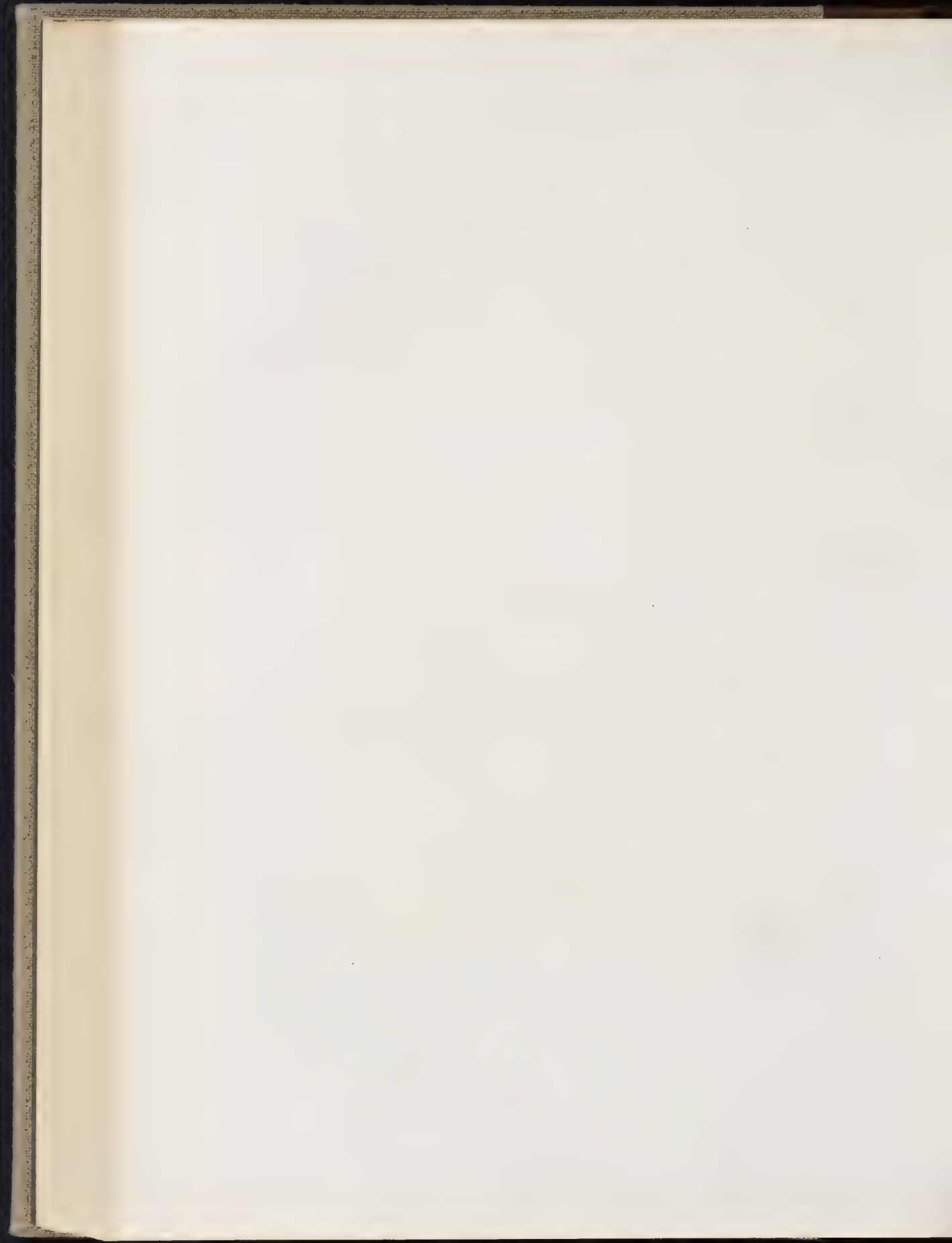
Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Monument by J. ADAMS-ACTON.

IN the Congregational Chapel at Saltaire, near Bradford, Yorkshire—a building erected at the expense of Sir Titus Salt, and presented by him to the inhabitants of the little manufacturing town he created, and to which his name has been given—is a family vault, or mausoleum, having the reputation of being among the finest examples of monumental architecture in that part of the country. Its form is quadrilateral, and three sides of it are filled with sculptured designs by Mr. Adams-Acton, the principal one being that we have engraved here, 'The Angel of the Resurrection,' who is represented standing in an attitude of dignified readiness, and waiting, with un-

folded wings, for the command to sound the trumpet she holds in her left hand, which is to summon the sleepers in the earth and in the sea to "awake and arise!" her right hand rests on a tablet whereon is inscribed a portion of the magnificent chapter, 1 Cor. xv., read as the lesson in the Burial Service of our Church, as it is also, we believe, in the services of the Nonconformists. The figure is finely modelled, and has a gracious expression of countenance, but the lower part of the face looks too broad and massive, and lacks the oval form which is always considered to be typical of female beauty. The disposition of the drapery is good, while the folds fall easily and lightly.







NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVII.

*Gravestone, Mølmen Churchyard.*

letons and dried bones; in many cases the fibre seems quite twisted like the strands of a rope, as if the dissolution had been one of agony and torture. And now we approach Mølmen, soon after passing a monolith, supposed to have been erected

to the memory of Sinclair and his Scots. The mention of Mølmen, and the name as it appears on the map, would suggest the idea of a town; it consists, however, of a church school, open on alternate Sundays, and a station, or farm, for the convenience of travellers. Within the last few years this station has improved greatly. We arrived late in the evening, and felt very chilly, and huddled up to the fireplace. As we inquired from the Pige what after-mad we were likely to obtain, from the depths of the dimness of darkness muffled peals came from under a heap of "somethings" in a long parallelogramic case, really a bed, containing the mistress of the house, and the "muffled peals" were to summon a supper for us, and quickly. So delighted were we to get it, that we said "tak fr mad" before we began instead of waiting till we had finished.

The church is of wood, larger than most Norwegian churches, and has a spire with four turrets, each with elaborate weathercocks. Mølmen must at one time have had weathercock on the brain, for even on the lich-gate there is one, another at the end of the roof, one on the top of the spire and on each of the turrets. This crop of ironwork is accounted for by the fact of there having been ironworks at Lesje, some seven miles farther on to the eastward. Passing through the lich-gate, which is ponderous, the grave-boards attract attention from their variety; one, in particular, had the novel feature of a weathercock on the top, and at the back might be seen quite a contrast in sentiment, a small simple iron cross firmly mortised into the solid rock.

Entering the church, the general appearance is most striking; very quaint old carving, rudely painted—most comically rudely painted, especially on the rood screen, which is above—running from the pulpit to the two pillars in the centre, through which the altar is seen. The church floor is strewn with juniper tips;

*A Norwegian Salmon Stage.*

the altar covered with a white linen cloth, whereon were two large candlesticks, which are lighted in the great festivals. The panels of the altar are painted in rather good colour. The back

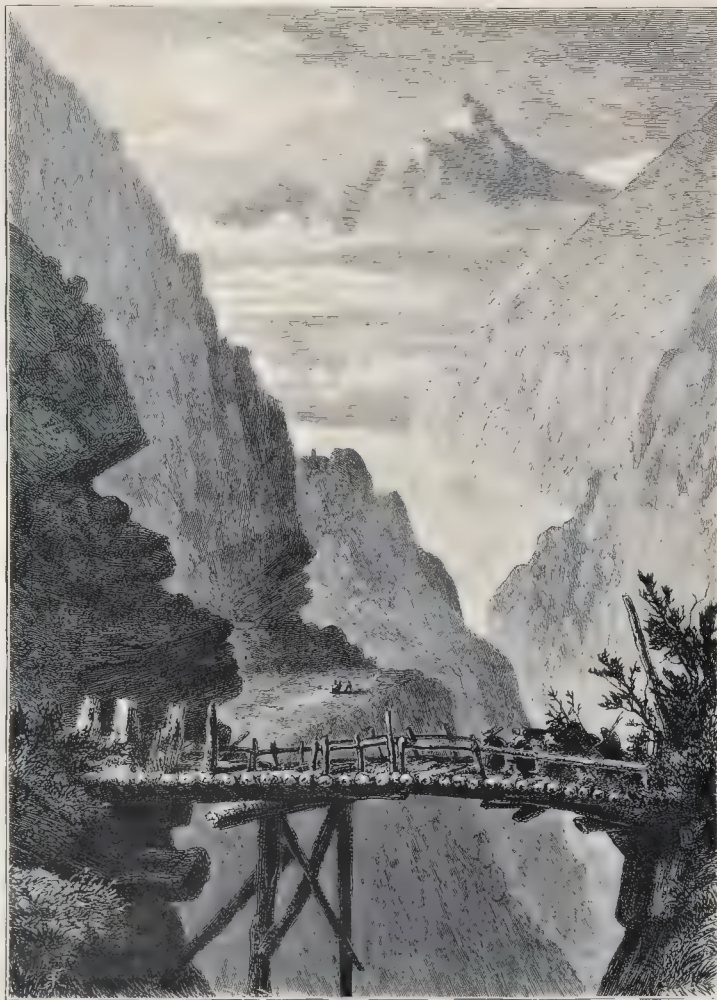
of the altar is all painted a slate colour; and, on the right side of the altar, standing back, is the carved stall for the use of the bishop when he visits the district. On the rood screen, over the centre, are the arms of King Christian V., with supporters, and above these a large but very uncouth figure of the Saviour

* Continued from page 100.

on the cross, with I. H. S. above; on each side a figure, rudely carved and painted: the pulpit is also carved and painted. There were traces of the delightful annual custom of these good people, who, when the summer bursts suddenly and joyfully upon them, and the flowers come rapidly out, cull the earliest and take them to the church as first-fruits of thankful joy. After viewing the front of the altar, we went round to the back of it to the Sanctum. This was a treat. There we found old silver chalices and curious cases for the Sacred Wafers; for these good

people consider the form of worship immaterial, if the spirit be sound. The size of the wafer is about one inch and a quarter in diameter.

A very fine old vestment is still worn for the Communion; it is richly brocaded, with a large purple cross on the back, and in the centre of this is a large brass crucifix. The verger said it was a pity to have a new one until this was worn out. It certainly wears well, for it has been in constant use ever since the Reformation. The great feature has yet to be noticed. A curious



Wooden Bridge at Roldal.

instrument is used as a persuader during the service; it is a long pole, painted red, about eight feet long, with a knob at each end. On inquiring the use of this instrument and for what ceremonial, the verger, with surprise at our ignorance, said, "To wake the sleepers." How? "Here, sirs," continued he, placing his hand on his waistcoat, as indicative of the best place to tilt at effectually. The reader will be glad to know that the knobs did not betray much sign of wear.

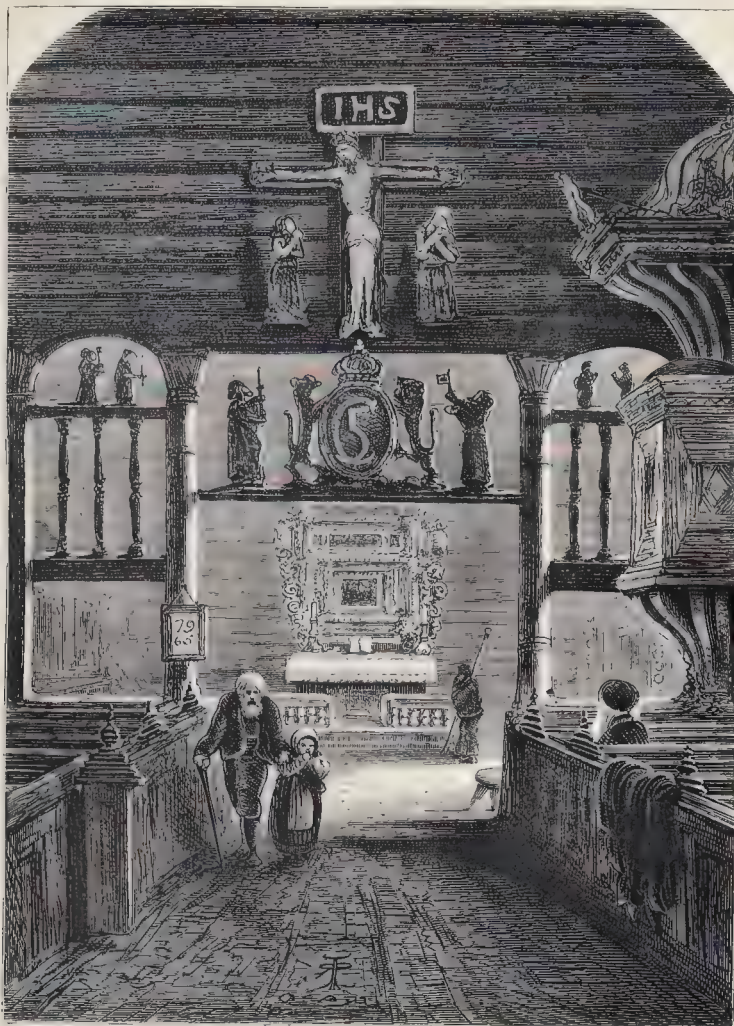
We must now return to the station, which is associated with grayling in the river, and wood-carving executed during the

winter months in the farmhouses—spoons, bellows, tankards, mangel brats, and culinary implements. It was our good fortune to meet, at Mølmen, a delightful Austrian—his grey and green jacket informed us of that fact—but his general information was an oasis for travellers. A great botanist, it was delightful to go out with him, especially as he was, at the moment, perfectly mad about saxifrages and the flora of Norway. Then, again, "flies." He had been up to the North Cape, to the Namsen and other large rivers, and some one had given him a few Namsen "Butcher's" salmon flies of immense size: these

he showed to us; and we, finding him so interested, asked him if he would like to see our collection of *natural* flies. "Certainly." The flies we exhibited were the mosquitoes we had shut up between the leaves of note-books, when the flies had been thickest in our tents on a warm evening. "Ah," exclaimed our Austrian, "ten thousand of those fellows did I swallow at the North Cape, and they bite all the way going down." Happily he had survived. We also met here a distinguished "Prussien"—large forefinger ring, "très Prussien;" his favourite exercise

at the festive board astonished us. Mountain strawberries at Mølmen are a treat; at dinner we had some. Our aristocratic foreigner plunged them into a tumbler of sparkling wine, but, alas! how did he extract them? The Count must have been in a lancer regiment, for with a tent-peg action he tried to pig-stick each strawberry and raise it to his mouth with his toothpick, and persevered until the tumbler was emptied, and the last strawberry pierced and entombed.

In passing along the shores of the fjords a kind of stage may



Interior of Mølmen Church.

be seen occasionally, which would give the casual observer an idea of preparations for pile-driving; the object of this construction is for quite a different purpose; it is one of the dreadful means used by the Norwegian farmers to obtain salmon. The system is this:—Netting—A man sits in the perch-box; the net is laid round to the buoys as indicated in the illustration, and, as soon as the fisherman (if he may be designated by that name) sees a salmon underneath and within his net limit, he hauls in, and generally gets him. The salmon being in the habit of returning to the same river, or foss, are sometimes the

victims of an inquiring mind in the following manner:—The Norwegian whitens the face of the rock, or places a light plank so that the fish's attention may be attracted, and, whilst making up his mind as to whether it is right or wrong, his fate is sealed, and he will soon be hung up in the bonder's house, with two sticks across his body. After it has been rubbed with sugar and smoked in juniper fumes it is certainly a goodly adjunct to a breakfast; but when the weary traveller finds only smoked salmon, he cannot help thinking of the days when he was young, and had fresh meat regularly.

When coming down from the Haukelid Pass out of Sæterdal to the Hardanger, we had not time nor space to refer to a very beautiful passage between the two, which we will now notice. We came from Haukelid a little gloomy: we had seen a corrie which had been the scene of a reindeer slaughter, or Glencoe, the result of misplaced generosity on the part of an Englishman to a Norwegian. The former had given the latter a double-barrelled breech-loading rifle, with a good battue supply of cartridges. The consequence was simply this: the local Nimrod, assisted by a confederate, drove a herd of reindeer into a *cul-de-sac* corrie, and then shot down more than twenty. It was worse than the friend who gave his river watcher a salmon

rod and flies; the "elve waken," or keeper, fished hard with fly and worm, and wrote to his lord and master in England to tell him with much glee that he had caught "plenty salmons, or stor lax," and the river would soon be ready for him, but he would like two new tops brought out for the rod so kindly given to him.

Journeying from Haukelid we came down to Roldal, where the pass combines to produce a scene of great grandeur. The old wooden bridge, the blustering torrent falling with ponderous leap down into a chasm below, the serenity and peace of the distant snow range, and the lake in perfect peace far, far below, formed a combination which causes regret that it can never be



Seljestad.

adequately rendered on paper. The scenery is immensely grand, the living proportionately sparse and insufficient. It is the old story, the quotation of Bennett's guide-book—"magnificent waterfall at back; only two wooden spoons at this station."

A tremendous zigzag is being cut by the Government in connection with a road which is ultimately intended to be opened over the pass. From the top of this zigzag a very commanding view is obtained of the valley of Seljestad, and the vast expanse of the Folge Fond, an immense extent of snow. We were very tired when we arrived at Seljestad, and could get nothing but a recorked bottle of beer, which must have been put back several

times on being declined by previous travellers. Nothing to eat or drink, but such a "blakken," or Norwegian pony, was put into No. 3 carriage, with the proprietor up as "skyds." Having gone about five miles, the owner thought the animal was not showing what he could do, or even his fair average; so taking the rope reins, he stood up at the back of the carriage, grunted at him, and with deep growlings of "Elephanta," sent him flying at a tremendous pace downhill, till far down the valley we flew along the road through the spoon-drift of two fine falls. The owner explained that the pony hated being called an "elephant," and always went better when a little abused.

THE RESCUE: LION HUNTING IN ARABIA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

C. A. COESSIN DE LA FOSSE, Painter.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Engraver.

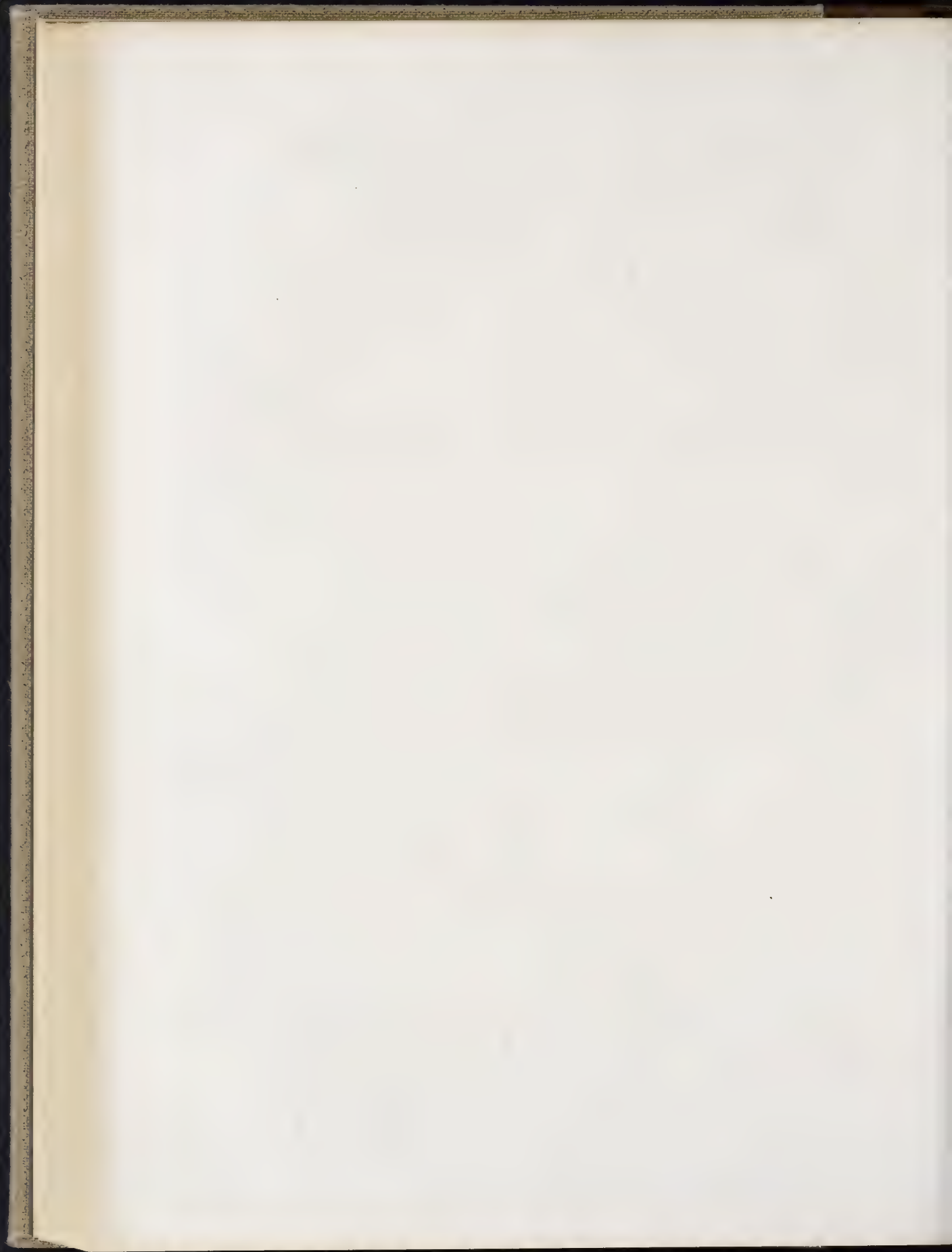
THAT the picture gallery is one of the great attractions of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is sufficiently evidenced by the numerous visitors who are found there at all times; for the gallery is never entirely deserted, even when special performances are being carried on in other parts of the building.

Among the pictures exhibited at the Palace to which prizes have been adjudged is that engraved here; a premium of forty guineas having been awarded to the painter of it in 1864, as the "best picture, irrespective of subject, by a French artist resident on the Continent." M. Coessin de la Fosse was born at

Lisieux (Calvados), and was a pupil of Picot, and afterwards of Couture. He exhibited this picture at the *Salon* in Paris, in 1863, under the title of 'Chasse au Lion par les Arabes,' and with the following motto:—"C'est ordinairement un parent de la victime qui se dévoue." The painting, which was bought at the Crystal Palace by the proprietors of the *Art Journal*, is about seven or eight feet in width, and it will perhaps better bear criticism as a work of Art than as an illustration of wild sporting life. If the grouping of the hunters is not very sportsmanlike, the composition is picturesque, and the design spirited.







THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE Fourteenth General Exhibition of Water-Colours, now being held in the Dudley Gallery, consists of six hundred and fifty-eight drawings and six examples of sculpture. The authors of the latter are J. Lawlor, G. Simonds, E. R. Mullins, and E. Junck; but, with the exception of J. Lawlor's marble bust of 'The Emigrant' (659), and a statuette, in bronze, of 'Divine Wisdom' (660), by G. Simonds, their works require no special mention.

Among the pictures we find the place of honour assigned to an insignificant drawing of 'Moonlight in Funchal Bay, Madeira' (221), by E. J. Poynter, R.A. It looks like the work of a tyro, and on its own merits would, in all probability, have been rejected; but Royal Academicians are scarce at the Dudley, and when they do turn up the committee like, no doubt, to show their gratitude. Two charming children's portraits, 'Miss Hichens' (206), an olive-complexioned little lady in pale blue, standing full-faced; and 'Miss Daniel' (222), another comely little dame dressed in lilac, are both from the genial pencil of J. C. Moore. A little farther on is a very vigorous portrait, nearly life size, of 'Mrs. Percy Macquoid' (228), from the vigorous and capable brush of Adrian Stokes. In this same part of the gallery the visitor will also have occasion to note the variety which characterizes H. Moore's 'Autumn Mist' (205) on the sea, the rich colour in J. Fulleylove's 'Lions of the Capitol' (219), the atmospheric truth in H. E. Marshall's 'Trafalgar Square' (229), and the idyllic sweetness of Frank E. Cox's lithe peasant girl 'Waist deep in Meadow-sweet' (232), bearing playfully on her shoulder a little child.

A. B. Donaldson appears more simple and spontaneous in water-colour than in oil, if we may judge by 'The Fisherman's Hospital, Great Yarmouth' (245). C. Earle depicts faithfully the wealth 'In a Devonshire Orchard' (253); and, by the aid of some geese and a solitary cow by the waterside, combined with a few other simple elements, G. F. Cotman manages to convey a sense of the 'Quietude' of evening (254). The finish and feeling of the late Frederick Walker are palpably expressed in Wilmot Pilsbury's 'Farmyard' (261), as much of the spirit of David Cox comes out in the driving clouds of W. P. Burton's 'Moorland' (313). The 'Lawn Market, Edinburgh' (271), with its quaint architecture and crowded traffic, was never better set forth than it is by Miss Louise Rayner in 271. The ladies, indeed, are strongly represented in the present exhibition. Here, for example, is Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer's 'Allamanda' (284), whose vigorous leaves and large yellow flower she has rendered with much breadth of effect. Emily R. Stanton's 'Meadow-sweet' (283), close by, exemplifies, on the other hand, what can be done by minute and patient labour. Both are possibly right. 'Meadow-sweet' lends itself to careful stippling, and 'Allamanda' invites broad masterly washes. 'An Englishman of the Fourteenth Century' (292), in Dante costume, is another piece of vigorous work from the hand of a lady, Catherine J. Atkins; and Linnie Watt's lady inhaling the 'Sea Breeze' (299), as she walks along the shore, with chalky cliffs behind her, is

full of local truth as to the colour of the water under such action and the character of the dominating heights. Helen Thornycroft has made good use of her pretty model in 'Rosalind in the Forest of Arden' (330), and the sun-kissed hill beyond the waterfall closes in very suggestively what we cannot help saying is the best picture she ever painted. Alice Havers, also, is particularly happy; see her two girl friends walking across the corn-field (348), and her boys bathing in 'A Hot Day' (135). The former reminds us of the sweet sentiment of Mason or Morris, and the latter is suggestive of the vigour and colour which Fred Walker threw into a similar subject. Besides these there are charming works by Ellen Staples, Louisa Aumonier, Agnes MacWhirter, Georgina Koberwein, Edith Martineau, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Stillman, Emma Cooper, Miss Turck, and Kate Greenaway. The 'Procession of Children' (528), by the last named, and the child-portraits of 'Darby and Joan' (553) and 'Miss Patty' (607), are as charming as they are quaint. The most ambitious picture in the exhibition, moreover, is by a lady. In largeness of intention there is nothing in the room to compare with 'Louis de Male, Count of Flanders, hiding from the Soldiers of Philip Van Artevelde' (383), by Catherine Sparkes.

C. Napier Hemy's fishing-boat 'Off for the Night' (401) is very forcible in colour; but colour, we think, of the wrong kind. His waves are more of a vegetable than a sea green; their surface is scarcely that of water, and their drawing not that of waves. In this respect the great master of effect is Hamilton Macallum, and his 'Will any man gie me any more?' (38), and 'A Seaweed Boat' (124), are the most powerful drawings in the exhibition. In a less vigorous, though by no means less truthful key, work such coming men as T. Lloyd, T. Pyne, F. A. Hopkins, S. L. Pocock, E. Waterlow, A. W. Weedon, J. O. Long, and A. Hartland. All these are adequately represented, not to mention F. Walton, A. Ditchfield, P. Spiers, E. Ellis, H. Goodwin, and the Severns. A. E. Emslie's picture of a negro giving the 'Finishing Touches' (384) to his wife's portrait is not without humour; but its colour looks here and there rather forced, and surely the easel is too entirely between the sable artist and his sitter. J. C. Dollman's humour is of a still rarer kind, because it is more simple and more readily conceivable: his picture is that of an old dog fancier—'A Canine Æsculapius' (315) he is called in the catalogue—measuring, with a wise professional eye, the amount of medicine he will pour out from the small bottle he holds up before him. The action is watched keenly by half a score of dogs of different well-defined breeds, all of which seem to know that this quiet examination of the phial is only introductory to proceedings of a more active kind by-and-by. The picture is good in colour, and is in perfect keeping throughout. We would also award hearty commendation to E. Neale's game birds in the snow, called 'Before the Pairing Season' (368). There are many other drawings well worthy of special notice, had our limits permitted.

THE SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.

EVER since the Lady Artists moved to their present gallery in Great Marlborough Street, not only has the number of exhibitors increased, but the work done, especially by the professional members, has attained to a much higher level of excellence. In other words, the Society of Lady Artists has reached such a degree of healthy vitality and success as will in future command recognition from the general Art public.

Christina P. Ross gives a glimpse of an old street in Bruges leading 'To the Place Jean Van Eyck' (4); and Lady Gordon, with more of daylight, allows us to look up one of the silent ways of Venice (17). The latter artist has an exquisite little oil picture representing a sunset in a marshy moorland in Aberdeenshire, not to mention several other works of unquestionable merit. We like the figure of the girl in Kate Edith Nichols's

'Autumn Sunshine' (2) better than that of the girl seated so awkwardly on the donkey 'On Southborough Common' (15); the landscape in both is good. Charlotte J. James shows her usual felicity in the handling of flowers in her festoon of chrysanthemums 'In the Autumn' (11); and Emma Walter, among other pleasing pictures of birds and fruit, conveys a pretty sentiment in her two goldfinches lying dead 'Under the Primroses' (39). Emma Cooper works in a similar vein, as may be seen in her 'Jenny Wren and Arbutus' (661), which is stronger in drawing and in colour than anything she has done yet. This lady has, moreover, this year tried her hand, and by no means unsuccessfully, at a series of miniatures (790).

We are pleased with Miss Adey's portrait of 'Louis, Son of Sir W. Jenner, Bart.' (52). Among the many contributions of Miss Freeman Kempson, her 'Pass of Glencoe' (69) is to be preferred, on account, perhaps, of its having been taken from a fresh point of view. In the sweet girl whom we see coming down 'The Old Church Path' (88), by M. E. Staples, we detect a touch of the sentiment and of the manner of the late lamented Frederick Walker. Louise Rayner gives variety and life to everything she touches, and no one can people a lane or a village street more naturally: see her 'St. Clement's Church, from Hill Street, Hastings' (151), and her 'South Petherton, Somersetshire' (668). Margaret Rayner, on the other hand, delights in the stately personages of the past, and re-people the 'Terrace of Haddon Hall' (259) with ladies and cavaliers of the Stuart time. Mrs. Marrable has sent several Venetian drawings, prominent among which is the 'Canal of St. Barnabas' (82). Her most ambitious drawing, however, is 'Ancient Larches on the Rosy Road, Pintresina' (220).

The place of honour on the left side of the room is worthily occupied by Miss S. S. Warren's lovely 'Sunset on the Wey' (120). Also among ladies capable of looking at Nature for themselves, and with a fine sense of selection, are May Foster, who sends 'On the Moors, Penmachno' (95); K. Macaulay, who contributes a splendid drawing of the 'Coast near Oban' (132); Marian Croft, whose 'English Homestead' (233) we see embowered in greenery; and Miss C. L. Davis's 'Bramshot Hill, Hampshire.'

The more eminent among the figure painters are Helen Thornycroft with her 'Portia Pleading' (145), Elizabeth Manton with 'The New Straduarus' (156)—both of them remarkably able works—and Mrs. Backhouse's three handsome girls playing the part of 'Italian Fruit Gatherers' (226). The painters of fruit and flowers are worthily represented by Jessie Cockran's

'Winter Fruit' (162), apples and oranges, admirably grouped and drawn, but perhaps a little too high in key for telling effect; Edith Marrable's 'Last of the Sopionites' (114); Anna M. Fitz-james's 'Apples and Damsons' (115); and more especially by Constance Pierrepont's two clematis drawings (116 and 122), Maria Harrison's 'Glass of Primulas' (121), and by the many refined flower drawings of Madame Hegg, Helen Mapping, Mrs. B. L. Hinde, and Mrs. A. Lukes Guerin. Before leaving the water-colour section of the exhibition we would draw especial attention to the magnificent piece of colouring by Jessie Frier, representing the 'Studio of John Pettie, R.A.' (204), the exquisite manipulation and finish of Miss A. Lennox's 'Girl of Constantine,' and the splendid *tour de force* of 'She Sleeps; my Lady Sleeps' (433), which is an immense advance on anything Miss E. S. Guinness has yet done.

The oil-paintings, as we have said, approach much nearer the excellence of the water-colours than on any former occasion. Here are a masterly life-sized portrait (328), by Ellen Partridge, for example, another by Mary Backhouse (341), and a third (352) by Mrs. Alma-Tadema. Miss E. H. Stannard's noble fruit piece (321) occupies the place of honour, with Louise Jopling's rough sketch of 'The Inattentive Pupil' (317) in the immediate neighbourhood. 'Woodland Solitude' (320), by Miss F. Assenbaum, and Linnie Watt's 'Meadow-sweet' (335), are both excellent; and although there is less subject in Alice Cockran's group of stately 'Pines, Weybridge' (336), there is no lack of artistic instinct, and she plies her brush with a vigorous freedom. In contrast with the handling of this lady may be placed the delicate manipulation of Mary E. Williams, whose 'Autumn Wild Flowers in New England' (351) is by no means the least refined picture in the exhibition. 'The Windmill near Boulogne' (794), by Miss Hepworth Dixon, is a considerable advance on last year's work. She has simply to go on drawing carefully and constantly, and all the rest will follow in due time. Of Mrs. Val Bromley's three marine contributions, we much prefer her 'Grey Day on the Cornish Coast' (744). She is a new exhibitor, and bids fair for the future. We cannot leave the gallery without calling attention to Sophia Beal's capital picture of the sick little girl about to take medicine: the characterization of the spectacled old nurse who is about to measure out the dose, is really excellent. The Misses Swift, Elizabeth Naughton, Mrs. L. Goodman, Mrs. Bridell Fox, Charlotte H. Spiers, Victoria Fennell, the Misses Claxton, and several other well-known artists, are pleasingly present on the walls of the exhibition, but our space is already exhausted.

MR. RUSKIN'S COLLECTION OF TURNER DRAWINGS.

IN the gathering together of this series of a hundred and twenty drawings by the greatest master of English landscape which the country has yet produced, Mr. John Ruskin has given the devotion of a life. They are now on view at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, and that the public may thoroughly understand their merits, and form something like an adequate estimate of the genius of their author, Mr. Ruskin has catalogued and described, classified and criticized them with such rare discrimination and eloquence as will make the book a prize possession in the eyes of every Art-lover. While finishing these "Notes," Mr. Ruskin was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness, and, in consequence, two or three important drawings remain undescribed, and the Epilogue unwritten. Before these lines reach our readers, it is earnestly to be hoped that the master will have been restored to health and vigour, so as to put the finishing touches to what may be regarded as the appendix and corrective of the *magnum opus* of his younger days. "As in my own advancing life," he says in his introduction—and to the writer of this present notice Mr. Ruskin made a similar avowal several years ago—"I learn

more of the laws of noble Art, I recognise faults in Turner to which once I was blind; but only as I recognise also powers which my boy's enthusiasm did but disgrace by its advocacy." Or, as he said at the time referred to, "I should have been carrying on my own studies at that time instead of writing 'Modern Painters.' " Mr. Ruskin divides Turner's active and productive period into decades, beginning with 1800 and ending with 1850, and describes faithfully in the introduction the characteristic manner of each. When he comes to the pictures themselves, he is full of reference to historic and personal incidents, and gives full vent to his humour in bitter sarcasm or tender pathos. In short, this catalogue is as much descriptive of the life and genius of Ruskin as it is of Turner, and it is because of this duality that it is so valuable. Under such circumstances, for us or any one to trench on Mr. Ruskin's ground would be sacrilege. We have already said all that the intelligent reader cares to know. Appended to Mr. Ruskin's "Notes" is an exhaustive list of Turner's engraved works, carefully compiled and annotated by Mr. Marcus B. Huish. These engravings will be found judiciously arranged in the up-stairs gallery.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—*Ingres and French Art Law*.—The following case, recorded by *Le Figaro*, of proceedings before a French tribunal is of interest from the point which it decides, and the great artistic name with which it is connected. Some five-and-twenty years since a Parisian gentleman, M. Moitessier, who held then, and still holds, a high position in society, called upon M. Ingres, and commissioned him to paint a portrait of his wife. The lady was beautiful, and well calculated to inspire the great artist, the result being that he produced one of his finest and most admired works. In using the expression a portrait, we convey the truth, but not the whole truth. In point of fact, two portraits of Madame Moitessier were consecutively executed by Ingres, for the nervously fastidious artist, ever discontented with his creations, had twice given this a canvas on his easel; in addition, moreover, to which he had made many sketches and studies. As an evidence of the scruples by which the judgment of Ingres was tantalised, we select from a series of his letters the following note of thoroughly French character:—

"MADAME,—I trust I am not so much of a simpleton as I appear. I have just taken a frontal review of the two portraits, and my wife being in council with me, we have decided that the last is the better of the two. Thus then, madame, to-morrow and to-morrow, arms uncovered, and, if it be possible, the yellow robe. I have the honour to be, good and very lovely madame, with the profoundest regret so to torment you, your humble and most devoted servant, INGRES."

M. Moitessier had been less severe than had Ingres to himself: he made the two portraits his own. The scraps, sketches, and designs, which had never been worked up to a realisation, naturally remained in M. Ingres's possession, and, after his death, passed into the hands of his wife. Last summer M. Féral, a picture auction agent, was directed to sell some works of Art appropriated under the demise of the master. Amongst these were, in fact, some of the unfinished sketches

of Madame Moitessier's portrait. M. Féral was unwilling to proceed forthwith with these items of the auction, to which a certain speciality of character seemed to attach. With much delicacy he made M. Moitessier aware of the state of the case, proffering to establish him as preference purchaser for the sum of 3,250 francs. M. Moitessier's reply was in a legal form. He not only declined to purchase the sketch of his wife's portrait, but had an order issued forbidding M. Féral to part with it on sale, affirming that it should be handed over to him, unless the Ingres family should prefer to have it destroyed in their presence. M. Debaq, who had maintained before the Civil Court the reclamation of M. Moitessier, further affirmed that an artist, however high his eminence, was not authorised, without express permission from the party in whom the right lay, to make use, as he might think fit, of the sketches of his model; and that, as a general rule in such cases, artistic right was rigorously limited by considerations of propriety and claims entitled to much respect. M. Hardouin, Féral's advocate, replied that, in consequence of M. Moitessier's formal claim, the sketch in question should not be brought to the hammer, and that so far the law process collapsed. But he submitted that M. Moitessier had no right to exact the delivery to him, or the destruction of, a work of Art, which the painter had had for five-and-twenty years amongst his cartoons, and he accordingly prayed the court to confirm the family of M. Ingres in their possession of the sketch. The Tribunal took the like view of the case. It forbade the exhibition in public, or the sale by auction, of Madame Moitessier's portrait; but, on the other hand, the heirs of M. Ingres should have full liberty to retain, as a souvenir of their illustrious departed relative, the work which they might not transfer into other hands.—At the suggestion of the French Minister of Public Works, the illustrious architect of the Opera House, M. Garnier, has been named Inspector-General of public civil structures throughout France. This is surely patronage well directed.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THE present generation knows comparatively little, except from books not generally easy of attainment, of the multitudinous and diversified works of this famous "pictorial satirist," whose death we announced in our March number. Born in Bloomsbury, London, in 1792, son of an artist who was himself skilled in caricature designs, the boy at a very early age helped his father in the work of drawing. When he was but seven years old he made drawings which were exhibited, with a very large number of others of later date, at Exeter Hall in 1803. Cruikshank, during the lifetime of his father—from whom, by the way, he seems to have had very little encouragement, and still less of help, in the matter of instruction—attempted to get admission into the schools of the Royal Academy when Fuseli was Keeper, but whether he was admitted as a student is a disputed point. The elder Cruikshank died while his son was still young, and the latter took up and completed some blocks the former left unfinished; henceforth his vocation in life was fixed. With the examples of Rowlandson and Gillray before him as suggestive of style, he entered upon his long life-work with a higher purpose than either of them, and with a more refined manner of expressing it. Among his more youthful productions were illustrations for children's books and for

the headings of popular ballads. Two monthly political satires of the day, the *Scourge* and the *Meteor*, he illustrated with caricatures; and for the politician and publisher, William Hone, he did a considerable amount of work of a satirical character reflecting on the Government of that time, and especially on the subject of the trial of Queen Caroline, the unhappy consort of George IV.: the chief of these were 'The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder,' 'The Man in the Moon,' and 'Non mi Ricordo.' A famous and very popular design by him was the 'One Pound Note,' a peculiar and most significant imitation of the bank note, for forging which in those days men and women suffered the extreme penalty of the law. It is believed that this work of the artist, which had an enormous sale, was mainly conducive to the repeal of the law that made forgery a capital offence.

To enumerate a hundredth part of Cruikshank's labours with the pencil would demonstrate not only its versatility, but the unwearied industry of the artist. In the "Universal Catalogue of Books on Art," published by the Science and Art Department—and, by the way, it is quite time that a new edition of this work appeared; a lapse of about eight years would add much valuable information to it—we find the name of George Cruikshank associated with no fewer than one hundred and seventeen distinct publications, the great majority having numerous plates;

for example, "Don Quixote" has thirty-five illustrations engraved on fifteen plates. It has been stated that the catalogue of his prints would extend to five thousand five hundred entries, "each one of which would describe a work of Art." Among the more popular and, perhaps, best known of the publications he illustrated may be enumerated "Life in London" and "Life in Paris," "The Humourist," "Peter Schlemil," Grimm's "Popular German Stories," "Mornings in Bow Street," "Punch and Judy," "Tales of Irish Life," "John Gilpin," "Tom Thumb," "The Epping Hunt," "Three Courses and a Dessert," "Italian Stories," "Illustrations of Phrenology," Maxwell's "Irish Rebellion," "Baron Munchausen," Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist," "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," &c.

As an oil-painter Cruikshank exhibited pictures occasionally, but not till towards the middle of his life, at the Royal Academy and at the British Institution; but his works of this description attracted little attention as artistic oil-pictures. His most famous production of this kind is "The Worship of Bacchus," a remarkable composition in its way, of very large dimensions, and containing about eight hundred figures, including all classes and conditions. It was painted to aid the Temperance Movement, as also was the series of designs known as "The Bottle;" the artist having, of late years, been a zealous advocate of teetotalism, with which his name is very closely identified, and in aid of which he worked diligently in every way whereby he could further the interests of the cause.

Almost to the very day of his death did George Cruikshank retain that elasticity of spirit, vigour of mind, and comparative activity of body, which he had enjoyed through a lifetime extended far beyond the allotted term of man's existence. He lived to a good and useful purpose, and his memory will long be enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him, and valued his genius and the good objects to which it was so often dedicated.

GEORGE PAUL CHALMERS, R.S.A.

This Scottish artist has unhappily met with a premature and cruel death. He was found in a street of Edinburgh with a severe wound on the head, when returning, on Feb. 15, from the annual banquet of the Royal Scottish Academy, and from a subsequent engagement with some of his brother artists: from this wound he died after lingering two or three days. From the fact that he had been robbed as well as attacked, it is presumed that the unfortunate artist was murdered. The Scottish Academy has offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the crime. Mr. Chalmers excelled almost equally as a painter of landscapes, figure-subjects, and portraits. There

are two pictures by him in the exhibition of the Academy now open, one of which, "Rain in Sligachan," is favourably spoken of in our notice of the gallery on another page. The second picture by the deceased painter is the portrait of a boy.

Mr. Chalmers was born at Montrose in 1836, and consequently had only reached the age of forty-one at the time of his unfortunate death. After serving an apprenticeship in some house of business—a ship-chandler's it has been said—he left the employment, and went to Edinburgh to study painting in the School of Design, then under the direction of the late Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A.

HENRY OTTLEY.

A brief record is due from us to the memory of this gentleman, from whose pen we had occasional assistance in years long gone by, and who died at Torquay, on Feb. 3, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Ottley was son of the late Mr. William Young Ottley, F.A.S., author of "The Italian School of Design," "An Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engraving," and several other works of a similar character. Mr. Henry Ottley wrote the "Supplement to Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, as edited by George Stanley," published in 1866, and he at various times contributed papers on the subject of Art to the periodical press.

PHILLIP WESTCOTT.

We regret to record the death of this artist, at the age of sixty-two, which took place on the 5th of January at Manchester. As a painter of vigorous characteristic portraits, Mr. Westcott was well known, especially in the north of England; where, as in the Salford Museum and other public institutions, are various examples of his art, many of which have been engraved for publication. For some years he resided in London, but recently settled in Manchester, as the locality with which, by his early associations and practice, he was most intimately connected.

FRANÇOIS DIDAY.

Among the foreign artists whose decease we have lately found recorded in the continental journals is that of M. Diday, a landscape painter of considerable repute, who died at Geneva, his native place, in December last, at the age of sixty-five. He was a frequent contributor to the *Salon* in Paris, and to other exhibitions: occasionally his works have been seen in our country. He obtained a medal of the second class in 1841 for his contributions to the *Salon* of that season; in the following year one of the first class, and was created Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

SCULPTURE IN ANCIENT ROME.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, A.R.A., Painter.

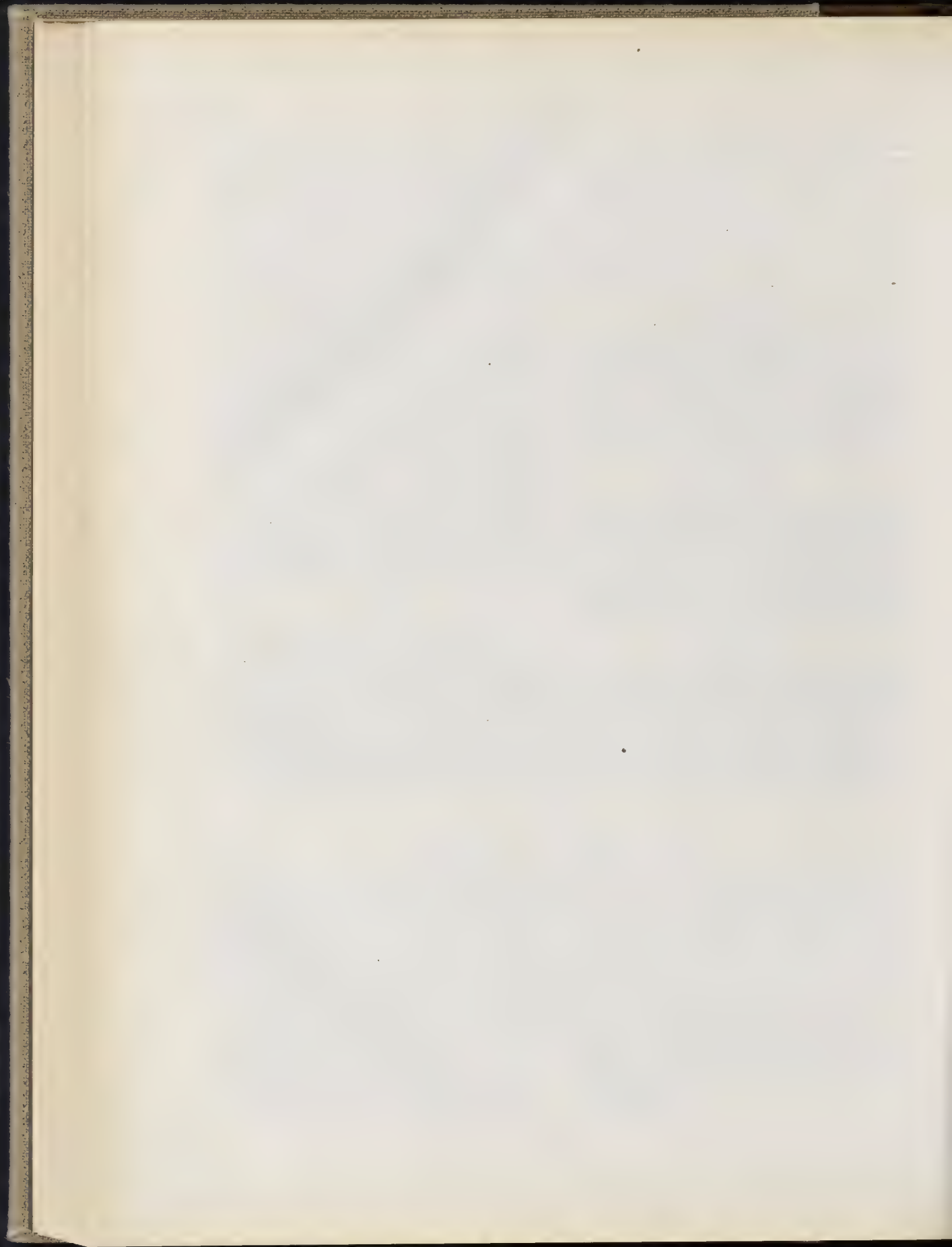
L. LOWENSTAM, Engraver.

NO artist of our time has so closely associated his name with the social life of ancient Rome as the painter of this picture, one of three small works he has produced symbolical of the respective arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting. We know far more of what the old Romans accomplished in the first and second of these arts than of what they did in the third; for many of their sculptured and architectural works still remain to delight and instruct, after centuries of time have rolled over them, the generations of the living; while almost all the information we get of the painters of "Imperial Rome" is derived from the pages of the historian Pliny; and even what he tells is of the most meagre description. The Etruscans appear to have made more progress in painting than the Romans, though an older people.

In Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Phidias at Work in the Parthenon," engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1875, as one of the illustrations accompanying a brief biographical notice of this painter,

we see carried out on a more elaborate and extensive scale, and in relation to Greek sculpture, the idea embodied in his picture of Roman sculptors engaged in their work—presumably that of chiselling into form the head of a gigantic statue of the Emperor Augustus, the tradition concerning which has been handed down to us; while the mask of it, we have heard, is still to be found in the courtyard of the Vatican, though we have failed to discover any record of the fact in our researches to confirm the statement. It is not, however, of much importance that the actual personification should be authenticated; it is enough that we have represented, with absolute realism, a number of workmen—more probably Greeks than Romans, for the sculpture of the empire was, it is understood, executed principally by the hands of the former—elevated upon a lofty scaffolding pursuing their labours on the head of a figure of such colossal proportions as to suggest a comparison with the head of an Egyptian sphinx.







L'ESPIONNE DE MONTFORT 1842

Paris: chez l'éditeur

MINOR TOPICS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—One of our daily contemporaries publishes the letter of a correspondent signing himself "Business Man," who complains of the frequency with which the Gallery is closed to the public. "First," he says, "for six weeks continuously in the autumn; second, for two days in each week, irrespective of Sundays; and, third, for certain hours of daylight, even on days when it is open." Now these grave complaints can only be answered in one way by the authorities, and that is by their at once sweeping away all ground for them. The writer very pithily says that the only way to make the immense expense which the building and the pictures have cost the nation really productive is to make the Gallery minister in the fullest possible manner to the public enjoyment. Why should it not be open, he pertinently asks, at eight o'clock, as the Royal Academy is, and kept open until sunset all the year round? Since the new rooms were open, he thinks, and we agree with him, that there is space enough both for the students and the public, and that the Gallery ought to be open to all six days in the week. A small increase of the staff, or a little addition to the salaries of the existing officials, would keep the Gallery open to the public all the year round. "Business Man" has done national service in calling the attention of Parliament to the present arrangements at the National Gallery, and it is earnestly to be hoped they will be remodelled in the way indicated.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Mr. G. H. Andrews has been promoted from the rank of Associate of this society to that of Member: four new Associates have been elected—Messrs. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., T. Lloyd, N. Taylor, and H. Wallis.

THE NOVAR GALLERY.—The famous Novar collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. Hugh A. J. Munro, and so surpassingly rich in the works of Turner, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 6th of last month, and realised £73,520. The nine oil-pictures sold for £38,712; the thirty-two water-colour drawings, several of them only a few inches in dimension, averaged nearly £500 each. We must reserve particulars till a future time.

THE SCULPTURES OF THE LATE MR. MATTHEW NOBLE, left in the possession of his widow at his decease, have been removed to the premises of Messrs. Bellman and Ivey, 95, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, where they are to be disposed of for the benefit of Mrs. Noble. They include several life-size busts of distinguished individuals, smaller busts and statuettes in marble, and several reductions, in alabaster, of some of the sculptor's principal works. We shall be well pleased to know that, in commercial parlance, "a clearance has been effected."

SOUTH KENSINGTON SCHOOL OF ART.—Earl Stanhope distributed the prizes awarded to the pupils of this school at the national competition of 1877. There are two branches of the institution—one male, the other female. The winners of gold medals were C. A. Brindley and R. A. Williams; of silver medals, W. Derrick and H. O. Jones; of bronze medals, C. A. Brindley, A. J. Elsley, Miss Jane M. Lock, G. Ransome, Miss Edith de Laney West, and E. Gouldsmith. In addition to these upwards of fifty other prizes were distributed. After an address by his lordship to the students then present, Mr. Poynter, R.A., Director of the Schools, briefly described the progress made by the pupils during the last two years, and spoke satisfactorily of the work which had been done, stating that while in 1876 no gold medal had been given, and only three silver medals, with a like proportion of bronze medals and other prizes, the result of the rewards in 1877 was that just recorded. Mr. Poynter expressed his regret that the students had not been able to continue the decorations of the Museum, whereby they lost most excellent practice, in consequence of the limited grant of money made by Government.

1878.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—Mr. John Forbes-Robertson delivered a lecture before a full meeting of this society on the 4th of April on "The Historical Relation of Secular to Religious Art."

STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—On Saturday, the 30th of March, the Prince of Wales and party were entertained at luncheon by Sir Albert Sassoon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Sassoon, in Belgrave Square. The guests were conducted afterwards by their host to the foundry of Messrs. H. Young & Co., in Eccleston Street, Pimlico, where they were joined by the Duke of Cambridge; there they witnessed the casting of a colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the Prince of Wales, in commemoration of his visit to India. The statue, which will cost about £10,000, will be presented to Bombay by Sir Albert Sassoon. The quantity of metal used was about eight tons, and the Prince himself pulled the lever which liberated the molten metal and allowed it to stream from the valve-box into the mould. As we write, the metal has not sufficiently cooled to allow of its being examined, but long before this reaches our readers it is to be hoped the casting has resulted in success. The mould and design were made by J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., the eminent sculptor. "The statue is to be placed on a very elaborate granite pedestal, on the shaft of which will be bronze reliefs, representing on one side the arrival of the Prince in Bombay and his reception by all the native princes, and on the other the Parsee school children of Bombay bringing wreaths of flowers to his Royal Highness, who is surrounded by his staff. On the front of the pedestal is the Prince's coat of arms, and on the back a shield bearing the inscription of the donor and the occasion of the gift." A plaster model of both statue and pedestal will be exhibited in the Indian Court of the Paris Exhibition.

THE FINE ART GALLERY, CHANCERY LANE.—Mr. Dowdeswelle has turned much of his attention lately to works in etching, and the result is the finest collection, perhaps, in London, by all the best masters of the art. The visitor will be able to study here Méryon, the Prince of Elchers, whose works are so rare, and whose character had in it much of the eccentricity of our own Blake; also Veyrasset, another master whose works are scarce; not to mention such well-known and accomplished etchers as Flameng, Unger, Rajon, Seymour Haden, and Whistler. The collection is as extensive as it is interesting, and will delight every Art lover.

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.—The enterprising Mr. Cox, of Pall Mall, now that the British Artists Society has taken possession of his quondam quarters in Conduit Street, has transferred his valuable collection of "Old Masters and Deceased British Artists," numbering over six hundred works, to the Suffolk Street Gallery, where they are seen with every advantage of light and space.

GROUP OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, BY MR. LACHLAN McLACHLAN.—The most remarkable group of the Royal Family, remarkable whether as regards size of canvas, number of figures, truth of portraiture, quality of Art, or unity of effect, is now on view at the gallery of the Messrs. Agnew, in Old Bond Street. The Royal Family, from her Majesty the Queen down to her youngest grandchild, twenty-two in all, are seen assembled in the Green Drawing-room of Windsor Castle. This royal assemblage, when analyzed, resolves itself into five groups; but so skilfully are these groups arranged in the stately apartment, so simply and naturally do the lines compose themselves, so unaffected and graceful are the action and attitude of the various personages, from matronly middle life to the *naïveté* of childhood, that perfect unity is preserved and the artistic eye satisfied. The work is Venetian in the noblest decorative sense,

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and we have to go back to Paul Veronese before we find an assemblage so impressive and stately. The painting is in monochrome, and will, we believe, be reproduced in some of the new permanent forms of photography. To do justice to such a subject in pure line would occupy an industrious engraver almost half a lifetime. The most remarkable thing about this grand picture is that its author, Mr. Lachlan McLachlan, is not by profession an artist. He never received a training at any of the great schools, British or continental, and yet he seems as familiar with the canons of composition as if he had studied all his life at Munich or Paris. This Art phenomenon, this born painter, belongs to the neighbourhood of that Charing Cross of the Highlands, Oban, and the greater part of his manhood has been spent in Glasgow and Manchester.

IN the studio of M. MELAMPRE, 19, Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington, waiting for removal, is a monumental reclining statue of the late Hon. Mrs. Percy Fitzgerald, eldest sister of Viscount Massarene and Ferrard. "Rest in peace" is the idea the sculptor has endeavoured to embody, and well he has realised his conception. The whole attitude of the figure is indicative of that perfect repose which in all ages the living have envied their beloved dead; and the lovely head that lies so naturally upon the marble pillow is indeed still with an eternal rest. There is none of the conventional stiffness of monumental sculpture; the attitude is easy and full of grace. She is sleeping the sleep of life; the sleep of death is hardly suggested but for the broken lily at her side and the cross within the folded hands. The face looks younger than the deceased was at the time of her death, but that, if a fault, is one on the right side, and an ideal portrait has been desired by her friends rather than a perfect likeness. The whole figure and the arrangement of the drapery are happily and tenderly dealt with—the work of an elevated mind as well as a skilful hand.

PORCELAIN PAINTING.—The exhibition of ceramic paintings, which we announced in our March Number as in preparation under the auspices of Messrs. Howell and James, was opened at their show-rooms in Regent Street last month. The works were for the most part executed in competition for prizes to professional and amateur artists respectively; Messrs. E. W. Cooke, R.A., and F. Goodall, R.A., being the judges. The first prize in the former class was awarded to Mrs. C. A. Sparkes, for two fine plaques with pictures of rustic children; the second prize was taken by Miss C. H. Spiers, for a plaque ornamented with a large hollyhock. Mrs. Mallam's portrait plates stood first in the order of merit after the prizes. The third prize was taken by Mr. J. H. M'Lennon. The other artists very highly commended were Mrs. Cambridge Harbutt, M. de Mol, Miss C. M. Shepherd, Miss Spiers, and Mr. Thomas Cave, whose imitations of Chinese *cloisonné* enamel-work are remarkable. Two other grades of merit were noticed as highly commended in the following order:—Miss Jessie Farren, Miss Ellen Welby, M. Dange, and Fleur-de-Lis; Miss Edith Cowper and Miss Florence Tiddeman. The prizes for amateurs were—First, Mrs. A. H. Lee; second, Mrs. G. Stapleton; and third, Miss Budgett, whose orchid plate was particularly noticeable. Twenty-four other contributions were marked "highly commended." Some of the best examples, however, were not admitted to the competition, as those by M. G. Leonce. The chief prize works are, it was understood, to be sent to the Paris International Exhibition.

THE OLD BELGIAN GALLERY, BOND STREET.—Of the two hundred pictures, or studies, forming this collection, about one-fourth are water-colours, and both are, in the main, the contributions of Belgian artists. Among the more prominent pictures are a magnificent sea-piece representing 'Trafalgar' (55), by H. F. Schaevels; a bright sunny 'View of Cordova from the Guadalquivir' (14), by François Bossuet; 'Moonlight on the Cam' (27), by S. Jacobsen; and 'Choosing a Shawl in an Oriental Interior' (29), by E. Richter. There are also excellent pictures by Charles Heffner, A. Schill, A. Grison, and a very impressive figure subject by the late J. Van Lierus, representing a distracted girl in red dress at 'The Bridge of Sighs' (98).

The collection is limited in extent, but the pictures are well chosen and many of them of high Art merit.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S ETCHINGS.—The Messrs. Hogarth, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, have done the Art world a service in bringing together at their gallery specimens of all the published etchings of Mr. Seymour Haden. We have always been admirers of the works of this accomplished artist, but not till we went over the present collection, and especially the group of "new plates," were we fully aware of his infinite variety. If we want force of line we turn to 'The Breaking up of the Agamemnon'; if delicacy, to the 'Shere Mill-pond'; tender and graduated treatment of distance, to the 'Water Meadows, Rumsey'; sense of space, to 'Purfleet'; and if powerfully suggested colour, to 'Twilight on the Test.' If we would know, moreover, something of the outward aspect of the stock from which our artist has sprung, he has furnished us with a vigorous etching of his own grandfather, Thomas Haden, of Derby, after a portrait by Wright, of Derby. This portrait is, to our eye, slightly suggestive of the face of the poet Keats, and if it is the indication of a similar temperament to his, we can easily understand why Mr. Seymour Haden should look at Nature with so poetic an eye.

MR. ARTHUR J. R. TRENDALL was a foremost officer of the staff at the two exhibitions—Vienna and Philadelphia. He was, we know, indefatigable in his efforts to promote the interests of British exhibitors at the great capitals of Austria and the United States. His attentive courtesy has been rightly estimated, for the exhibitors have combined to present a testimonial to that gentleman, "as a mark of respect and appreciation of his character." It consists of "a loving cup" containing guineas—to the number of one hundred. The sentiment, and not the sum, is what Mr. Trendell will value. We add our testimony to that of the exhibitors; we derived much important aid from the courtesy, zeal, and ability with which Mr. Trendell discharged his duties at Vienna.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Mr. Elijah Walton has added to his collection at the Burlington Gallery, Piccadilly, a series of drawings embracing all the most salient points in the Isle of Wight. The delicacy of these drawings, the tenderness and variety of their colour, and their truthfulness of effect, locally and atmospherically, are of a kind to draw forth the warm admiration of all lovers of English landscape. Her Majesty was so much struck with their beauty that she has secured several of them for her own collection. Where all the drawings are so praiseworthy, it would seem invidious to single out one more than another for special laudation; still there are two or three whose tone or sentiment commended themselves specially to our sympathy. The fine sweep of chalk cliff in 'Freshwater Bay from the Downs' (25), with its green tone in the foreground and grey blue in the distance, particularly pleased us. Tenderly also is the distance led up to in 'Ryde Pier' (26). The green sun-flecked turf in 'Bembridge Point' (31), and on the gently rounded tree-capped hills in the foreground of 'Whippingham Church, from near the Newport Road' (54), struck us as peculiarly pretty and pastoral. Then for such grandeur as may be seen round the shores of the island we turn to the 'Stag and Arch Rocks of Freshwater Bay' (36 and 43), lashed by the waves and shrouded mysteriously by the mist and spray. 'Blackgang' (33), again, rich in sunset, or suffused with a delicate purple (as in 49), is each in its way very lovely.

MR. MCLEAN'S GALLERY.—What forms the *pièce de résistance* in this collection, which consists of a hundred and thirty-four pictures, all, with the exception about to be named, of cabinet dimensions, is Tissot's full-length, life-size portrait of a fashionable and comely young lady, in dark figured dress and black hat, bending rather affectingly as she walks under the large yellow leaves of a chestnut-tree in 'October' (58). The effect of this semi-translucent background of yellow, all so beautifully articulated, is remarkably rich and golden. It is at once original and natural, and M. Tissot may be congratulated on producing so masterly a work. Other works which will not allow them-

selves to be ignored are the 'Cockle Gatherers' (97) of Hamilton Macallum, the 'Kilchurn Castle' (101) of the late James Docharty, A.R.S.A., the 'Loch Tay' (107) of Colin Hunter, the 'Fisher Girl' (70) of Jules Breton, 'The Frozen Fountain' (27) of G. H. Boughton, and the contributions of such men as De Penne, De Haas, Moore, Ammonier, Munthe, and Palmaroli. It is true some of these works are slight, but the collection, nevertheless, shows taste and discrimination.

LAMBETH PALACE.—A collection of prints of the antiquities, buildings, &c., in the county of Kent, is being formed for the Archbishop's library, and Mr. Kershaw, librarian, asks those who have duplicate or other impressions to aid in contributing. The traces of historical structures are now so rapidly effaced that their preservation in the form of engravings is valuable, and will further elucidate the Kentish books and records of the diocese, now accessible to the public three days in each week.

THE PICCADILLY GALLERY.—This gallery is devoted to the exhibition of "pictures of the old masters," works we are chary of touching; but among the various canvases exhibited there is one by John Wyck, the famous battle painter, who drew his inspiration from Wouvermans, which is quite *à propos* of the late horrible war, and to which we would call the attention of our readers. It represents 'John Sobieski driving the Turks out of Europe' in 1683; but this title is a misnomer. Sobieski, who, by the way, in this picture bears a remarkable resemblance to the late King of Italy, mauled the Turks terribly and saved Vienna, for which the snobbish Emperor gave him small thanks; but he never drove them out of Europe. The canvas is a large one, and is full of movement and spirit. There are, moreover, in the gallery other pictures of interest and of much higher Art merit.

MESSRS. GOODALL, the famous card-makers of Camden Town, have recently issued an improvement in stationery of a

peculiar order, so marked and so valuable that we should fail in duty if we neglected to recommend it to our readers. There are few whose eyes have not been offended by what is termed "mourning paper"—sheets with broad black edges, the broader the more mournful, and therefore indicative of greater grief for, and greater honour to, the dead. But society has been of late getting rid of the outer trappings of woe, throwing off the "inky cloak," and if it will be sad will not exhibit sadness like the piety of the Pharisees in the market-place. Messrs. Goodall's "mourning paper" is borrowed from the Japanese, and consists solely, at present, of the bamboo and its leaves somewhat artistically arranged. The stamping is either of sober grey or slightly dark. The idea is good, and so is the working out of it; but it is only the beginning of a reform of which we do not yet see the end. At all events, we hope we have had the last of the ugly black border that announced a departure from earth.

THE COCOA-NUT FIBRE of Messrs. Treloar, of Ludgate Hill, is now known, used, and valued all over the world; from a very small trade it has grown into a huge commerce. It is in many ways a boon, promoting cleanliness and health, as well as adding to the neatness and even grace of any place in which it is adopted. Yet how many of us can recollect a time when it was more than useless, a serious encumbrance not easily got rid of by destruction! The whole of the flooring of the British department of the Paris Exhibition is laid down in this manufactured fibre by Messrs. Treloar. Some of the matings are of designs approaching elegance. They are made entirely of coir, or cocoa-nut fibre, and the peculiarity is that the colours are not produced by dyeing, being entirely natural. Great difficulty has been surmounted in thus procuring different shades of fibre, and they claim to be the only firm at present able to produce these mats entirely of coir, without the admixture of any other material, and entirely free from dye.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

"DISTINGUISHED LONDON MEN" is the title of a work the first part of which is before us. It commences a series of portraits, done in a peculiar style, somewhat between photography and lithography, and is issued from the press of Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald; they are good specimens of Art, very effective, and obviously faithful as likenesses, deriving that advantage, no doubt, from actual sittings to the sun. The number contains the Duke of Sutherland, the great engineer John Penn, the artist John Faed, and the author Hepworth Dixon; and each is accompanied by a comprehensive though brief biography. We cannot do better than quote a passage from the compiler's preface:—

"In our own day a great impetus has been given to portraiture through new artistic and scientific resources. The perishable photograph has found its way into every house, and the illustrated paper has familiarised us with the lineaments of those who distinguish themselves in relation to current events. For this the public are grateful, but the more fastidious naturally look for something higher in character, more artistic and better adapted to assume a permanent form. The very excellence of what has been presented induces the desire for something superior to it. Here then we have the *raison d'être* of 'Portraits of Distinguished London Men.' And what renders this work of great reliable value is the fact that all the portraits are supplied to the publishers by the subjects of them, and that they are accompanied by short biographical sketches. Thus accuracy is insured, and the distinguished persons forming the gallery are wholly self-represented by their portraits and by the biographical facts and dates, which must give additional value to them in public estimation."

To the long-suffering reviewer, weary of 'ologies, 'isms, highly flavoured novels, and sentimental verses, Lady Verney's "Sketches,"* gathered, as she says, out of different homes, come as a draught of sparkling spring water on a sultry day to the satiated diner-out of many seasons. They seem to keep about them the breezy freshness of the country and its innocent delights. "Our Ancestors" is most interesting and instructive, full of old-world knowledge; the interview with Dame Ursley Perkins, in "Bees in the Past and Present," is a charming bit of Nature; and "All Creatures for our Sport and Use" is a chapter it would be well for those who "have an inveterate and extraordinary belief rooted in them that all Nature was created with some reference to themselves," to take to heart. The graphic account of the young Indian prince who paid us a visit in 1870, and "who had never been alone in all his life," is full of interest, and the account of his early death and funeral rites most touching. Nature being so varied, so, necessarily, are the subjects of these "Sketches," and Lady Verney's pencil is as facile as her pen. She claims our interest for the human animal as well as bird and insect, and the account of the immoral lighthouse donkey which, prompted doubtless by the devil, committed murder, is highly entertaining.

This little book offers food for mirth as well as reflection to old and young, and we hope Lady Verney will soon give us another portfolio of sketches, written in the same vein of healthy and womanly vitality.

* "Sketches from Nature with Pen and Pencil." By Lady Verney. Published by Daldy, Isbister & Co.

WE have received from Messrs. Baillière and Co. some useful manuals intended for the use of students of Art.* The first of these is a kind of handbook, by Mr. W. J. Muckley, head master of the Manchester School of Art; it offers a series of engravings, showing different views of the skeleton of the human figure, and separate plates of the joints, muscles, &c., with their names, uses, &c., fully described; the information derived from such standard authors as Flaxman, Albinus, Sir Charles Bell, and others. The next is of a similar kind, but more elementary, and, of course, rather less comprehensive; it is intended for less advanced pupils, and may be used as a stepping-stone to Mr. Muckley's manual. The last is a treatise on that *pons asinorum* which young students not mathematically inclined are so unwilling to traverse—Perspective; and certainly the study, as we see it laid down and taught in all works on the subject, does not look very attractive, however useful and necessary it may be. If the author of this treatise, Mr. H. J. Dennis, who, we believe, has succeeded Mr. John Sparkes as head master at the Lambeth School of Art and at Dulwich College, has not been able, any more than previous writers on Perspective, to make it appear inviting, we have little doubt the book will prove most serviceable to those whose interest it is to study the science.

MR. MCLEAN, in his elegant little gallery in the Old Haymarket, continues not only to exhibit choice examples of painting and drawing by artists of capacity and renown—he issues engravings that are calculated to advance knowledge and strengthen pure taste. Happily he has found patrons to support him. He has proved that what is really good in Art will have sufficient appreciation and will find purchasers, and that the publisher who issues only works of excellence will be rewarded by commercial success. It is a boon to all Art lovers to be able to obtain copies, made by the burin of Samuel Cousins, from grand pictures by great masters—Reynolds and Gainsborough foremost of them all. Mr. Maclean is not the only person to be congratulated that such examples of the very highest merit answer the purpose of the publisher and “pay.” It is fortunate for all who desire that Art shall be ever a pure and sound teacher of what is truly good. The recent issues of Mr. Maclean are, first, a fine copy of one of Reynolds's masterpieces, the well-known picture of ‘The Countess Spencer and Lord Althorp;’ it is from the burin of Samuel Cousins; so is another and smaller print, the head of a brilliant little boy: but the artist is Greuze, and no wonder if it seems to speak. Assuredly this will be one of the rarest acquisitions of the portfolio. It is called ‘The Dauphin;’ but no matter of whom it is a likeness, it is a veritable work of Art of the very highest order.

MR. CHARLES W. WOOD has been travelling “Through Holland,” and, having subsequently published his experiences in *The Argosy*—one of the very best as well as the cheapest of the many magazines—has collected them into a volume,† and illustrated his tour by a large number of engravings on wood. The book is charming in its arrangement, and well got up; but that is its least merit. The tourist has travelled to good purpose, while he took notes, observing with generous and sympathetic feeling, altogether free from prejudice, seeing much to praise and very little to blame, and finding not only nothing barren, but obtaining everywhere he journeyed some anecdote or description worth preserving and recording. Although Mr. Wood is an amiable scrutineer, he is a keen observer, and, in small matters as well as in large, thinks as well as sees. It is certain that he set out on his journey with a resolution to be pleased, and he was pleased from its beginning to the end: yet every now and then he points out defects and errors that make us sure he would not, for all the treasures of the Hague, resign his proud birthright as an Englishman. The book is a very pleasant one, limited in extent, yet comprehensive. It

gives the reader a just idea of a most singular country, and accords due justice to a people who have established an indisputable claim to the character of wisdom, integrity, industry, and independence.

MESSRS. GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS have added another important and valuable book to their series of Guides to Gardeners and Amateur Gardeners.* It is a complete book, dealing well and wisely with every point incident to the comprehensive subject. The author has established wide and large renown, and many are the amateurs who owe him a debt of gratitude. The publishers have done him ample justice.

AFTER visiting a very large number of the most attractive scenes in Great Britain, Messrs. Cassell & Co. commence their third volume of “Picturesque Europe” by crossing the Channel to introduce their readers to some continental localities remarkable for pictorial beauties. The journey commences in Normandy and Brittany,† countries which, as the writer of the text, Mr. G. W. Turner, says, “appeal to Englishmen with the force of ancestral tradition.” Orta, Rouen, Mont St. Michel, Dal, St. Malo, Dinan, Vitré, and Quimper are the places forming the principal illustrations of these portions of Northern France. Thence the scenes are transferred to Italy, and the several towns on Lago Maggiore and Lago di Como supply the artists with a multiplicity of rich landscapes which they have not failed to turn to most excellent account. These parts certainly maintain the valuable qualities that the earlier numbers exhibited, and are of undoubted interest.

AMONG the many books relating to African travel that have recently come under our notice, last, but not least in interest, is one entitled “Heroes of South African Discovery,” by N. D'Anvers.‡ It is the companion volume to “Heroes of North African Discovery,” already published. The names of Livingstone, Speke, and Stanley are now familiar on every lip; the recital of their deeds of daring, their enduring moral and physical courage, is a healthy stimulant to the adventurous spirit of the day; and this book is written in so easy and pleasant a style that the dryness of some works we have read on the same subject is nowhere to be detected. It reads like a story-book of travel, which is a great recommendation to the young in mind and weary in mind, to whom the mere statement of facts and figures is a fatigue, and not a pleasure. It is enriched by sixty excellent illustrations and portraits, and the type is admirable. The promise of a future treatment of the subject from the same pen we gather from a concluding paragraph; and not only may Mr. D'Anvers's nephews—to whom the work is dedicated—be congratulated on their new possession, but every reader into whose hands it may happily be placed.

YOUNG people ought to give a vote of thanks to the author of such a book as “Granny's Story Box.”§ It is a charming collection of stories, as interesting to grown-up readers as to the young folk for whom they have been written. Her tales are bright and sparkling, and are in the easy, natural language so taking to a child's mind. They are our “goody” boys or girls. The goblins and elves, fairies and witches, are so like the dear, dreaded old acquaintances of our childhood, that we forget the years that have passed over us, and with “Motty,” “Bobby,” and “Eddie,” shall be glad when Freezig and the Blue Witch come by again, or the Granny will open her story box and give us some more of her charming tales. The illustrations are capital, especially the frontispiece of the ‘Queen of the Kangaroos sulky in a corner,’ and that of ‘Bonny May as the Owl, and the Purple Emperor.’ Next best to having such a dear, clever Granny is the possession of the contents of her story box.

* “The Amateur's Kitchen Garden, Frame-ground, and Forcing-pit.” By Shirley Hibberd. Illustrated with Coloured Plates and Wood Engravings. Published by Groombridge and Sons.

† “Picturesque Europe.” Parts 25 and 26. Published by Cassell, Petter & Co.

‡ “Heroes of South African Discovery.” By N. D'Anvers. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

§ “Granny's Story Box.” By the Author of “Our White Violet,” “Sunny Days,” &c. Published by Griffith and Farren.

* “The Student's Manual of Artistic Anatomy.” By W. J. Muckley.—“Elementary Anatomical Studies.”—“Second Grade Perspective.” By H. J. Dennis. Published by Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, London.

† “Through Holland.” By Charles W. Wood. With fifty-seven illustrations. Published by Richard Bentley and Son.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVIII.



THE sight of the square-sailed craft with one mast and a bold rampant black stem at once shuts out all intrusive thoughts of civilisation, for these same vessels—relics of very olden days—are seldom seen anywhere save on their own wild shores of Heligoland, and working down to the south to Bergen, or still farther south round by the coast and up to the town of Christiana. The craft themselves are mostly from north of Trondhjem; their lines are very fine indeed forward, the after part, with

quarter-deck, forming a kind of citadel for the captain. These vessels coming from the coast opposite to the Løfoden are closely allied with the fishery of that district—the great national fishing-ground of Norway, to which rushes every able-bodied fisherman from Bergen northwards up as far as the North Cape. In the month of February the fish are in force—principally early arrivals—and ultimately such immense quantities are gathered together that tradition has handed down to us as a fact that there are times when a deep-sea line will hardly sink through them. Lines and nets are both worked with the greatest system. The take is generally tremendous, and the result lucrative. The fish are cured as stock-fish until April, then split, salted, and dried on the rocks like Scotch dried cod. It is a simple process to gut and hang up these cod-fish, two and two, across poles; not even salt is used—nothing but the sea breezes, sun, and wind. Many years ago the takes were enormous, such as 16,000,000 fish, or 8,000



Making for the Fjord.

tons dried, to say nothing of the amount of cod-liver oil and

cod roe; but when we consider that these fish are gradually dispersed over Europe, 8,000 tons soon go during the

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* Continued from page 120.

period of a continental Lent. About April most of the fishers return home and are ready for any chance of herrings, which are as great a blessing to the Norwegian as to the Scotch and Irish. There was a very striking instance of an old custom in one of the outlying fjords, where the old fashion of many past



Postman and his Carriage.

centuries is still faithfully kept up. At the entrance of the fjord is a boat, in which is stationed the watcher, with a horn or bugle. As soon as the herrings are descried the watcher, or rather the look-out, stands up in the bow of the boat and sounds his bugle. The notes are quickly caught by the anxious longing ears on the beach, the boats put off, and soon the herrings feel that they are "fish out of water," and ere long will be adding much to the happiness and support of all the bonders or agricultural peasantry of the neighbourhood.

Near our herring scene was a well-to-do, but scattered hamlet—not quite a village; and, having visited some of the good people, who were much interested in the foreigners (N.B., it is a curious sensation when it first dawns upon the mind of an Englishman that he is a regular foreigner in the eyes of others), we came to the conclusion that, all in all, the Norwegian bonders, as a class, are more comfortably provided with the good sound things of this world than any other of similar position. Their outdoor life brings good health; they work hard, especially the women; and their reward is abundance. Their farms produce all they require to eat, drink, and even wear. In the fine weather they work for internal comforts; in the bad winter weather they provide for external wants in the form of carding, combing, and weaving in their houses, and making *vadmel*, or homespun—a material where "shoddy" is not known, and "everlasting wear" is the best name to give it. They have their ponies, their boats, a wholesome love of God, and veneration for true, practical religion. Their houses are of their own building—sound, solid, and warm. There is no money greed amongst them, until spoilt by tasting the fruit of the tree of civilisation, and then the reaction is all the worse; and one great blessing that remains to them is, there is no tendency to extravagance, no wish to launch out in competition with their neighbour. A peaceful, contented, simple life seems to them the *summum bonum*, which they possess and are careful not to part

with. Until savings-banks were introduced they really had no use for money, and when they acquired silver, instead of investing the amount, they had something new made in silver, in the same way as the old Dutch farmers, who were sometimes quite at a loss to know what they should have made next. These latter went so far as to have candle-boxes, as well as other domestic necessities, of silver. Again, their servants are in good relationship with their masters and mistresses—much kindly feeling exists, with a sense of duty and a proper regard for relative position, which is never forgotten.

We have mentioned the "home-madness" of everything in a Norwegian bonder's house; we have yet to refer to the wood-work supply, namely, sledges, agricultural implements, stolksjars, rakes, scythe-handles, carriages, tankards, teenas (written *tine*), butter-boxes, and bedsteads. These last-mentioned items are the worst things produced in the country. The beds are all too short—never are they long enough. It seems that the Norwegian has not quite grown out of the idea that the body should be bent up in sleep, the knees to the chin. In the Isle of Skye tradition assigns to the Norsemen certain stone graves composed of nearly square slabs. The only way in which a tall traveller in Norway can avoid pushing his feet through the footboard is by bending his body up. The best carriages are built at Drammen and Christiania, but they are advanced specimens, with springs—and springs are considered a little foppish as well as liable to break, whereas the length of shaft is all the spring required. When these vehicles have to go on to steamers or large boats—a very frequent necessity, as the whole seaboard is so constantly incised by fjords and arms of



Rosendal.

the sea—it is usual to take off the wheels, and the body is soon removed. In cases where rivers have to be crossed, and a small boat only can be procured, the best way is to bring the latter side on to the carriage, place a plank with one end on *terra firma*, and the other on the gunwale of the boat, where the wheel of the

carriole nearest to the shore should ultimately go. The object of this is to run the wheel along on this plank to ship the carriole in the boat. This done, there is still a difficult part to be carried out: the river has to be crossed, and once the balance is lost, all is lost. The rush of the river is very strong in parts, but even a kind of race makes no difference. A pull

on one side, then a shoot and a pull on the other, smooth water is reached, safety is insured, and the carriole is over. Sometimes a river may be forded, but great care should be taken, as the want of local knowledge may in a moment cause a loss of life—at all events a ducking.

We were once fording a river when Old Kyle, our blind dog,



Shipping a Carriole.

was travelling very comfortably in a dog-bag, or *hund sac*, under the carriole. The excitement of the ford and the novelty made us forget our old pet, and the first notice of his discomfort was the sorry sight of the old dog vainly endeavouring to stem

the current, while the only way of recovering him was by wading back. The carriole is used for everything; even the post-carrier is a carriole-driver, and is provided with a huge leather bag or portmanteau, with an iron rod running through it, and padlocked



Carriole crossing a River.

at the end. The postman carries a revolver, more as a staff of office and official status than anything else, for no one ever hears of such a thing as a robbery in this part of the world. The last few years have brought about a very great facility of communication in Norway, for which all travellers are much

indebted to the energy of the Government. One can telegraph to any part of Norway for tenpence, and the stations are numerous—surprisingly so, when the extent of country and sparseness of population are considered together; and for English travellers the convenience is very great, because almost

all the telegraph station-masters speak English well and write it thoroughly and correctly. The small woodcut with the sea-houses close to the water and *jagt* lying close in, shows the character of the country round that beautiful spot in the Hardanger Fjord generally known as Rosendal, a place of great interest to the historian as the last seat of the Norwegian nobility. On the rising ground beyond the seashore lies, nestling in a wood, the last baronial residence, the home of the "last of the barons." Baron Rosenkrone is still there, and in this secluded spot Art has been cherished and loved, for Rosendal possesses a collection of pictures which is considered the finest in Norway. Who would expect, after trudging for nine hours over the snow expanses of the Folge Fond, to

descend rapidly on the Hardanger Fjord, and find there such examples of highly civilised life?

Close to this point is the island of Verelso, famous for its sulphur mines; it is out of the regular beaten track, but is sometimes visited by the *Argo* when the steamer is ordered to call for a freight. On such occasions the vessel is naturally light, and the first shoot of ore sent into the hold from the shipping-pier above is, of a truth, a shock to the strongest nerves; the rattle and bang of the first few waggon or truck loads would startle any one, and make him fancy they would go through the ship's bottom and sink her. Not so: the people here understand their work; it is not the first time they have shot ore into an empty hold. May it not be the last!

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The fashion of having what are termed "spring" exhibitions has become almost as prevalent in large provincial towns as it is in the metropolis. Such a one was opened towards the close of March by the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, with a collection of nearly one thousand water-colour drawings and several studies in oils, contributed by Messrs. H. B. Roberts, J. Syer, F. W. W. Topham, G. Fripp, H. G. Hine, Carl Haag, Sir J. Gilbert, A.R.A., J. Burgess, J. Orook, Miss L. Rayner, C. W. Radclyffe, A. E. Everitt, and many other well-known artists. We have no space to discuss any details of the exhibition.

BRISTOL.—The annual exhibition of the Fine Arts Academy of this city opened early in March with a collection of about nine hundred works, all for which room could be found out of nearly thirteen hundred claiming admission. The sales on the first day realised, it is stated, upwards of £1,000.

DUNDEE.—The Town Council of this place has obtained from the representatives of the late Mr. George Duncan, M.P., a collection of pictures, thirty-eight in number, bequeathed to the town by that gentleman.

LIVERPOOL.—We have received an exhaustive annotated catalogue of the loan collection of wood engravings lately exhibited by the Liverpool Art Club in the rooms of the society. The catalogue is prefaced by an excellent essay on wood engravings generally, from the pen of Mr. John Newton, a member of the committee of the Art Club, and a liberal contributor to the exhibition in question, which includes specimens of the art from the earliest known period to the time of Bewick and some few of his immediate followers.—Two paintings have been recently presented by Mr. Harding, of this place, to the Walker Art Gallery: one is Mr. A. Hunt's 'Estuary of the River Mersey,' and the other is 'A Roman Hostelry between Rome and Ancona,' by Mr. C. W. Cope, R.A.

SALFORD.—Duplicates of Mr. E. M. Ward's, R.A., two well-known pictures in the corridor of the House of Commons, 'The Last Sleep of Argyll' and 'The Execution of Montrose,' have been acquired for the new Langworthy Gallery in the Peel Park Royal Museum, for which several examples of sculpture have also been purchased, among which is a life-size group of Hagar and Ishmael, by the Russian sculptor Heinrich Imhoof.

THE PRINCE OF SPAIN'S VISIT TO CATALINA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

G. S. NEWTON, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

BY the present generation the works of Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A., a Nova Scotian by birth, but who received his Art education in England, and died here, at about the age of forty, in 1835, are but little known except through the medium of engraving. Yet half a century ago his pictures were among the most popular in the Academy exhibition—as much, perhaps, for the interest of the subjects he generally selected, and the agreeable manner in which they are placed on the canvas, as for any special qualities of artistic excellence they manifest. Nevertheless he got what, for the period, may be considered very large prices for his works, the Duke of Bedford having paid him five hundred guineas for this picture—it was painted on commission, we believe—while a similar sum was received by Newton for his 'Captain Macheath in Prison with Polly and Lucy,' bought by the then Marquis of Lansdowne, and now at the family mansion, Bowood. Newton's very attractive picture, 'Yorick and the Grisette,' in the Vernon Collection, was engraved in the *Art Journal* some years ago.

Newton exhibited 'The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina' at the Academy in 1827: the scene is from a passage in "Gil Blas," wherein the visit—or at least a portion of it—may be thus

described:—Gil Blas has been the medium of introduction of the Prince to the fair Catalina, who is here accompanied by her aunt, Signora Mencía, and he tells the Prince that the lady "sung and played upon the lute to admiration. He was overjoyed to hear that she was mistress of these talents, and entreated her to entertain him with a specimen. She complied with a good grace, took up a lute already tuned, played some tender airs, and sung in such an affecting manner, that the Prince dropped down at her feet in a transport of love and pleasure." The three principal *dramatis personæ* are grouped in a pyramidal yet picturesque form to the right of the composition; on their left are Gil Blas and his companion in adventure, the Count de Lemos, watching the result of the interview: this they do with much earnestness, Gil Blas looking with undoubted self-satisfaction at the success of the business on which he had been employed. The faces of all the five figures are quite expressive of the part each plays in the scene, which is altogether one of great luxury in costumes, appointments, &c., and is throughout painted with great attention to detail.

This picture was engraved, of course on a very small scale, in 1831, in one of the annuals of the day, the "Literary Souvenir."





THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

WE mean it for praise of an emphatic kind when we say that this, the twenty-sixth annual exhibition of pictures at the French Gallery, is in every way worthy of its predecessors. A wise judgment and a discriminating taste have characterized its administration for many years, and it is the conviction of this which gives the exhibition so much favour in the eyes of those who take an intelligent interest in Art and its educational functions.

The collection numbers exactly two hundred pictures, most of them cabinet in size, interspersed here and there with miniature works of surpassing excellence, and all so arranged and spaced that the few gallery pictures may give dignity, importance, and variety to the whole exhibition.

E. Van Marcke's 'Source of the River Neslette, Normandy' (21), for example, with some cattle in the marshy foreground, which is covered with wild flowers and overshadowed with trees, beyond which, to the left, the eye wanders over a far-reaching level country threatened by rain, is a large picture of well-proportioned masses, vigorous in brush-work, and temperate, yet telling, in colour. Its large, broad handling, therefore, rather enhances than interferes with the minute manipulation of the sundry little gems surrounding it, such as 'Bringing in Prisoners during the Franco-Prussian War' (17), by C. Sell; or 'The Artist's Reverie' (16), by C. Mayr Graz. Both these accomplished artists are well represented in other parts of the gallery.

Above Van Marcke's fine picture hangs a very good example of Auguste Bonheur's pencil, 'Sheep Pastures, South of France' (20), showing a flock of sheep in the foreground, with solemn purple hills beyond. B. Constant's 'Interior of a Harem' (11) shows much of the sparkle of the Fortuny school, though rather in a painty sort of way, but very little of the drawing. The foot of the nearest girl is too large, while the arm of the one beyond her is too small. L. Jimenez, in his solo violin player performing before 'A Musical Jury' (32), is much more loyal to the canons of the school, and consequently more successful in his work.

While in this part of the gallery, the visitor will note A. Windmaier's 'Bavarian Homestead' (30), Goupil's 'L'Attente' (28), Kaulbach's 'German Lady of the Eighteenth Century' (40), which, like his fair-haired beauty of the Rubens period, with her hands full of 'Summer Roses' (177), is life size; and two miniature pictures, 'An Official Document' (54), by C. Seiler, and 'Qui va là?' (55), by Quadroni.

Turning to the far end of the gallery, we find the place of honour occupied by two remarkably important pictures—'Faggot Gatherers' (124), by P. Billet, a group of girls whom we see seated in an open part of a wood, while one of their companions, a fine-limbed young creature, leans carelessly and half defiantly against the rough trunk of a great fir-tree. The work is treated broadly and strongly, and there need be no wonder that it took a second-class medal at the *Salon* of 1874. Above this hangs the famous 'Echo' (123) of J. Bertrand, who works with a smoother and sweeter brush. Embodying the idea of an echo has been the not unfrequent theme of artists, but we never saw it carried out in so original and pleasing a way before. A nude girl, beautiful in form, sits on the ground with her back towards us, at the opening of a dark, sonorous-looking cavern, and, with her hands to her mouth, gives back the shout, roundly and musically, which comes so lustily to her from afar.

In the same neighbourhood will be found a pleasing picture, 'Maternal Cares' (119), by J. Israels, a Belgian mother knitting happily before her cradled infant, and a capital 'Pastoral Scene' (136), in a subdued key, showing some sheep under the shadow of an old oak, by C. Jacque. J. Coomans is scarcely so happy as usual in his 'Un Pas échevelé' (137); the figures are hardly in proportion. 'A Squally Day on the Zuyder Zee' (146), by H. Koekkoek, and 'French Fishing Boats going into Flushing,'

by Th. Weber (153), are excellent examples of marine painting. The fisher-people on the pier, pulling in the lugger by the rope which has been thrown ashore, is a familiar incident capitally rendered.

The place of honour on the right side of the gallery is well filled by one of A. de Neuville's stirring battle-pieces (167). It represents an episode at the battle of Forbach, the gallant but vain struggle of the French Chasseurs against overwhelming numbers to regain the 'Styning Railway Station,' on the 6th August, 1870. Nothing could be more fiercely realistic and heart-stirring than the scene depicted, and the French people are to be congratulated on possessing a painter so capable of setting forth truly the noble quality of their valour. In the same neighbourhood will be found a life-sized head of a comely blonde reading 'A Fairy Tale' (169), by A. Piot, and another, less *suave* perhaps in its pencilling, but wonderfully telling and gemlike in its colour, of a dark beauty, in delicate pink, 'Ready for the Ball' (162), from the easel of R. de Madrazo.

Other noticeable pictures are 'A Fisherman's Family' (176), two girls coming across the sands in their wooden shoes, painted, in the Dutch manner of Israels, by P. Sadée; children 'Blowing Soap Bubbles' (183), in the French *genre* style, by E. Castan; and 'Forsaken' (187), a lady in black flowered dress sitting sadly by a fountain with a letter in her hand, by F. Peralta.

Over the mantel-piece is a large sea-piece of more than usual interest by F. Cogen. It represents a cavalcade of 'Shrimpers at Panne, in Belgium' (77), mounted on their panniered horses, wading through the surf shorewards. Although quite Flemish in the sobriety of its colouring and tone, it is lively enough in its action, and true both to the nature of the locality and the people. Immediately beneath is Meissonier's 'The Savant' (74), worthily supported by C. Seiler's 'Halberdier' (68) and 'Standard Bearer' (81), and H. Kauffmann's two very humorous and dexterously painted pictures, the one representing a little boy taking advantage of the sleepy state of the musicians at 'Day-break after the Fair' (71) to peep into the mysterious interior of a large ophicleide; and the other a lofty lackey, who has condescended to sit and sip his wine at the same table with some beer-drinking peasants in a country hostelry. The *blasé* manner of the man in livery, and the absorbed attention of the sons of the soil, who listen to the intermittent narrative of this self-constituted 'Special Correspondent' (78) from the great house, could only be thus rendered by one of cunning and nice observation. Another artist, keenly alive to character and equally capable of distinguishing its various types and shades, is V. Chevilliard, as may be seen in the priest laughing at the ineffectual attempts of his friend to draw the cork from a bottle of 'Château Margaux' (194). This artist is as supreme among curés as Heilbuth is among cardinals.

We must not, before closing our notice, forget to call special attention to J. Domingo's 'Card Players' (195). In these miniature representations this artist is not to be excelled even by Meissonier. The Art qualities of the two men are by no means identical, but the Art results in both cases are simply supreme. To these two, moreover, must now be added a third in A. Pettenkofen—his 'La Charrette des Volontaires hongrois' (198) dashing joyously along a dusty road, and almost drowning the roll of the drummer, who stands in the crowded waggon, with the shouting of their lusty war song. All that gives Art value to a picture will be found in this little work: taking it all in all, it may be pronounced the gem of the exhibition.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS is the first exhibition of this society at the gallery in Conduit Street, to which it has removed from the old quarters in Suffolk Street. The number of works now exhibited is five hundred and twenty-five, a falling off from that of last year of

two hundred and forty-one. The cause of the diminished display is the restricted space in the new home; but this we scarcely look upon as a disadvantage, as it enables the society to be more choice in its selection of works.

The largest and most important work now exhibited is Mr. Fitzgerald's 'Ransom' (1), a lady in a forest glade displaying the treasures of her plate chest before the greedy eyes of a couple of truculent robbers—who are accompanied by a magnificent hound—that she and her child may go free. The work is vigorously painted and instinct with dramatic intensity, and, instead of being hung over a door, ought to have occupied the place of honour at the other end of the gallery. Far beyond anything the artist has yet done are his two life-sized portraits of Captain and Mr. Ewing (12 and 264), by Gustave Girardot. Another portrait, virile and Rembrandtish in its handling, is that by John Burr (39).

'Always Welcome' (5), a young lady paying a friendly visit to an aged couple in their humble cottage, is as well considered a piece of *genre* as Mr. Hayllar has painted for some time. 'Autumn Afternoon, Yorkshire,' E. Ellis (10), a girl driving some geese homewards across a common, may be rough and sketchy, but it is also warm and effective, and, like all the artist's work, perfectly true to nature. Robert Kemm's 'Spanish Mendicants' (52) is by no means unworthy of the school created by the late John Phillip, any more than R. Farren's 'Cambridgeshire Potato Field' (62) is unworthy of the manner which claims Mr. Macbeth as its originator. T. Pyne's 'Path through the Wood' (44), with a winding river and a level reach beyond, is a well-selected subject, pleasantly conveyed, and betraying on the part of the artist an increasing consciousness of power.

G. S. Walters gives a nice warm effect of sunrise in his 'Dutch Craft getting Under Weigh as the Breeze freshens' (88); and George Cole is no less successful in his 'Thirlmere, from Raven Crag, Cumberland' (53). Frank W. W. Topham's 'First Meeting' (67), and J. E. Grace's 'Surrey Common' (72), with its yellow furze, are small in size and rather slight in workmanship, but not on that account less artistic.

The young lover at the side of his reclining mistress, relating to her 'The Legend of the Dagger' (88) which lies in her lap, is a dramatic situation which J. C. Waite has caught cleverly, and represented satisfactorily. E. J. Cobbett, another member, is no less interesting in his 'Rustic Confabulation' (95) between three fern-gathering girls and a gipsy lass, who, with the aid of her lively little terrier, has managed to fill her basket with rabbits. The sun beats warmly and brightly on the heathery moor where the confabulation takes place, and it must be allowed that, in regions so peopled, Mr. Cobbett is *facile princeps*.

A. B. Donaldson's 'Marriage of the Burgomaster's Daughter' (101) is one of those quaint processions to which his peculiarly strong scale of colour lends *vraisemblance*, and in the representation of which he has very few equals. 'Tees Bay, from Coatham Sands, Yorkshire' (100), by G. Lucas, is not quite so carefully done as it might have been, but the general effect is all there. J. Finnie, on the other hand, has bestowed on his 'Lonely Shore' (102) more thought and care, and the drawing of his sea waves has been encountered masterfully. The result is a marine picture of no ordinary merit. We are much pleased with the colour and modelling in R. J. Gordon's Oriental girl in loose white dress 'Returning from the Well' (118), bearing on her shoulder a pitcher; but we are not quite sure of the drawing of the left arm. Close by are a couple of pretty small pictures by W. L. Wyllie (115 and 116), and another by W. Hemslley (117). W. H. Gadsby has been very successful in his little girl in mob-cap and white dress warming her hands before the fire, whose glow catches her on the cheek and on parts of her dress. We are not certain that the glow is right in colour; but this would by no means affect it if rendered into black and white.

H. Dawson the elder, and one of the few of our really fine landscape painters, sends a 'Scene in Windsor Forest' (128), with some dappled deer under grand beech-trees, and the Castle rising in the distance. The son, H. T. Dawson, who inherits much of the impressiveness of his father's pencil and the

grandeur of his colouring, is well represented by 'Entrance of the Old Haven, Rotterdam' (198). John W. Buxton Knight's light key of colour is very appropriate to 'Making Hay in the Meadows' (199), which we look upon as one of the best pictures he has painted for some time. A. J. Woolmer, too, is more than ordinarily strong this year, and may be perfectly satisfied to let 'A Garden Scene from the Decameron' (203) speak as to the poetic quality both of his colouring and his fancy.

A. Clint has a red 'Moonrise' (185) on the sea, which is satisfying; and Wyke Bayliss shows with his usual ability, in his 'Interior of the Church of St. Laurence, Nuremberg' (186), how much of the suggestive and mystical fills our mediæval shrines. John Bromley's 'Mountain Home' (187) is an interior of quite another kind, being that of a Welsh cottage with a girl knitting by a cradle. It is full of daylight and well-observed nature, and shows that this young artist is advancing satisfactorily in his profession. Nor must we omit to call attention to the Art merits of 'The Keep, Raglan' (86), by C. J. Bromley, in nowise related, we believe, to the one just named. The father of the former, Mr. W. Bromley, an old member of the society, is represented by four of his rustic subjects, in which landscape and figures are always very happily united. Miss M. Backhouse has a very noble dark-haired girl in white, holding a bunch of lilies (360); and F. W. Meyer shows a remarkably truthful evening effect in his 'Snowdon, from near Beddgelert' (354). We are inclined to augur highly of the future of this artist if he does not allow praise to spoil him.

Among others well represented in the present gathering are the Ludovici family, G. de Breanski, A. B. Collier, W. W. Caffyn, S. R. Percy with a fine landscape of 'Stickle Tarn' (373), Viscount Hardinge, V. T. Garland, T. Ellis, and H. P. Dollman; but we can only name them. We are glad to see that the honorary members, Sir Francis Grant, Sir John Gilbert, and Frederick Leighton have acknowledged their connection with the society by contributing of their works to its exhibition.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

EVER since the famous firm of Goupil & Co., of Paris, opened a branch house in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, an annual exhibition of continental pictures of the very highest quality has been held there. Their reputation and influence secure them a welcome *entrée* to every famous studio in Europe, and their well-known judgment and taste are guarantees that the most will be made of the privilege.

In the present collection, for example, which consists of a hundred and fifteen pictures, some of the very highest names are represented, and there is not a single contribution but what is worthy the notice and admiration of the connoisseur. In the group of Arabs, mounted on their camels, proceeding along 'The Banks of the Nile' (74), J. L. Gérôme, we have an illustration of what may be called his pictorial manner; while in the nude girl sitting with her back to the spectator on the edge of an Oriental 'Bath' (87), we have a masterpiece in what may be called his plastic style. The modelling of this figure, so subtle and yet so vividly strong, is quite a study for the English artist, over the deficiencies of whose academic training we have so often to mourn. Another absolute master of drawing and of plastic rendering of the human form is Jules Lefebvre, and he is represented by the youthful 'Chloe,' which for delicacy, purity, and beauty will take rank side by side with the gentle 'La Source' of Ingres.

In the Fortuny school we have Capobianchi, who was the intimate friend of the master, and prepared his works; and how capable he was of that may be seen in the fine composition of the two ladies by a fountain allowing 'The Tame Herons' (42) to feed from their fair hands. Another disciple of the sparkling Hispano-Roman school is L. Jimenez, who is represented by a spirited and important work, full of brightness, costume, and character. It is called 'Waiting for the Cardinal' (27), whose gorgeously appointed carriage stands at the door, attracting the attention of a crowd, some of whom are curious and others reverential, but all animated with one object, viz.

a desire to see his Eminence come out and enter his carriage. Ramoz de Madrazo, in his life-sized girl in pale blue 'Reading the News' (30), comes very little short of his more distinguished brother, and shows well in this picture the capabilities and characteristics of the school to which both belong.

For bright daylight effect, with apparently slight but telling execution, we have an excellent example in the 'Happy Days' (47) of mother and child, from the pencil of Ch. Chaplin, who may be said to have created almost a new school.

Turning to the quieter colours and soberer tones of the Belgian masters, we find their school represented by the largest as well as latest picture produced by the fertile pencil of Israels; and, strange to say, although the sad element is not altogether absent, the general effect of the picture is absolutely joyous: it is called 'Bringing in the First Crop' (79). This crop is potatoes, which are piled up on a waggon in sacks decked out with sprigs of foliage. Some peasants walk in front, and two children of the house by the side, of the waggon. Seated on the tailboard are the worthy farmer and his wife; and

the grateful feelings of the latter on this happy occasion find relief in a little act of charity. A poor woman with one child in her arms and another at her side follows the waggon, and the farmer's wife answers her silent supplication by placing in the hands of the poor waif a few coppers. The picture altogether is most satisfactory, and one of the best Israels ever painted.

Another latest picture of a great artist, but of an artist who will paint no more, is the 'Homeward Bound' (68) of Daubigny. It represents a flock of sheep crossing a moorland, and, like the last-named work, is painted in a low, quiet key. Daubigny, who died lately, as stated on another page, was the head of a great school of landscape painters. His place will not easily be filled.

Other men of mark, whose works adorn the gallery, are Roybet, Léon Goupil, Diaz, Hébert, Jourdan, Sadée, Humbert, Schlesinger, Blommers, and the American, R. Wylie, who delights in the humours of *genre*, and was the first Trans-Atlantic student who took a medal at the *Salon*; but our space is already more than occupied.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE present year will indeed be a red-letter one in the annals of the Academy, for not only is the exhibition admitted by all competent judges to be the best ever held within the Abbey Street walls, but the walls themselves have been extended by the praiseworthy liberality of the President, Mr. Jones, who, at a cost of over £700, has had large and beautiful additional rooms erected, Mr. Drew, R.H.A., generously furnishing the designs; so that, in addition to the advantages from an exhibitor's and visitor's point of view of a new water-colour gallery, there is even the greater one that now the students' classes need no longer be discontinued during the period of the exhibition. The Art Union subscription list, too, shows a remarkable increase over that of 1877; so that altogether it may be said that the Academy is in a very satisfactory and flourishing condition.

Our notice this year must unfortunately be a very brief one, owing to the exceptional demand upon our space; but whatever pictures, for that reason alone, we pass over, it is right to notice specially the President's fine portraits, particularly that of Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill. Calling for equal notice, too, are Mr. Colles Watkin's faithful yet poetic transcript of mountain, moor, and loch, in his 'Kylemore Lake,' and his effective little

'Dawn,' Mr. P. Vincent Duffy's bright and sunny 'Hayfield, Vale of Avoca,' purchased by the Lord Lieutenant upon the opening day; his 'Muckross Abbey,' one of the best and clearest moonlight effects we have ever seen upon canvas; his beautiful 'Meeting of the Waters,' and last, but not least, his 'Evening,' a fine study in the weird, pathetic gloaming; Mr. Augustus Burke's 'November Morning,' his 'View on the Liffey,' his 'Breton Girl,' and his lifelike 'St. Bernard's Dog,' pictures which testify to both unusual versatility and excellence.

Altogether the Academicians this year are very strong, if not in the number, in the excellence of their works, Messrs. Edwin Hayes, Osborne, Bridgford, Mayne, and the various members of the gifted Grey family, coming well to the front.

Of the outsiders, and there are many, for the catalogue includes six hundred and seven works, Mr. Vincent Gilbert perhaps has been most spoken of, his 'Wedding Bouquet' and his 'Maubeuge Market, Paris,' both literally blazing with cleverly managed colours; and in the water-colours are few, if any, surpassing Mr. James Whaites's 'Lower Lake, Killarney,' and 'Landscape, with Cattle,' both large and exquisite works.

The exhibition has been well attended, and the sales, it is gratifying to read, are in excess of past years.

OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, R.A.

THE intelligence that this distinguished architect had died very suddenly on the 27th of March was a matter of surprise and deep regret to every one who knew him either personally or through his numerous works, which made his name very widely known both here and in many continental places, for Sir Gilbert certainly had a European reputation. He was born in 1811, at Gawcott, near Buckingham, a village of which his father was the incumbent; his paternal grandfather was also a clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Scott, author of "A Commentary on the Bible," a work well known among theological students, and highly valued by them. Showing, when only a child, great aptitude for sketching and studying architecture, his father indulged his taste by placing him with an architect. In the course of time the then Mr. Scott commenced practice, and entered into partnership with Mr. W. B. Moffatt, but the con-

nection, by mutual consent, terminated in 1845. His first important work was the 'Martyrs' Memorial,' Oxford, erected in 1841: it almost immediately brought him into prominent notice, and was very soon afterwards followed by his being chosen as the architect of the new parish church of St. Giles, Camberwell, the bells of which—and they are a fine peal—are now singularly—and incongruously, as it would seem—ringing merrily within hearing of the writer as he puts on paper this brief record of the gifted architect of the building. The church, which can only be regarded professionally as one of great promise, was erected in 1842-3. To enumerate the whole of Sir Gilbert's works, either as original or as restorations, would be to mention a very long list of our churches; the most important, however, of the buildings erected from his own designs are the fine Church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg; the new Hôtel de Ville and Senate House, also in Hamburg; the Cathedral of St. John, Newfoundland; the new Foreign Office; and, conjointly with the late Sir

M. Digby Wyatt, the new India Office. He was engaged in the work of restoring and repairing portions of Westminster Abbey, and the Cathedrals of Ely, Hereford, Lichfield, Ripon, Salisbury, St. David's, and some others; while there are numerous public buildings and private mansions scattered about the country which testify to his architectural skill and genius. One special work, however, on which Sir Gilbert Scott was engaged deserves particular notice: this is the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, which he was commissioned by the Queen to carry into execution. For this he received the honour of knighthood. As a Gothic architect Sir Gilbert was deservedly held in very high public estimation. He was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1855, and Member in 1860. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 6th of April, near the graves of Sir C. Barry, R.A., Robert Stephenson, C.E., and other eminent professional men.

LAWRENCE MACDONALD.

The death of this sculptor in Rome, where he had resided almost continuously since the year 1832, occurred on the 4th of March, as stated in our contemporary the *Architect*, from which we learn that Mr. Macdonald was born at Gask, in Perthshire, in 1798; consequently he had reached his eightieth year at the time of his decease. After studying ornamental sculpture in the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, he found in his early years much employment in works of that kind. In 1822 Mr. Macdonald was enabled to visit Rome, and he studied there during two or three years, returning to Edinburgh in 1826, bringing with him, as fruits of his labours in Italy, busts of the Duke of Athole and some other distinguished persons. Among his "sitters" in Scotland at that time were George Combe, the famous phrenologist, Professor Wilson and his two daughters, and Lord Brougham's mother. In 1832 he returned to Rome, and was well patronised there by the English and American visitors and residents, among whom are mentioned the Princess Mary of Cambridge, the late Duke of Hamilton, and several members of his Grace's family, Lord and Lady Canning. Mr. Macdonald was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy; of numerous busts he sent there were those of Lord Montague, his distinguished countrywoman, Mrs. Mary Somerville, the Marquis of Douglas, the Hon. A. Willoughby, Lord Walpole, Mr. J. Matheson, M.P., the Hon. Lady Pakenham. His ideal sculptures were neither few nor unworthy of his reputation: they included 'Eurydice,' executed for Lord Powerscourt, and 'Arethusa,' both exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1848; 'Ulysses and his Dog Argus,' for Sir A. Brooke; 'Hyacinth,' a Siren, a Bacchante, &c. A large number of English and

American artists and other gentlemen attended the funeral of the deceased sculptor at the cemetery near the Porta San Paolo, where he was buried, not far from the grave of J. Gibson, R.A. Mr. Macdonald was much esteemed in Rome.

GEORGE CLARKSON STANFIELD.

This artist, bearing a well-honoured name, died on the 22nd of March, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was the eldest surviving son of Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., but the shadow only of his father's mantle fell on the son's shoulders. We are preparing a brief memoir of him for early publication.

GEORGE LANDSEER.

Another artist, also with a familiar name, died on the 10th of March—George Landseer, son of Mr. Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., the famous engraver, and nephew of Sir Edwin Landseer. He was principally a portrait painter, but occasionally exhibited landscapes: the latest works by him we remember to have seen at the Academy were in 1859. We believe that soon after this date Mr. Landseer went to India, and was there some years. In the *Art Journal* for 1871 is a paragraph stating that he was "engaged in painting the superb scenery of Cashmere, and that of the high valleys of the Himalayas to the north of the Punjab; he is also making a collection of objects of natural history." Many of these objects were then on view in the premises of Mr. Ward, the famous taxidermist, in Wigmore Street. What resulted from the painter's Art work in India, and when he returned to England, we know not, and can find no record to be relied on.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

The French school of landscape painting has sustained a severe loss by the death, in Paris, in the early part of February, of this artist, whose works have often been seen in this country at the International Exhibitions and at the French Gallery, Pall Mall. M. Daubigny was a native of Paris, and studied painting under his uncle, Peter Daubigny, and then under Paul Delaroche. He began to exhibit in the Paris *Salon* about 1838, and continued to send pictures there every year with tolerable regularity, gaining medals on several occasions: he obtained a first-class medal in 1853, and another at the Universal Exhibition of 1867. His favourite subjects were riverside scenes, meadows watered by pleasant streams, with lofty trees on the banks. M. Daubigny used the graving tools with much skill and judgment both on copper and on wood. Some of the plates in Curmer's "Le Jardin des Plantes," and in the "Revue des Beaux Arts," are by him. He was born in 1817.

AURORA.

J. L. HAMON, Painter.

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

M. JEAN LOUIS HAMON, the painter of this poetic composition, is a French artist, who had as his instructors in painting two masters of great renown, Paul Delaroche and C. Gleyre, to whom Delaroche transferred, or rather recommended, his pupils when obliged to relinquish teaching. Though the works of M. Hamon have never been seen to great extent in England, they are not altogether unknown here: in 1868 we engraved his 'Skein-winder' in the *Art Journal*; in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, was hung, in 1857, his 'Young Girl asleep,' and in the following year his 'Roman Flower Girl.' Ten years afterwards we saw in the same gallery a picture by this artist called 'Reverie,' of which it was remarked in our pages, "We know of few more refined, elegant, and altogether exquisite figures." In the International Exhibition of 1862 was a famous picture by M. Hamon called 'My Sister is not there,' it was bought by the late Emperor Napoleon out of the Paris *Salon* in 1853, and when exhibited here it belonged to

the Empress of the French. The 'Reverie,' or another picture with the same title, appeared in our International Exhibition of 1871, with another called 'The Doll.' These, we believe, are all the works by M. Hamon which have been seen here.

His picture, 'Aurora,' except that the drawing of the lower limbs is somewhat clumsy, is deserving of the same epithets we applied to the artist's 'Reverie.' Lightly clad,

"The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of the dews,"

which glisten like pearls on her flowing hair, on the leaves of the stately hollyhock, and on those of the gracefully twining convolvulus. A flower-cup of this last plant, assumed to be filled with the "orient pearls," as Milton designates the dewdrops, Aurora holds gracefully and lightly to her lips. The sentiment is pretty and poetic, while the whole picture is suffused by a white misty and warm tone of sunshine, suggestive of "the young day pouring in apace."





JAPANESE ART.

BY SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



ANY survey of the field of Japanese Art would be imperfect without some reference to three important elements in all pictorial Art—Chiaroscuro, Colour, and Perspective.

Mr. J. Leighton, in his discourse on the Arts of Japan, draws the conclusion that they may be said "in an eminent degree to depend upon the picturesque, though rarely to reach the pictorial; that is to say, they never produce a picture, because the principal element of pictorial Art is wanting—light and shade." They certainly do not, as a rule, employ light and shade to make a picture, but they are not wholly ignorant of its effect in giving to flat surfaces the deceptive appearance of objects in relief. Art, however, of the highest kind, as he observes elsewhere, may and often does exist without chiaroscuro, and their defect on this side does not prevent their being as a people a nation of artists, with marvellous feeling and instinct for Art, with a fine sense of the beauty of colour, and after that of form, but this in an inferior degree; reversing the characteristic of the ancient Art of the Greeks, where a love of the beautiful in form was the first to find expression, and of colour only in a secondary degree, while it has been left doubtful whether they understood chiaroscuro any more

than the Japanese do at this day. Mr. Leighton suggests that this is a power which seems to have been reserved for less sunny climes—lands of cloud and mist where colour tells the least, and neutral tints predominate. But he begins with the axiom that the Asiatic, from Turkey to Japan, is "gifted with Art powers indigenous to the soil on which they grow, as the gorgeous plants of the tropics flourish independently of care or culture;" and he explains that in this he alludes more particularly to "that marvellous perception of form and colour, founded upon the laws of Nature, and demonstrable by the aid of science or the rules of Art, that seems the heritage of all Asiatics." However this may be, it must be admitted that if one powerful element of pictorial Art be light and shade, the Japanese are without any knowledge of its importance.

The pictorial effect which results from an artistic disposition of lights and shadows, and by the quality in these which is technically termed breadth, is in equal degree unknown to them. "That every light should have a focus of brilliancy, and every shadow a heart of depth," has not been recognised as an essential condition of the picturesque or pictorial Art. Equally have they failed to perceive another cardinal principle of chiaroscuro by which breadth of effect and unity are attained, namely,

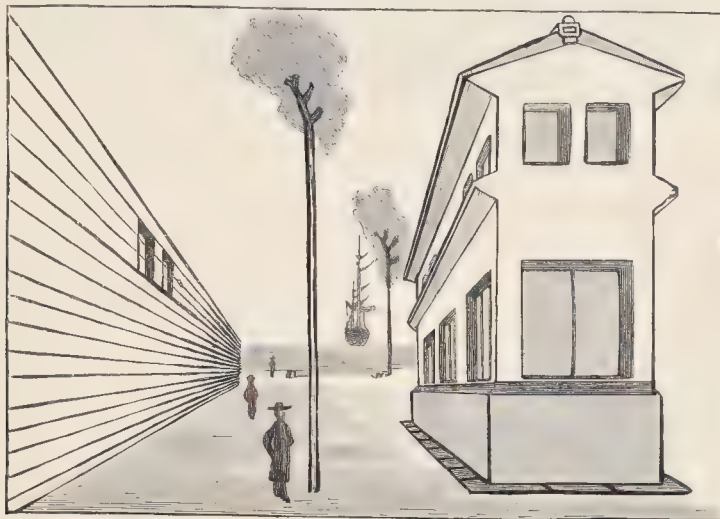


Fig. 1.

the graduation of each, and the grouping together in due subordination of all the lights and all the shadows, if there are more than one of each, by which lights are incorporated with shadows by graduation, and *vice versa*.

If, as has been said by a writer on Art, "those effects of light and shade are most satisfactory to the eye which have manifestly some artificial or arbitrary disposition of light or shade"—a position which of course may be disputed—the Japanese neglect of such means of attaining pictorial effect may be explained by their adherence to what they observe in Nature. The simpler disposition of light and shade adopted by European artists with a view to attain pictorial effect and make a picture certain to please by the chiaroscuro alone, independently of colour, has certainly not entered into the artistic mind of Japan. Neither "a wedge-shaped breadth of light or of shade, nor a conspicuous

object of agreeable form either in light or in shade, according to choice, at one side of the picture," is ever consciously resorted to by Japanese artists and workmen with a view to the pictorial effect. The principle so often illustrated by Claude Lorraine's sunsets, a mass of light in the background relieving dark objects on each side, with a dark graduated intermediate distance; and that preferred by Rembrandt of a point or focus of bright light suddenly graduated into dark shadows, as in the 'Adoration of the Shepherds;' or the reverse, of general light with a point of dark, often adopted by Turner, Collins, and others—all these and many other more or less artificial arrangements of light and shadow for pictorial effect, easily recognised in European Art, have hitherto found no place in the *Liber Studiorum* of Japanese artists. So, also, with such rudimentary knowledge of the rules of perspective as they possess, they do not seem to

have learned the importance of placing the point of sight out of the centre of their picture, and lower down or nearer to the base line of the picture than the top, the neglect of which is held to be destructive of pictorial effect. The relieving of dark objects against light, and the contrary of light against dark, and many other rules may be equally dismissed. The truth is, that they never have given their minds to the painting of pictures as such. For screens, and fans and cabinets, they invent charming

designs, and very artistic groups of flowers, trees, figures, &c., but rather as materials or suggestive motives for a picture than pictures in themselves.

Yet, as has been remarked in a former article, the Japanese have great dormant pictorial power, and sometimes display it with a limited light and shade, with much of *silhouette* in effect, of which an example was given in one of the illustrations. In a question of originality of conception, and power of rendering

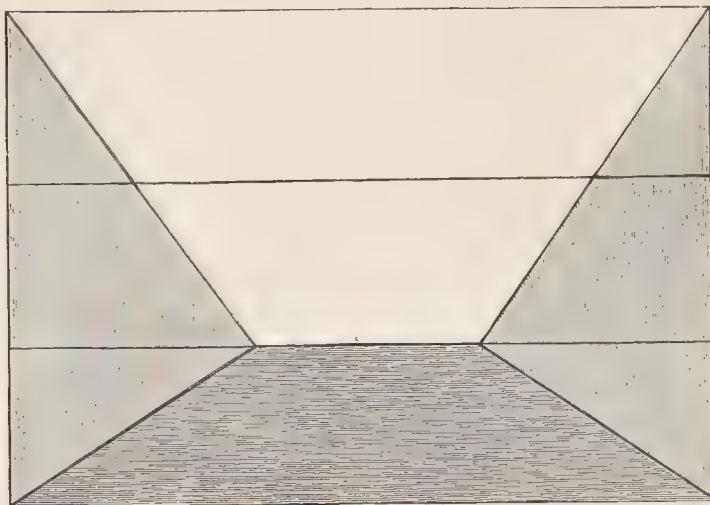


Fig. 2.

pictorially a weird and mystic subject by a poetic and purely ideal mode of treatment, another illustration is now before me which leaves nothing to be desired, and would not be easily matched among the best efforts of European Art. It is a moonlight scene, with the moon large and full in a dimly coloured sky, across the broad disc of which a flight of strange-looking birds are shadowed with outspread wings coming from afar, as the perspective admirably renders; while others, all in black, of strange presence, are scattered over the picture, some on a

branch, others in the air, and on a shore which seems to look into boundless space.

In regard to their colouring, it is with them a matter of feeling, I fancy, guided by a fine sense of colour and the conditions under which this can be most highly gratified. Certain it is, they have none of the rules recognised in European Art as embodying approved principles derived from the practice of the great masters and colourists of the past ages. Whether the Japanese workman has any knowledge of the necessity



Fig. 3.

of avoiding "greenish blues and greenish yellows, both being sickly in hue," or has been taught by his eye never to place such a green "between blue and yellow as would result from the mixture of the particular tint of these two colours which are made use of," I cannot say. But they have a great love of tertiary compounds, and are perfectly aware that these receive value by the opposition of the colour which enters least into their composition. The balance of colours, of which much has

been made in *dilettante* Art criticism, and the balance of lights and shades in a picture, would seem to have no place in Japanese Art. Yet it is quite certain they have the finest perception of harmony and tone in colours, and rarely seem to make any mistake in the innumerable objects produced, even by the least-skilled workman.

Mr. Jarves says, "The æsthetic temperament of a nation is most subtly felt in its use of colour;" and he believes that "in

the Orient the use of colour seems always to have been coincident with a passionate æsthetic satisfaction in it for its own sake, unchanged by time or ideas foreign to itself; and Mr. Leighton bears his testimony that, "in colouring, the Japanese are, generally speaking, very skilful, adopting a quiet and refined style, and using full low-toned colours in preference to excessively brilliant ones. In this they differ from the Chinese. Of course I do not wish you to understand that the Japanese artists do not use bright colours, for few men know their value better;



Fig. 4.

but what I desire to convey is that they use them judiciously, and in comparatively small proportions, cleverly supporting and contrasting them with the secondaries, and other compound colours they use in grounds and large masses generally."

I may add, so far as my own experience goes, that they want no instruction from their brother artists in other lands as to the pleasure to be derived from "that tempering of contrast with likeness" which is found to belong alike to the harmonies of form and sound.

Mr. Morris would seem, indeed, to have taken a hint from the Japanese in his taste for painting walls and backgrounds generally of neutral greens and browns. Of course, when positive and bright colours are used in depicting objects in Nature, everything depends on the finer sense of colours in harmony, and those subtle combinations and gradations which must be felt, not described. I have heard it denied that Oriental races have any real superiority over Europeans in their perception of the harmonies of colours, and the finer sense of these, which makes them take a special delight in bright colours. It is urged that in India and elsewhere in Asia they show a taste for what have been styled "degraded colours"—the magentas and other aniline products. It has been contended further, that what we have admired as Oriental patterns, with their perfect harmony of colouring, are thus shown to have been merely the work of chance, and once adopted, the conservative habits of Asiatics have sufficed to perpetuate them. I do not think there is any foundation for such opinions. Excellence, whether in colour or form, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observed, is never the work of chance, and instead of one pattern or one combination of colours pleasing to the eye, it is easy to distinguish hundreds varying very much according to the period or locality. That they may not have proved superior to the temptation of some Western novelty of a debased or inferior Art to their own, and which may in addition have had the recommendation of greater cheapness, does not justify the larger inference that they have no finer sense of beauty than those from whom they buy such goods in preference to their own. It has been truly said that it is with colour as with other elements of Art, excellence or beauty can only be produced by those who delight in it. Soft shades of grey and brown, or dull green, have much to recommend them if used in proper subordination, and with reference to brighter and purer colours. Bright and pure colours are the best, and all richness

of effect must be dependent on them. A relative arrangement of tints will do much to produce a sense of harmony, but not a colourist who loves masses of the brightest hues, such as in a sunny clime alone are a perpetual feast to the eyes and a delight to the sense which revels in profusion. The Roman scarf or the handkerchief of the contadina, the bright-coloured sash of the Andalusian and the glowing scarlets and gold of the Indian bazaars, are all the living evidences of an innate sense of the beauty of bright and pure colours. We never have in England the sun of these Southern and Eastern climes, which gives to the skies and mountains, to trees and birds and flowers, a glory of such brightness, that colour of the most vivid and brilliant hues forms a part of their nature by daily and hourly association in the life of the people.

In this matter of colour, Mr. Jarves, who has evidently been a close student in Japan of Japanese characteristic excellences, evidently thinks as I do. He remarks that the "two chief branches of the human family, both originating in Central Asia, and which have developed the highest civilisation, are the Aryan and Turanian. The first, guided by its nomadic instincts, in the outset of its historical career became widely diffused and separated, while the second remained in more centralized and compact masses. Each distinguished itself by characteristics that have slowly crystallized into national idiosyncrasies, more or less antagonistic and one-sided as regards one another, and ending in fixed expressions of civil and religious life. The opening of lines of communication and extension of commerce have brought these face to face, if not into direct competition, to stand or fall on their own merits, or possibly to borrow from each other, and in the end intermingle." He goes on to observe that the latest family achievement of the Aryan branch is the unæsthetic, restless American people—the direct antithesis in all essentials of the Turanians. These have met on the soil of Japan, and the Japanese, as a nation mainly under American guidance, has made a plunge into such civilisation as this latest form of Aryan progress has produced. On the æsthetic side it is obvious no greater contrast or antagonism could be found;



Fig. 5.

and in the matter of colour we may fairly weigh what Mr. Jarves has to say. He remarks that "a noteworthy æsthetic trait of the Turanian is his passion for colour, whilst the Aryan shows a preference for pure form. The predominance of brilliant traits in their Art, and absolute delight therein, used with intuitive sagacity and appreciation of harmonious contrasts, gradations, and interblendings, as it were forming refined symphonies or spiritual chords of colour, are a special heritage or instinct of

the Turanian family; just as those of Aryan descent are more distinguished by sculpture and architecture in general than by a universal appreciation and skill in using colour, especially in the minor decorative forms of Art."

Mr. J. Leighton, speaking of the progress made by the Japanese, and the sources of instruction open to them, gives them credit for having acquired some knowledge of linear perspective from the Dutch. In all probability they did. In one of the numerous sketch-books left by their celebrated artist Hokusai, and the school he founded in the last century, there is indeed a lesson in perspective, no doubt derived from some Dutch source only partially understood. (See Diagram No. 1.)

It will be seen that, although they had some knowledge of a

horizontal line passing through the field of a picture at the height of the eye of the spectator, they have not understood that the point of sight on that line is always opposite to it, and that all lines or visual rays in parallel perspective must go to the same point of sight; whereas, although the ascending and descending lines in both diagrams go to points on the horizontal line, they go to two or more points, some distance apart. As to points of distance out of the picture, to which all diagonal lines should go, they seem to be wholly ignorant. And so of vanishing points in oblique perspective. So in the next diagram (No. 2) they must have learned that in order to secure a pleasing effect the horizon must not be placed equidistant from the top and bottom of the picture, but one-third or two-fifths lower or higher, accord-



Fig. 6.

ing to circumstances, but never in the middle. That seems to have been the object of this lesson, defective like the other as to the point of sight.

Nevertheless, either by some rule, or more probably by eye, in drawing a circle, as the wheel of a cart, they put it into very fair perspective, as may be seen in the following example, taken from the same book (Fig. 3), in which the complicated piece of perspective is tolerably given. This is perhaps still more clearly exemplified in Fig. 4, representing a woman carding hemp. Of foreshortening in the human figure they have little knowledge, and yet often attempt to render it. Figs. 5 and 6 may be taken as examples, in which there is a fair degree of success. Though it must be confessed, therefore, at the outset, that in perspective and the drawing of the undraped human

figure they have little pretension to scientific accuracy, yet their success in each direction is considerable.

Upon the whole we must agree with Mr. Leighton, when he says that their inferiority in perspective, both linear and aerial, is "not without exceptions, for sometimes their linear perspective is nearly perfect, and their aerial perspective very beautiful, though they do not seem to understand the pictorial—that power of chiaroscuro that makes a picture." Later he remarks, in a letter to me, referring to the same subject, "A work of Art need not be a picture, and a great deal of pictorial Art may exist without much elevated conception. I have no doubt that with their imitative powers, they will some day add perfect perspective and pictorial Art to their pictures, though in the process they may possibly lose some of the higher qualities practised in more primitive times."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

G. A. STORRY, A.R.A., Painter.

T. SHERRATT, Engraver.

SINCE we last had occasion to refer specially to the works of Mr. Storey—which was in 1875, when we gave a biographical sketch of his career as an artist, accompanying it with a few illustrations—he has been elected into the ranks of the Royal Academy, an honour he had legitimately won by the many pictures which during several years he had contributed to the annual exhibitions of that institution, and of subjects as varied in character as they are distinguished by qualities inseparable from good Art. "His canvases are never overloaded with material," we wrote of them on the occasion referred to, "and, on the other hand, they are never wanting in subject-matter of more or less interest. Nature has bestowed on the painter excellent inventive capacity, which has been carefully cultivated according to the teachings of a school wherein graceful design is a leading feature, whatever may be the theme."

And we find this quality in the figure of the lady who, concealed behind the huge trunk of a pollard willow, listens stealthily to the voice of a young man practising a ballad out in the open air, which very probably he hopes visibly to sing to her by-and-by. The situation is certainly humorous: the vocalist giving expression to the words of the song by his outstretched hand, unconscious of being overheard, and the quiet attitude of the listener, fearful lest even the rustling of her dress should disturb the music which, doubtless to her, "hath charms" of more than ordinary welcome. The incident will doubtless afford both performer and auditor some pleasant amusement hereafter, and perhaps call up an innocent blush on the cheeks of both.

The landscape portion of this picture is painted with unquestionable truthfulness and vigorous yet delicate pencilling: it makes a beautiful setting to the principal figure.





THE WOMAN WHO WAS
THE FIRST TO SEE THE MONSTER

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

INTRODUCTION.

LIKE some other great organizations that might be named, the Royal Academy, in spite of perpetual onslaughts from without and often dissensions within, notwithstanding grievous sins both of omission and commission, and, what to any other institution would be fatal to its existence, viz. its frequent acts of self-stultification, continues not only to show vitality, but to flourish like a green bay-tree. The body enjoys privileges which are royal and exclusive, is housed more splendidly than any other Art corporation in Europe, and draws from a willing public an income which is more than princely.

The Academy, as a body, could scarcely on its own individual merits exist and pay its expenses. The annual exhibitions by which it lives are mainly filled by outside artists, the Associates and Academicians never being more than a fifteenth or sixteenth of the total number. Of the nine hundred and forty-four exhibitors this year, for example, eight hundred and seventy-nine are outsiders, and many of their works are among the choicest in the Academy; whereas performances will be found among those belonging to the titled minority which are as bad as any ever seen on the walls of any exhibition, and which outrage the public because they libel and vilify Art.

In spite of all its shortcomings, however, the Royal Academy is one of those big facts which we must accept and make the best of. It may out of doors be most culpably negligent of its personal duties to "The Artists' Benevolent and Annuity Fund," for example; and indoors most perfunctory and cruel in the manner in which it accepts some pictures and rejects others; still it is the recognised and royally official exposition, in a general way, of what Art is in this country; and by continually "pegging away," as our American cousins would say, at it and its shortcomings, we hope yet to see the Academy what it ought to be, viz. the first in Europe both as to its administration and its Art.

The present Royal Academy Exhibition, then, consists of one thousand five hundred and forty-seven works—i.e. eight more than were accepted last year. To exceed the present number we must go back to the year 1874, when the figures reached one thousand six hundred and twenty-four—the largest collection of works ever exhibited in the Academy. The present number is thus proportioned:—Eight hundred and ninety-nine

to oil paintings, two hundred and fifty-one to water colours, one hundred and forty-one to architectural drawings, one hundred and thirty-five to sculpture, seventy-two to engravings, etchings, chalk drawings, &c., and forty-nine to the beautiful, but almost moribund art, of miniature. The authors of these works are nine hundred and forty-four, of whom sixty-five only belong to the Academy.

The general impression of critics on the press day was that the exhibition was scarcely up to the usual average, and our own conviction tallies with theirs. At the same time the sculpture department struck us as being more than ordinarily good, no small share of its merits being due to F. J. WILLIAMSON, A. BRUCE JOY, W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., COUNT GLEICHEN, WILLIAM BRODIE, J. ADAMS-ACTON, J. E. BOEHM, A.R.A., and HAMO THORNYCROFT.

In the great room the places of honour are occupied by Mr. CALDERON'S 'Nuns leaving the Nunnery at Loughborough' before it was finally wrecked by order of Parliament, by J. R. HERBERT'S 'David while a Shepherd at Bethlehem,' and by W. P. FRITH'S series of five pictures setting forth in the person of a young Oxonian 'The Road to Ruin.' This Hogarthian story will doubtless become very popular; the right of engraving it has been purchased by the London Art Union. In Room No. I. the prominent places are occupied by VICAT COLE and G. D. LESLIE, and in No. II. by E. LONG'S 'Egyptian Gods and their Makers,' and a noble view of Cornish Coast, by JOHN BRETT, who as yet, strange to say, is not of the Academy. In Gallery No. III. the places of honour have been awarded to W. F. YEAMES and J. C. HOOK, and similar places in No. IV. are occupied by P. R. MORRIS, one of the new Associates, and by Sir JOHN GILBERT. E. CROFT with 'Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo,' and J. E. HODGSON with an Eastern picture, claim the honours of Room No. VII.; and the Lecture Room is as notable as the others for KERLEY HALSWELLE'S 'Play Scene in Hamlet,' and HUBERT HERKOMER'S 'Scene in Westminster Union.'

But there are many works of Art besides those occupying the places of honour, and frequently, too, by young painters comparatively unknown to fame; and these as well as the others, when we commence our more leisurely walk through the galleries next month, it will be our pleasure to present to our readers.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.—The annual meeting of subscribers to this institution, for the purpose of receiving the report of the Council and of distributing the prizes, was held at the Lyceum Theatre on the 30th of April, the chair being occupied, in the absence of Lord Houghton, by that warm supporter of the society from its foundation nearly forty years since, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S. We learn from the report, which was read by another firm friend of the society, Mr. Francis Bennock, F.S.A., that the subscriptions, notwithstanding the long-continued commercial depression, reached the sum of £13,643 14s., of which £6,312 was allotted for the purchase of pictures, and the remainder was absorbed by a variety of demands upon the accumulated funds, as engraving the print given to subscribers, cost of bronzes, statuettes, tazzas, medals, reserve fund, printing, office expenses, &c. The prizes included the fine water-colour drawing, by Mr. E. Duncan, entitled 'The Return of the Life Boat,' valued at 200 guineas, and which formed the subject of the engraving received by the subscribers of the year, one work valued at £200, two at £150 each, three

at £100, six at £75, six at £60, six at £50, twelve at £45, twelve at £40, and one hundred and eighteen valued at sums between £40 and £10. At the drawing for the prizes, Mr. Duncan's picture became the property of Mr. S. White, of Norwich; the £200 prize fell to the lot of Dr. Moore, of Coventry; the two £150 prizes respectively to Mrs. Hopkins, of Belmont Street, and Mr. E. Evans, of Neath; and the three prizes of £100 each to Dr. Eady, of Crawley, Mr. Dale, Peckham Grove, and Mr. Mackenzie, of Wairuka, South Australia. The presentation work for the forthcoming year will be a volume of illustrations of Byron's poem "Lara;" and for future distribution, it was stated at the meeting, a series of engravings is in progress from pictures by Mr. Frith, R.A., entitled 'The Road to Ruin,' now exhibited at the Royal Academy.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY, always an interesting feature of the attractions of this popular resort, appears to us to be quite as much worth visiting as it ever has been, if not more so: the walls are well covered with pictures by British and continental artists, whose names are familiar to the fre-

quenter of the gallery, and whose works will amply repay examination, and are worthy of being transferred to the home of the collector. On looking round we noticed a large number of novelties, and particularly those sent in as competitive works for the prizes offered so liberally by the Directors of the Crystal Palace, amounting in the aggregate to forty-one medals of various kinds. The artists to whom was assigned the responsible task of awarding them were Messrs. G. L. Leslie, R.A., P. R. Morris, A.R.A., and G. A. Storey, A.R.A. They awarded the "special" gold medal for the best picture exhibited by any living artist, whatever his country, to Professor C. Lasch, for his 'Orphans;' the fine ordinary gold medals were given to A. Stocks "for the best historical or figure subject in oil" by an English artist, the work in question being entitled 'Our Soldiers, past and present;' to Mr. F. W. Meyer, for his 'Autumn Twilight—Dinas Lake,' adjudged to be the best landscape by an English artist; to Mr. J. A. Houston, R.S.A., for his 'Death of Warwick, the King-maker,' the best water-colour drawing, irrespective of subject. The painters who won gold medals were C. Wünnenberg for his 'In the Sculpture Gallery,' adjudged to be the best figure subject by a foreigner; and V. Wieshaupt, for the best foreign landscape, 'View on the Maes.' We noticed that several of the prize pictures soon found purchasers, among them Professor Lasch's 'The Orphans.' Last year the sales amounted to more than £8,000, a tolerably sure evidence of public estimation of the works exhibited there.

IRVINGTON.—Intelligence has reached Europe from the United States that, on the 15th of April, the magnificent mansion of Mr. Heber Bishop, situated at Irvington, and considered one of the finest residences on the banks of the Hudson, was destroyed by fire, with the greater part of the valuable works of Art Mr. Bishop had collected at a cost, it is estimated, of £40,000. Among the pictures which have perished is a splendid example of Murillo, 'The Annunciation,' together with many others by modern European and American painters, as Jules Bréton, Lambinet, Delaroche, Verbaeckhoven, Brian, Diaz, Roybet, G. W. Boughton, W. Hart, Washington Alston, &c. &c.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The sixty-ninth anniversary banquet in connection with this institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 13th of April, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., officiating as chairman in the absence of Lord Ronald Gower, who had promised to preside, but was unavoidably absent. The attendance at the dinner was comparatively meagre, and not a single representative of the Royal Academy was present to return thanks for the toast drunk in honour of this distinguished body of painters, sculptors, and architects, that duty being performed by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, a gentleman who is not even an artist by profession, though associated as a writer with the Arts, and who, in the course of his remarks, made special reference to the absence of members of the Academy. In fact, the task of supporting the chairman, so far as relates to the speeches made, devolved mainly on the non-professionals, who, whatever they may or may not have said, could not but have thought that a society so ignored by the class mostly concerned in its welfare might well be left to take care of itself. Mr. Godwin advocated its claims to public consideration in his wonted felicitous manner, and showed that it was really doing good work according to its means, and that it only required an increase of these to enable the council to enlarge its operations where they were urgently needed. The affairs of the society are administered in the most economical manner. We have for many years opened our columns on its behalf, and are glad to do so once again.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Among sculptured works in the exhibition is one that will probably attract no notice. It is a simple cast in plaster of a very small work, and might almost fit into a trousers pocket: it is but $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height by 4 inches in diameter, yet, insignificant as it seems, it has taken an artist six years to produce it. It is the work of an Italian, G. de Giovanni, and is in the catalogue numbered 1539; but nothing is there said of the manner in which it has been wrought. The material is a thick

glass tumbler: its surface is engraved into a bas-relief representing the training of young Bacchus, the future god of the grape. The group is in low relief; the figures have been studied, and are modelled with as much fidelity and veritable Art knowledge as if the size had been feet instead of inches. By this work the artist has attempted to revive this almost forgotten branch of an art of which, with the exception of the relic of the Barberini-Portland Vase in the British Museum, so few specimens of importance are now to be met with, however greatly valued and cultivated it may have been amongst the ancients under the name of *toreumata vitri*. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the unwearying patience, as well as continued labour, required and given to produce this little, yet great, work. It is one of those efforts of genius that can by no possibility be recompensed—that could have been undertaken and carried through only under the stimulus of love of the art. To the plaster copy this notice may direct attention; the original it will be difficult to see. Our readers may confide in our assurance that it is one of the most remarkable Art productions, of its kind, of the age—indeed of any age.

A FINE ART LOAN EXHIBITION was opened in Glasgow about the middle of last month, in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary of that city, which are "at present insufficient to meet the current expenditure." A large and influential committee was formed to carry out the object, and as Glasgow and its neighbourhood abound with private picture galleries, second perhaps to few, if any, in the kingdom, and as most of the owners of these collections placed their works at the disposal of the committee for selection, the result is, judging from the list forwarded to us, an exhibition of modern paintings, both British and foreign, such as has rarely, if ever, been previously seen in Glasgow. It is intended to keep it open for about two months, and we trust the benevolent intentions of its promoters will meet with the reward due to them.

THE BELGIAN GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET.—Including some choice engravings and etchings by Ballin, Simmons, Cousins, and Jacques, several charming pieces of modern faience by Professor Ardy, C. Wagner, and F. Dauge, who has carried off gold medals in London, Vienna, and Liege, and a few examples of sculpture by Buzzi, Pandiani, Malpatti, and Brackeleer, the present exhibition numbers nearly two hundred works of Art. The water-colour section is ably supported by such men as Tom Pyne, Tristram Ellis, J. H. Dell, G. Campi, and P. J. Clays, not to mention a pencil drawing by Gérôme of an 'Albanian and Dogs.' Among the oil paintings will be found a most interesting picture by Captain Alfred Hubert, recording an episode in the retreat of the Turks from Sophia: 'Left Behind' (105) is the name in the catalogue. There are pictures also by the late John Phillip, and by such English artists as Collins, Linnell, Poole, and Millais. The foreign element is no less forcibly represented by R. S. Zimmermann, a gold medalist of Berlin, Munich, London, Vienna, and Philadelphia; by Professor Charles Soubre, another universal medallist, who sets before us with dramatic effect the historic 'Banquet of the Beggars;' and by Professor Charles Gusson, one of the most powerful realistic painters living. His 'Old Man's Treasure' (27), and his 'Welcome Home' (61), prove that broad masterly execution need not exclude tender sentiment. The work, however, which will prove the greatest attraction this season is Olof Winkler's 'Evening in the Moon,' which, by special request, was exhibited a few weeks ago before the Astronomical Society. The author has combined science with art in the production of this marvellous attempt at realising the aspect of the moon's surface, and astronomers seem to accept the general pictorial correctness of the scenery. The spectator is supposed to be standing on some high crag of an extinct crater; before him the lofty crests of the desolate mountains are struck with an intensity of light by the sinking and unseen sun, which makes them look as if they were on the point of melting into liquid lava. In the distance, if such an expression may be used of a region which has no atmosphere, the earth is seen moonlike rolling through starry space, and the linear landscape imme-

diately around us lies in the wan, mysterious earth-shine, lifeless, silent, and terrible.

MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON'S DRAWINGS AT THE GALLERIES OF THE MESSRS. COLNAGHI.—This most enterprising and accomplished of travellers has again returned from one of those missions intrusted to him by the spirited proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, and, as usual, laden with pictorial memorials of the places he has visited. The scenes of his labours were the region which Greek genius has made classical for ever. From Athens to Ephesus, and from Ephesus to Troy, he has wandered pencil in hand; and from his drawings we get a far better idea of the excavations of Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Wood than could possibly be supplied by any written description. The whole region, not only of Greece, but of the Troad, is brought bodily before the eyes, so to speak; and we look upon the sites of temples, palaces, and tombs, mark the sweep of bays and the course of rivers, and gaze upon valleys and mountain peaks whose very names are dear to the scholar and the historian, and whose renown comes down to us undimmed through thrice a thousand years. As usual, Mr. Simpson's catalogue is a model of its kind, teeming with information which the general reader will peruse with interest and the archæologist with gratitude.

THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR has been sitting to Major Vanderweyde, whose process of photography by artificial light we noticed in a preceding number, and the result is one of the most charming of the many bright silvery portraits this accomplished American artist has yet taken. The head of the Celestial Ambassador, from its massive squareness both of shape and feature, submits itself readily to the Vanderweyde Light, which seems, in this case, to search out, in a refined and delicate way, the social and intellectual character of the man, and reveal it on the photographic card. His Excellency expressed great interest in the invention, and, at his request, Major Vanderweyde had to furnish him with technical particulars as to the whole nature and working of the process, which the Ambassador intends embodying in the scientific work he is preparing for his own government.

DRAWINGS BY THE DUTCH MASTERS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—We regret that the exigencies of space prevent our noting so adequately as we could wish the doings of this the most liberal and educational of all our Art clubs and associations. The present gathering consists of one hundred and thirty-seven drawings by the Dutch masters, and no doubt such an exhibition will prove a revelation to many of our artists. As usual, a careful catalogue has been compiled of the works exhibited; and this time the introductory note is from the flowing pen of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who has given to the subject the completeness and roundness of a little monograph. The collection begins with examples of the seventeenth century from Van Goyen, Rughman, Cuyp, Rembrandt, and others, and finishes with such men of the nineteenth as Van Stry, Prins, and Schotel, and every example is carefully described in the catalogue.

THE GERMAN ATHENÆUM, MORTIMER STREET.—This admirably conducted society, which looks after Art and philosophy while cultivating the social virtues, is holding, as we write, its fourth annual exhibition of paintings in oil and water colours, and drawings in black and white. Among the last named will be found spirited representations of wild boars and other animals by J. Wolf, and some red chalk figure studies by Burne Jones. Cecil G. Lawson is represented by several landscapes, and Alma-Tadema by three landscape studies and a small replica of his famous 'Cleopatra' lying on her back. Besides these there are contributions—and some of them highly important works—from such men as E. J. Gregory, Otto Weber, W. Kumpel, Andrew C. Gow, Count Gleichen, Carl Haag, and, above all, by Hubert Herkomer, who evidently takes a deep interest in the society, and is the designer of the two graceful figures which head its programme. If every club in London took as much interest in philosophy and the Fine Arts, and was

as actively eager for a propagation of the knowledge thereof, what a cultured people we should become! We wish the German Athenæum long life and prosperity.

'THE FIRST PARLIAMENT,' by T. H. MAGUIRE.—This very interesting historical picture, containing six-and-twenty life-size figures, is now being exhibited at the German Gallery, New Bond Street. Mr. T. H. Maguire, its author, who has been engaged on the composition for several laborious years, may be congratulated on the completion of a work so full of national significance. The preamble of Edward I.'s writ summoning the representatives of cities and boroughs to meet the barons in Parliament is as applicable to the circumstances of to-day as it was to those of six hundred years ago. It runs thus:—"As it is a most equitable rule, that what concerns all, should be approved of by all, and that common dangers should be repelled by united efforts." The architectural details of the chapter-house of Westminster, in which the Parliament meets, the furniture, the costumes, whether of warrior or citizen, have all been most carefully studied, and the result is a work which will attract the attention of all those who set value on the constitutional history of England.

TWO CENTURIES OF HUNTING AT THE DICKINSON GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET, consists of one hundred and thirty-two paintings and drawings referring to sporting subjects, some of the older of which will have great interest for those who make manners and costumes their study. The collection may be called a pictorial history of English hunting; but in its Art aspects it calls for no special remark.

'THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—This, one of the most finished of Mr. Millais's latest productions, is now on view at the King Street Galleries, St. James's. It expresses happily a combination of touching sentiments, and will doubtless greatly add to the reputation of its author. 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is a companion picture to the 'Effie Deans,' which we noticed with emphatic praise when being exhibited, and will, like it, be engraved. The moment chosen by the painter is that in which Lucy Ashton, recovered from her swoon, but scarcely from her bewilderment and terror, clings to the arm of the Master of Ravenswood, helplessly yet trustingly, with hope and fear blended in a face whose natural beauty her varying emotions have spiritualised and sublimed. Her eyes are blue and her complexion is passing fair, while his glance is dark and piercing and his face deeply olive, like that pertaining to the land whence comes his plumed sombrero. He is marking the approach of Sir William Ashton, who is out of the picture, and knows that to him is owing the ruin of his house, but little dreaming that his own personal fate will be linked so tragically with that of his enemy's daughter. The rocky recess, whose gloom is relieved by the sparkle of a tiny burn and by a rich growth of ferns and wild flowers, forms a background to the future lovers as picturesque as it is appropriate. The picture is to be engraved by Mr. T. Oldham Barlow, A.R.A.

PROFESSOR C. OTTONI, of Rome, has now on view, at the Pall Mall Gallery, his celebrated picture of 'Christ dying on the Cross.' His side is, as yet, unpierced by the spear, and He looks up to heaven as if giving utterance to his dying cry. The vivid flash of the lightning through the troubled and darkling air adds to the impressiveness of the picture, and forms a fitting background and accompaniment to the Divine agony. The technical qualities of the painting are of the highest kind, and the religious and devotional sentiment we can scarcely imagine being embodied more earnestly and purely.

MR. P. L. EVERARD, the proprietor of the Everard Gallery, at the corner of Leicester Square, whose valuable contents we noticed approvingly a few months ago, has, with characteristic enterprise, opened a gallery in Paris, at No. 36 in the famous Boulevard des Italiens. This new collection consists of choice examples of the greatest continental masters, both living and lately deceased, and will form a most instructive supplement to the pictorial treasures of the Exhibition and the *Salon*.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

THE last addition to Messrs. Macmillan's "Art at Home Series" is Lady Barker's rules and directions as to the suitable furniture for, and the ornamental treatment of, the bedroom and boudoir, and also "as to the best sanitary arrangements of the former."* We believe this to be among the most useful little books of the whole series, for the remarks in it, especially with reference to the preservation of health, are suggested by common sense, and by what we should consider sound judgment. There is much in it, however, we cannot assume to comprehend, such as appertains to the fittest drawers, wardrobes, cupboards, &c., for the due disposal of "the countless array of skirts and polonaises, and mantles and heaven knows what beside, that furnish a modern belle's equipment." The class of persons to whom Lady Barker mainly addresses herself is that which is blessed with ample means for encouraging artistic taste in furniture and its surroundings and accompaniments, and for making everything that concerns them comfortable—and something more. Still, many who are not so favoured may borrow a few useful hints from what she writes.

AGAIN we have the history of that most passionate of husbands—Bluebeard—brought before us under his real name (according to chronicles lately discovered by Miss Sabilla Novello) of "Pompernicus Gynicide, the mirror of knights and the idol of dames."† His bodily strength, bravery, and gallantry made him the spoiled darling of rich and high-born parents, with whom his occasional fits of rage, wherein he chopped off heads and cleft skulls, only caused the remark, "Poor darling! why couldn't the stupid serfs get out of his way?"

Given such an ardent temperament, and a wicked astrologer for a godfather, who predicts that his life will be endangered by the curiosity of a wife, what could be expected but that tale of woman's curiosity and man's tyranny that the world well knows in the persons of Bluebeard and his wives? The histories of the unhappy ladies are truly touching, but to give every one his due, extenuating circumstances might be the verdict with regard to his relations with Basalvella and the Princess Violante; also it must be a trial to a man when his beautiful auburn beard turns blue. The sketches are clever, and the whole book entertaining. The shade of Bluebeard ought to be grateful to Miss Sabilla Novello, and so may her readers, both old and young.

"BARDS AND BLOSSOMS."—In a very beautiful volume, thus entitled, Mr. F. E. Hulme has mingled verse and prose, to illustrate the history and associations of flowers.‡ The title is not happy—the alliteration suggested it—and the letterpress is heavy. Science and knowledge are more obvious than ideality and enthusiasm; and the book, though abounding in apt quotations, is not a lovely book.

A MORE learned and less inviting volume also bears Mr. Hulme's name, and issues from the press of the same excellent publishers.§ The title sufficiently indicates the contents. A number of good examples are given, with such explanations as may assist either the professional student, the adept, or the amateur. In fact, it is a book of instruction to all who take pleasure in a very interesting pursuit. It leaves no matter connected with the subject untouched, and will certainly be accepted as a very valuable guide to the many with whom wood carving is either a pleasant recreation or a profitable pursuit.

* "The Bedroom and Boudoir." By Lady Barker. Published by Macmillan & Co.

† "The History of Bluebeard's Wives." By Sabilla Novello. Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

‡ "Bards and Blossoms; or, the Poetry, History, and Associations of Flowers." By F. Edward Hulme, F.S.A. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

§ "Examples for Fret Cutting and Wood Carving." By F. Edward Hulme, F.S.A. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

NEARLY the same remarks apply to another of Messrs. Ward's books: very elegantly got up, as all their publications are, and practically useful to many.* The book is exceedingly well done, and cannot fail to be very useful to the many learners or practisers of the art, an art the revival of which is one of the most encouraging and best achievements of the age. The author thoroughly understands the subject, and so does the artist. It will suffice if we copy the table of contents, and thus show the valuable character of the graceful volume:—"On Design, on Colour, on Materials and Stitches, on Methods and Uses, on Church Embroidery, on the Study of Old Embroidery."

"AUNT CHARLOTTE'S Stories of German History" is one of the many thoroughly good books issued by Marcus Ward & Co.: it is from the prolific pen of Mrs. Yonge, whose name guarantees its excellence. Here, indeed, history reads like romance. The volume is full of excitement, and will carry into wonderland the little readers for whose enjoyment it is principally intended; but also, every page contains an illustrative engraving. Of these engravings there are no fewer than 337: they are by a German artist, no doubt; but the name is not given, which is a mistake. The subjects are admirably drawn, and the engraver has done them justice. It is not necessary to add that they very largely augment the value of a useful and interesting book. Messrs. Ward have produced no better.

"LITTLE MAY'S FRIENDS" is a book for the little ones, published by Griffith and Farran, of the long-famous "corner of St. Paul's Churchyard." It is very prettily illustrated, and well written, the illustrations being by Harrison Weir, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. So is another of Messrs. Griffith's publications, entitled "Ten of them." Certainly, if this eminent firm has not augmented, it has not abstracted from its well-earned renown by the works it has issued this season.

MESSRS. ROWNEY have issued the first portion of a series of lessons for students—of very great value to those who are learners of, or learned in, Art, either artists or amateurs, who desire acquaintance with such productions of the great old masters as may be lessons to all workers in all countries. It is a series of lithographic copies, some of them being of large size, heads and eyes, hands and feet, and so forth, with complete statues, after the great master spirits of the ancient epochs—such as the Laocoon, the Apollo, and the Antinous; in fact, we have a perfect drawing-book, "The Drawing-book of Raffaele Morghen." The name is enough to convey assurance that better and safer lessons could be given by no teacher of any time. Messrs. Rowney, in republishing a work that has become rare and costly, have conferred a real boon on artists and Art. Moreover, the price brings it within reach of all Art students.

THE YOUNGER CATTERMOLLE has produced a remarkable and very meritorious series of six prints, which have been reproduced and published by the Autotype Company in Rathbone Place. They are groups of horses, each group consisting of several in various attitudes; as studies they are of great value, and not without interest to those who only admire, without giving much thought to, the graceful and beautiful animal. The most striking of the series is entitled 'Thunder and Lightning'; the horses are rushing to and fro, scared by the war of elements. The collection is sure to be popular, for in no country of the world is the horse in such high favour, or so highly cultivated, as in England. We rejoice to know that the genius of the father is inherited by the son.

* "Art Embroidery: a Treatise on the revived Practice of Decorative Needlework." By M. E. Lockwood and E. Gloucester. With Nineteen Plates printed in Colours from Designs by Thomas Crane. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



ENTERING Gallery No. I., catalogue in hand, we find hanging, immediately above C. E. JOHNSON'S fine picture of 'The Timber Waggon' (3) entering the dip of a road, beyond which lies a stretch of level country, with a luminous sky overhead, a portrait sketch of 'Mrs. Langtry' (2), by H. WEIGALL. The lady is attired in a black dress, with black hat and white feather. She is in three-quarter face, the expression of which is frank, and her features, if rather large, are generous, free, and comely. The carnations of her cheeks bloom healthily in a field slightly tinged with olive. Her eyes are blue and well shaped, and remind one of those sometimes met with among the Hispano-Irish beauties of the West. She has a red geranium in her bosom and another in her hat, which help to relieve the sombreness of the black attire, and enhance a mien which is not so much jaunty as naturally free and graceful. We are thus particular with this portrait bust because, strange to say, there will be found of this same lady two other portraits in the Academy. The most ambitious of the three is the least satisfactory, and it is from the pencil of E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Mrs. Langtry, this time, is gorgeously arrayed in a rich yellow puffed dress, and leans back nearly in profile, with an air of Oriental languor, on a couch, as she fingers listlessly a white rose with her left hand, and places a yellow one in her bosom with her right. The picture has a strained and laboured look, and the muscles of the neck are emphasized overmuch. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., the other artist who has been thus honoured by the fair lady, has effected more, because, perhaps, he has attempted less. 'A Jersey Lily' (307), as in this instance she is called in the catalogue, stands a three-quarter length, simply attired in black, and holding in her hand a red flower. Her pose and the air of her head are natural and unaffected, and her face loses none of the comeliness we found in Mr. Weigall's sketch. The lobes of the ears of this much-admired beauty are attached to the cheek, like Byron's, in the portraits both of Messrs. Poynter and Millais; but in Mr. Weigall's sketch the lobe is palpably pendent.

Coming to portraiture of a less powerfully fashionable type—and in some cases, in our humble opinion, where lady sitters are concerned, not less lovely—we would call attention to P. H. CALDERON'S, R.A., 'Mrs. Bayley Worthington' (15), who, in a dark-figured lilac dress, looks full-faced on us out of the canvas; J. SANT'S, R.A., 'Mrs. Surtees, of Redworth' (27), in white gauze-like dress, into which enters, most artistically, abundance of lace; LOUISE JOPLING'S 'Trixy, daughter of John Hawton Phillips, Esq.' (23); T. B. WIRGMAN'S very recognisable, but by no means very flattering portrait of 'Mrs. Thornycroft' (38), the eminent sculptor; and to MARIA BROOKS'S 'Mrs. Welbury Mitton' (50), in lace which, if costly, is very becoming. This last picture we think deserved a far better place than it has received.

The male portraits of mark in this room are those of the 'Rev. T. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., F.S.A.' (51), by R. LEHMANN; the 'Marquis of Bath' (59), in a brilliant white waistcoat, leaning easily on a pedestal, by G. RICHMOND, R.A.; and for a pendant to the latter is 'Lieut.-Col. Loyd Lindsay, V.C., M.P.' (65), in grey uniform and red sash, with the Victoria Cross and other orders on his breast, from the vigorous pencil of W. W. OULESS, A.

Between these two hangs, in the place of honour, on the right-hand wall of the room, G. D. LESLIE'S, R.A., 'Home, sweet

home!' (64), showing a group of charming young girls behind their elder sister, who has just commenced on the piano the song in which they are all to join. The sentiment of home was never more sweetly rendered. Above this hangs a masterly landscape with some peasants attempting to save their hay crop from 'A Summer Flood' (63), by H. R. ROBERTSON. The rich reflected glow on the water and the whole aspect of the scene have the truth and force of nature. DAVID MURRAY'S river landscape, exhibiting on trees and vegetation generally the autumn 'Glow before Decay' (57), must likewise have faithfully been studied on the spot. There is *vraisemblance* also in WINSLOW HORNER'S 'Cotton Pickers, North Carolina' (60), and OTTO WEBER was never truer to rustic life on this side the Atlantic than in the herd-boy opening the gate and telling his cattle to 'Come on—come along!' (70).

There is remarkably grim humour in H. G. GLINDONI'S 'Friends or Foes?' (66), as well as some capital figure painting. An old gentleman and lady have just left their carriage for some reason or other, and are advancing towards us on a lonely road. In the meantime two men of truculent mien have dismounted from their horses, and now stand on the roadside bowing ironically to the aged couple as they approach; and the puzzled old man, with the chivalric resolution of younger days, grasps vigorously his Malacca walking-stick. There is wonderful likelihood in the episode, and the characterization is faultless. MARCUS STONE'S, A., 'Post-bag' (71)—which we see must have just come in, for a young lady at the hither end of a stately terrace is deep in the perusal of a letter, and the two old gentlemen at the table in the distance have suspended their breakfast in order to follow, with no less absorbing interest, a like pursuit—is slightly suggestive of a well-known section of the French school; but this does not mean that the triple incident of letter-reading is not set forth with much *naïveté* and truth. J. R. REID, with a stronger, but perhaps less refined brush, portrays the very humorous and various incidents pertaining to 'A Country Cricket Match' (77). Let us note also, while in this part of the room, the calm effect of 'Evening by the Old Mill' (72), from the pencil of W. BRIGHT MORRIS; and of 'A Midsummer Moonlight' (73), among noble fir-trees, by VINCENT P. YGLESIAS.

Some girls watching the hanging up of their 'New Toy,' a Chinese lantern (8), which one of them has just lit, are the materials out of which C. N. KENNEDY has made a very effective picture of the domestic kind. CLAUDE CALTHROP, with characteristic dramatic instinct, has gone to Scottish history for the subject of his picture, and introduces us to a 'Meeting of Scottish Jacobites' (10), sitting kilted round a table, who, Sir Walter Scott tells us, pledged themselves to risk their lives and fortunes for the restoration of the Stuart family. The scene is splendidly painted, and almost as perfect in tone as his 'A Caller' (1004), in the Lecture Room. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., who has seldom of late touched upon any subject which may strictly be called historical, treats us to his version of 'The Princes in the Tower' (21), and a very pretty version it is, although the costume is only an approximation of that belonging to the period. The two fair-haired boys in their black velvet dresses stand side by side, with locked hands, in a dimly lit dungeon at the foot of a winding stone stair. The younger places his right hand in a cautioning way, as it were,

on the shoulder of his brother, and we feel that they bear the descending footsteps of the man whose shadow we descry on the wall. The treatment, as in the case of Mrs. Langtry's portrait, is slight, simple, and telling.

This picture, which occupies the place of honour on the left wall, is supported on one side by VICAT COLE'S, A., noble landscape of 'A Showery Day' (20), in which the artist has grappled very successfully with atmospheric phenomena, which are always a difficulty; and on the other by a golden-toned landscape, 'Oxhey Place, Herts' (26), with a group of brown cattle approaching the water, by F. GOODALL, R.A. Equally worthy of being classed with these two in respect of artistic merit, although not quite so honourably hung, are the 'Waste Land' (28), of J. AUMONIER; 'A Grove' (32), with its brown, sun-flecked ground, by C. H. H. MACARTNEY; and 'The Forest Scene—Evening' (9), of CARL RODECK, with the tree trunks flushing in the glow of departing day.

Above Mr. V. Cole's picture hangs a charmingly classic figure subject by LOUISA STARR. It is that of an elegantly draped girl, with a basket of roses, standing by a marble-edged pool, on whose quiet surface float water-lilies. This idea of "Rose Time" (19) Miss Starr has carried out with much sweetness, whether we apply the word to the glow of the colour, the modelling of the form, or the sweep of the lines. We are pleased also with Miss E. M. BUSK'S 'Psyche' (25), in her white and yellow drapery, and regard it as most happily illustrative of the lines she quotes from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

W. HOLYOAKE'S 'Richard Savage' (39), a poet, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, who had mixed familiarly with the highest and the lowest, and had known every vicissitude of fortune, is represented in his last stage of abject and hopeless poverty, lying down to take such rest as unappeased hunger may permit on the hard stones of the Piazza of Covent Garden, and attracting thereby the attention, and peradventure the sympathy, of some stray orange-girl or market-woman. This picture is powerfully painted—perhaps it is the best work Mr. Holyoake has yet done; but we cannot help thinking that in the arrangement of the principal figure there is a suggestion, faint it is true, but still a suggestion, of the famous 'Death of Chatterton,' by Henry Wallis.

Before leaving Gallery No. I. there are several pictures which deserve, in common with those already named, special mention. JAMES HAYLLAR, for example, in his old labourer, 'As careful as a Mother' (40), blowing to cool the hot drink in the mug intended for baby, whom we see seated on his knee, is perfectly true to the class it represents, and although the artist may not possess the tone and chiaroscuro of Édouard Frère, he has all his tenderness of sentiment and correctness of observation. EDGAR BARCLAY'S 'Women moulding Water-jars, Algeria' (53), is clever and interesting; but, if anything, rather too uniform in tone and texture. So far, however, as interest of subject goes, there is one picture in the immediate neighbourhood which, in the eyes of ladies at least, will bear away the bell from all competitors, and that is J. C. DOLLMAN'S illustration of 'The course of true love never did run smooth' (47). The post-chaise of a runaway couple has broken down in the snow, and the pursuing carriage with its postillions is plainly visible rounding the hill. The young lady clings to her military lover, and assures him with the utmost earnestness of expression that she will live and die with him, while the two postboys, who have brought them thus far towards the border, are quietly looking to their horses and coolly calculating how many minutes will elapse before they are overtaken, and the unlooked-for climax occurs. This picture is a decided advance on anything Mr. Dollman has yet done.

VAL. C. PRINSEP'S study of a 'Kashmiree Nautch Girl' (44), dressed in white, and seated on what looks something very like a bolster, but for which Mr. Prinsep has, no doubt, a more euphonious name, gives a very capital idea of a most important class of our Indian fellow-subjects. Her white dress is simple enough; but we see that the great toes of the little feet which peep from underneath it are ringed as well as her fingers, and

that costly jewels and gold pieces enter largely into the composition of her head-gear. Her large eyes, too, with their lustre and their Eastern shape, are a gloss on her character and an explanation of her influence. See also another Nautch Girl by Mr. Prinsep, 'Martaba' (167), in the next gallery, with her richly bejewelled head. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., has tried his hand on an Eastern subject; but whether his sitter was as true a daughter of the Orient as M. Prinsep's we cannot say. 'Zenobia Captive,' with her turquoise and gold crown, and her hand playing listlessly with her massive necklets, revealing a bare arm of great symmetry, is at all events very grand and very beautiful, and Mr. Poynter, of whose lack of spontaneity we complained in Mrs. Langtry's portrait, is here most exquisite in every detail.

As examples of the effect which can be produced by broader and more impetuous brush-work, and by a scheme of colour whose fulness and richness are not the less intense because apparently less laboured, we would point to 'The Hour' (46), by JOHN PETTIE, R.A., and to 'Conditional Neutrality' (41), by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. The former represents a lady of commanding presence, attired in a rich red dress, partly covered with black lace, descending a broad staircase, carrying her mask. Her manner is at once furtive and resolute, and speaks with dramatic force of an assignation. Among Mr. Pettie's other works—and in spite of his late illness, he has managed to send to the Academy half-a-dozen pictures in all—may be mentioned his portrait of 'S. Taylor Whitehead, Esq.' (204), in rich Elizabethan dress; 'Rob Roy' (614), in the tartan of his race, sitting at a table, and about to refresh himself "wi' a dram"—by far the most perfect embodiment of the famous cattle-dealer and cattle-lifter we ever saw upon canvas; and to 'The Laird' (1325), who, with his hands thrust into the pockets of his long waistcoat, stands watching the distant reapers in a commanding attitude, and with a self-importance at which a passer-by, not belonging to the estate, might smile, did he not see at a second glance that this was not a man to be trifled with. There is no occasion for this Scottish landlord of the old school to step over among the reapers; they know that his eye is upon them, and he knows that they are conscious of it. Mr. Pettie, then, has given us two distinct individual creations, of which any master might be proud, viz. 'Rob Roy' and 'The Laird.'

Mr. Orchardson's 'Conditional Neutrality' (41) is the portrait of a resolute little boy, in black dress and red sash, with a yellow curtain for a background, who stands in the self-asserting manner of Henry VIII., holding his mimic sword behind his back, as much as to say, "Advance another step and my trusty blade will flash before your eyes unutterable things!" Another bit of colour, in which the artist substitutes refinement for force, is 'Autumn' (608), a young girl holding in her gauze-like pinafore some apples whose form and colour are beautifully felt through the diaphanous fabric. But the highest artistic qualities are to be found perhaps in Mr. Orchardson's 'Social Eddy—Left by the Tide' (308), a title which expresses the circumstance of a young lady being left alone in the ball-room without a partner to take her in to supper with the rest, the last of whom we see crowding through the distant door. A sympathetic old couple, on a distant seat, are the only spectators of the unintentional slight under which the poor girl suffers. The incident is set forth so pathetically, that we have no doubt it will instil greater tenderness and consideration into the hearts of those party-giving matrons who, in their fussy, frisky way, fancy they have done all that is required of them as hostesses when they have seen after the comforts of their principal guests, the lions of the evening. The moral inculcated by Mr. Orchardson is equally worthy the attention of those lisping youths who fancy themselves "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The artistic onlooker will regard with peculiar pleasure, among other objects in this picture, the painting and perspective of the carpet.

Proceeding to Gallery No. II., we are drawn straight up, as the room is not crowded, to the 'Gods and their Makers' (129), by

E. LONG, A., a picture illustrative of that passage in Juvenal which Sir Frederick Pollock has translated thus:—

"All know what monsters Egypt venerates;
It worships crocodiles, or it adores
The snake-gorged ibis; and the sacred ape
Graven in gold is seen . . . whole cities pray
To cats and fishes, or the dog invoke."

The principal incident in this picture, the finest we think Mr. Long has yet painted, is that of the Ethiopian woman holding a white cat while an Egyptian girl models it. No part of the canvas, however, is left uncovered, or without stirring interest. The figures, to our mind, hold their places better, and, where required, are emphasized with a firmer and a surer touch, than Mr. Long has given to any of his previous creations. If this, taking it all in all, be one of the finest figure subjects in the exhibition, and we wanted to find a fellow to it in the field of landscape, we would point to JOHN BRETT'S 'Cornish Lions' (105), which holds in the most triumphant manner the place of honour on the left wall. Not alone for its masterly drawing and dazzling brilliancy do we so esteem it, but because of its entire and absolute loyalty to nature, from the water-filmed sands of the foreground, in which the sea-gulls wet their feet, to the luminous mist that envelops the distant sea—from the tender green light in the translucent neck of the curling wave to the loving modelling of those mighty rocks, 'the Cornish Lions,' which raise against the Atlantic a calm, eternal front. Those who are familiar with this part of the coast, and the effect of its strong local colouring under the influence of a high summer light, will acknowledge at once the fidelity with which Mr. Brett has set down what he saw. The gloriously luminous quality of this work almost prevents the eye from adapting itself to anything else in the room. Mr. Brett seems to have secured the affections of a wonderfully apt pupil in F. C. JACKSON, who shows, in his bright, crisp 'Breaking Sea' (549), overshadowed in the distance by heavy clouds, how faithfully and with what startling success he can carry out the Art canons of the master.

Another lord of landscape, only with motive and method entirely the opposite of Mr. Brett's, is P. F. POOLE, R.A. He is "of imagination all compact," and cares nothing for the literal expression of concrete nature. She is of no value in his eyes till she has passed, more entirely than can be said of any other British landscape painter, through the alembic of his own mind; and when its formative function is suspended for the nonce, he follows with his pencil the poet's pen, which "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." His beautiful embodiment of the idea of 'Solitude' (146) endorses our remarks. The picture illustrates some lines from Shelley's "Alastor":—

"A restless impulse urged him to embark,
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste;
For well he knew that mighty shadow loves
The slimy caverns of the populous deep."

A youth lies on a desolate sea-girt rock, the contour of whose crest blends with that of his figure, as in Turner's famous picture, and rises impressively between us and the moon. The charm of the picture lies in the wonderful suggestiveness of that subdued tawny key of colour which Mr. Poole feels so valuable in the treatment of poetic subjects, and in the mystery he imparts to his chiaroscuro when they are more than ordinarily spiritual and fantastical. And yet Mr. Poole has his matter-of-fact humour, too; but even then it must not be without its touch of the idyllic, as we see in the boy blowing the horn at 'Harvest Time' (224), to bring home the reapers to their meal. When Mr. Poole, however, is in his loftiest mood and dwells most apart, it is in such pictures as 'Solitude,' which we have just noticed, and in 'Smithfield' (487), with its weird female figures looking for relics in the early dawn after Anne Ascue and her three companions were burned for what those in authority then called heresy.

At the same time we must not allow Messrs. Brett and Poole to monopolize all the landscape honours of the second room. Among those deserving their share are VAL. DAVIS with 'The

Evening Glow of a Winter's Sun' (87); J. HENDERSON'S 'Full Tide under the Sandhills' (98), in a low grey key; JOHN G. NAISH for his fine rock painting in 'A Summer Sea at the Scilly Islands' (110); and ERNEST PARTON for a capital picture of 'The Silent Pool' (109), not to mention his able contributions in other parts of the exhibition. Then we have 'Stacking Hay' (120), by EDGAR BARCLAY; 'Autumn in Switzerland' (122), by B. W. LEADER—a magnificent landscape; 'After much Rain' (124), by JOSEPH KNIGHT; a remarkably fine picture by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., of cattle seeking 'Mid-day Shelter' (134) in a tree-shaded river; and a very characteristic example of the elder LINNELL called 'The Heath' (151). Nor is EDWIN DOUGLAS'S 'Milkmaids' (99) accompanying two dun cows through a field of "Marguerites" one of the least notable pictures in this gallery; and the mention of flowers reminds us that Miss M. D. MUTRIE has some lovely 'White Lilac' (101) hanging close by, painted as she and her sister can alone paint flowers.

The portraits of mark are 'Mrs. James Tomkinson' (150), a three-quarter length of an elegant lady, by LOUISE JOPLING; 'His Excellency Kuo-Ta-Jen, the Chinese Minister, at the Court of St. James' (113), very solidly painted by W. GOODMAN; 'Professor J. H. Balfour' (161), painted for presentation to the University of Edinburgh by Sir DAVID MACNEE, the genial and accomplished President of the Scottish Academy, and the inheritor of Sir John Watson Gordon's mantle as well as his chair.

In figure subjects we have to speak admiringly of what JAS. D. LINTON calls 'Biron' (92), but which Mr. Whistler would probably call a "symphony in blue." J. B. BEDFORD'S 'Fair Margaret' (131) is also a picture we mightily affect; and we may repeat the remark in connection with R. J. GORDON'S 'Beatrice' (132), G. A. STOREY'S, A., 'Sweet Margery' (133), and, as a matter of course, G. H. BOUGHTON'S 'Waning of the Honeymoon' (172). Of this last-named artist a more perfect example still will be found in Gallery No. IV., under the title of 'Green Leaves among the Sere' (374). It represents, with the usual tender felicity of the artist, one of three ladies, all seated on a stone bench overlooking the sea, and taking from the hands of her little sister a sprig of green, which seems to have flourished and held its own in spite of the autumn winds that have chased the leaves from the trees.

And what can we say of FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S, R.A., 'Nausicaa' (145), whom we see leaning thoughtfully against the wall, but that it combines all the beauty and grace and preciousness which characterize everything the painter touches? See also his two Greek girls, 'Winding the Skein' (302), on a terrace overlooking the sea. Of one who so thoroughly understands the hang and treatment of drapery, it may seem heresy to breathe a doubting word; but we cannot help thinking that in certain passages about the girdle in both the pictures we have named there is a slight tendency to crinkliness. But Mr. Leighton is so supreme a master of beauty and all thereto pertaining, that the chances of our being right are against us.

R. B. BROWNING'S 'Worker in Brass—Antwerp' (130) shows a full-sized old man busy at his craft in such wise as will coax success,

"And so fill up the gap where force might fail
With skill and fineness."

We are very glad that we had marked in our catalogue emphatic approval of this very honest and capable piece of painting before we were aware that the artist is the son of the distinguished poet, otherwise our admiration of the father would have laughed our efforts at impartiality to scorn; and we might, perhaps, never have been able to see clearly R. B. Browning and his works in their true light and proportions. Now, however, we have judged him upon his own merits, and with unfeigned pleasure we congratulate him upon making so masterly an appearance in the field of Art.

In Gallery No. III. there are many admirable works, but none of them of so special an Art quality as to leave the visitor to believe that he was in the *salon d'honneur*. Passing the beautiful picture of cattle and calves in an 'Evening Light'

(175), by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; that also of E. NICOL, A., depicting the mingled surprise and horror of the old Scotch wife at seeing what she supposes is 'A Colorado Beetle' (177); the clever picture by Sir H. THOMPSON of the 'Chapel on the right of High Altar, St. Mark's, Venice,' with a girl praying, painted in a subdued and harmonious key; 'A Dutch Galliot aground on a Sandbank at Low Water' (182), from the accomplished pencil of E. W. COOKE, R.A.; and 'Morning' (187), a keeper examining his gun surrounded by his dogs, one of the most harmonious compositions R. ANSDALL, R.A., has produced of late, we come to the place of honour, which we find occupied by an important work by P. H. CALDERON, R.A. (190), having no title, only a quotation from the "Squire Papers." It represents the departure in a country cart of some Sisters from the Nunnery at Loughborough, which was afterwards demolished by order of Parliament. It was at the urgent request of Oliver Cromwell that these ladies left. "Give them heed to go," he says in his letter to Mr. Squire, "if they value themselves—I had rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go if you can." The cart is drawn up underneath the gateway, and we are witnesses of the painful leave-taking between those left and the two Sisters, 'Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews,' whom Mr. Squire happily gets away. So entirely has Mr. Calderon enlisted our sympathies in those religious women, that, when before the picture, we inwardly hope the rest will be able to get away before the ravenous Roundheads are down upon them.

Above this remarkably honest bit of figure painting hangs a no less meritorious landscape by C. E. HOLLOWAY, with a straw-laden barge 'Beating up the Thames, off Bligh Sands' (191); and in the immediate neighbourhood an impressive representation of a 'Sand Storm in the Desert of Sinai' (186), from the masterly pencil of HENRY A. HARPER; also capable portraits of the 'Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P.' (188), by ETHEL MORTLOCK; and of 'Lady Constance Lawley' (189), and 'Florence' (195), both by G. F. WATTS, R.A.—the former light and rather chalky, the latter leaning towards his old murky manner, and both much slighter in execution than the portraits the artist painted ten or fifteen years ago. Above 'Florence' hangs a solidly painted portrait by J. E. HODGSON, A., of 'Major Robert D. Osborn' (194); then comes one of those wonderfully impressive animal pictures which B. RIVIERE, A., the newly elected Associate, knows so well how to paint. It

represents a lion and lioness (201) prowling about a grand flight of steps leading to a ruined palace, whose melancholy echoes are called up in the stillness of the starry night by the roaring of the lion that stands on its deserted terrace. The picture illustrates an Eastern couplet which is Anglicised thus:—

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

Mr. Riviere touches, with no less skill, another chord in our nature in his picture of 'Sympathy' (496), a little girl attired in blue seated moping on the staircase, while a faithful white terrier, with wistful, sympathetic face, creeps to her side. See also this painter's 'Victims' (1008), and especially his very humorous illustration of 'An Anxious Moment' (392), in which he shows us a flock of well-fed geese arrested in their march by discovering in the road a battered hat. They eye the thing obliquely, and indeed from all sorts of angles, as is their custom, and say, as plainly as goose nature allows them, "What is it?"

Passing M^{me}. CAZIN'S 'Old Farmhouse' (202), and casting an admiring glance at F. LEIGHTON'S, R.A., lovely 'Serafina' (205), we come to 'One Step more' (208), by ADRIAN STOKES, a young artist of much promise. The words are addressed by a young lady in flowered frog and mob-cap to the canary on her fingers. Then follows a very sweetly felt pastoral by J. FARQUHARSON (209), showing two lovers following slowly in the wake of the home-wending cattle,

"'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame."

E. ARMITAGE, R.A. is one of the few Academicians who attempt Scripture subjects with anything like success. This year he is more than ordinarily impressive, no doubt from the very nature of the subject he has chosen to depict, viz. the burning of 'The Cities of the Plain' (210). We see Abraham, on a rocky height, lifting up his hand in holy wonder, as he gazes towards the plain and beholds the visible judgment of the Almighty. The precise passage illustrated, and a very solemn one it is, is this:—

"And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord:
"And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

(To be continued.)

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Engraved by E. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. E. BOEHM, A.R.A.

THIS statue represents one of the most remarkable men of the age, viewed from a literary point, the son of a small farmer in Dumfriesshire, and born in the year 1795. Originally intended for the ministry, he, after receiving the rudiments of his education at Annan, entered, at the age of fourteen, the University of Edinburgh, where he remained more than seven years, and was noted for his unsocial and reclusive disposition and habits. His first step towards a profession, for he had declined that his father had proposed for him, was to engage himself as mathematical master at a school in Fifeshire, a post he occupied about two years, when he relinquished it with the purpose of devoting himself altogether to literary pursuits, commencing his new career by contributing some papers, principally biographical, to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and literary notices to the *New Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Carlyle is a distinguished German scholar, and much of his labour has been given to writings connected with that country; such, for example, as his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," a "Life of Schiller," "Specimens of German Romance." Between 1830 and 1833 he was engaged in writing his popular "Sartor Resartus," which first appeared, in the latter year, in the pages of *Frazer's Magazine*. Among his later works may

be enumerated "The French Revolution," "Heros, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History," the "Life of John Sterling," "Past and Present," "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "History of the Life and Times of Frederick the Great," &c.

This is not the place to offer any comments on the works of this deep thinker and voluminous writer, our sole purpose being to show something of what his pen has accomplished to entitle him to a niche among the literary worthies of the nineteenth century. On the death of the Earl of Ellesmere in 1857, Mr. Carlyle was elected a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, and in 1865 Rector of Edinburgh University.

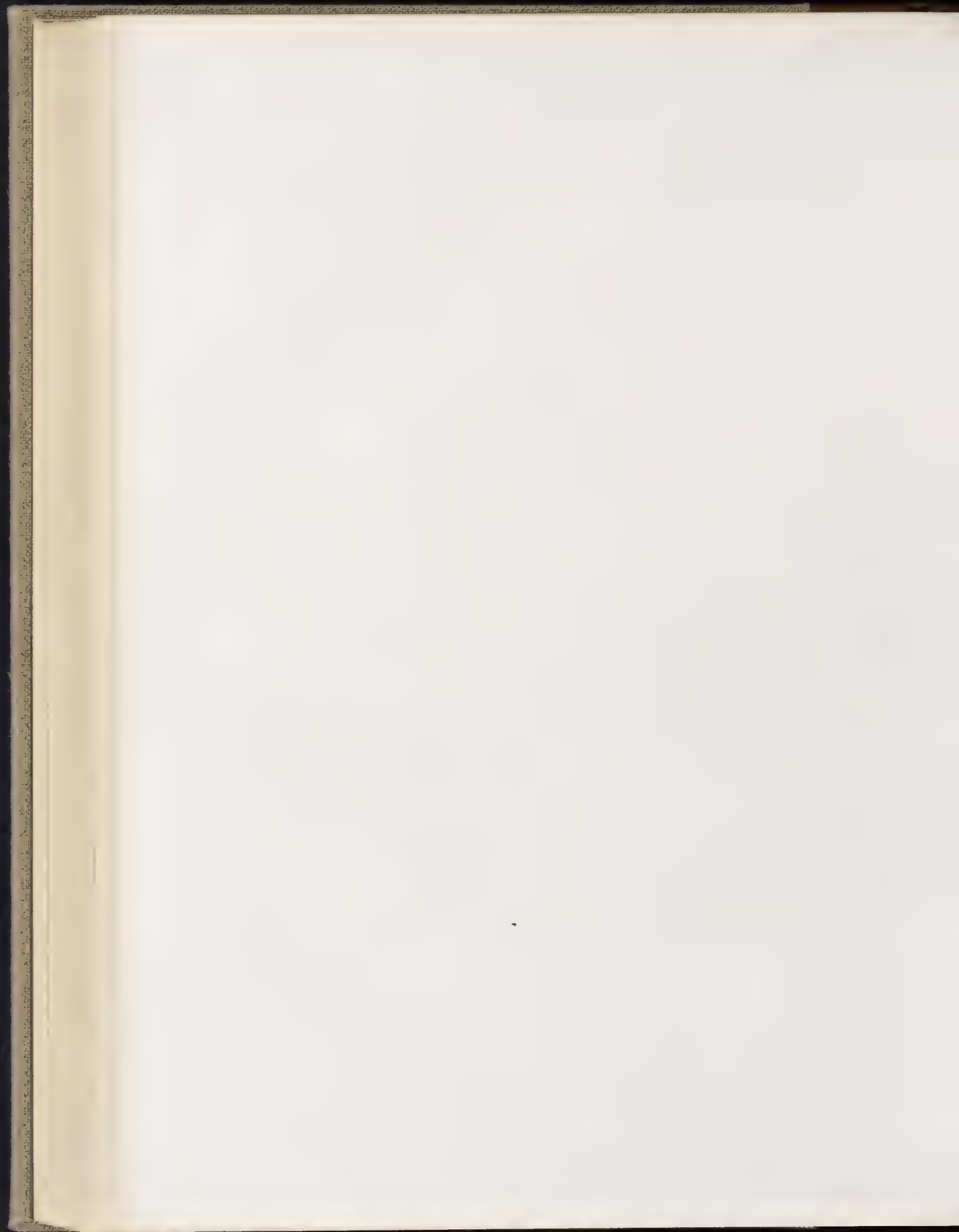
Mr. Boehm's sculptured portrait of him is scarcely less remarkable as a work of Art than the original is remarkable among his fellow-men: it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, when we designated it as the "great portrait" of the year. The "philosopher" is seated rather ungracefully—that is, sideways—in his chair, wearing a loose morning gown; but the position and costume seem quite natural to the man, while his features, though showing strong marks of advanced age, are wonderfully animated and intellectually expressive—quite characteristic of the individual.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN all climes and in all stages of civilisation a wedding is an object of special interest, and is likely to bring forward some traits of national character. The bride is always the great attraction, of course, whether plain or old—not that any bride should ever be plain, however uncomely featured she might be, for, on that day of all others, the spirit should shine through the clay, with every hope of happiness before her; and if there be happiness in the world, surely it must be when the bride becomes the better-half of him she loves. Let us, then, attend a Norse wedding. Weddings are not now as they used to be in the "good old days," when knives and winding-sheets were a part of the programme—when grim rehearsals of the "grapplers" were frequently repeated, and two combatants, with one belt

round the two waists, grappled and struck until one was vanquished. No; Scandinavian ferocity is subsiding; they think more now of "bleeding" their foreign visitors, and the weddings are sobered down; but the arch-fiend of inebriation tightens his grip, and Norwegian weddings in the provinces are characterized by deep libations and their wretched consequences. Now, having noticed the worst feature of these Northern domestic gatherings, let us turn cheerily to the brighter side of them.

Naturally costume assists a ceremony like this immensely, and should the bride not have old silver enough of her own, everybody is ready to contribute towards the general result, and is only too glad to do anything in his power to add to the brightness of the occasion. In Norway the bride wears a silver crown, which varies a little in form according to date, the most modern crowns branching out all round more than the older



A Bridal Party crossing the Fjord.

ones. The silver crowns are generally made with hinges, four or six in number, so that they may fold up into a small space for carrying in a "tina," or box. The oldest forms are silver-gilt; the more recent are partially gilt, some parts being left bright silver. The bride also wears a thick curb-chain, with a medal, which is sometimes set in filigree-work; in our case the medal was one cast with a fine bust of Nelson. Tideman, the Norwegian *genre* painter, has portrayed many scenes of the 'Bride preparing to start,' 'Dressing the Bride,' &c. The

procession to the church is generally all-important: the fiddler first, next the "kander" or tankard man, then best man, bride and bridegroom, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends, relations, and many others—all the children of the place swarming round the church door. We may say that there is a stolid immobility about some of the Norwegian Piges which seems to become intensified on these occasions; when they do melt there must be a great overflow of spirit and reaction.

The picturesque group at the altar of the church takes one back to the Middle Ages: the bride, resplendent in costume—in some cases quaint to a degree, especially in Sætersdalen

* Continued from page 132.

—with the old silver brooches, rings, and pendants of generations long gathered to their fathers; the bridegroom also, most likely, in costume, with his best man close by to look after the bridesmaid; in the centre, the Elizabethan ruff, pure white as in Queen Elizabeth's time, thrown vigorously up by the sombre black gown, renders the priest a prominent figure; while perhaps a ray from the sun, descending on the group, shines upon the bride at the very moment when that ray only is wanted to complete the pictorial effect of the grouping and its surroundings. The verger, or clerk, with his long red pole—the functionary described in a former chapter—is not on active service to-day to awake the sleepers; in fact, the congregation seems rather inclined to turn the tables and wake him up. The church floor is, as usual, strewn with juniper tips, and, after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom start home. Walk, ride, drive, or boat—that depends on the distance and character

of the road to be traversed. They are all picturesque: the water, however, carries the palm, and, as we have before remarked, the whole scene causes one to revert to early days, before carriages were used or roads were uninviting to travel through, and when locomotion was a difficulty.

What an evening it was, "the bride's return!" As usual in Norway, you cannot go far without crossing a fjord; this the bride had to do. A twenty-oared sea-boat was her water carriage. What peace! what colour! what harmony! Was it typical of her future married life? A zephyr just filled the broad sail, the large prow rearing grandly in front, with a huge bunch of flowers and green things innumerable on the top; then a large flag and more flowers at the mast-head; and the rowers every now and then bursting out into a refrain, which as one leaves off the other takes up. And how these Norsemen do row! always together. It is generally allowed, by men of experi-



The Bride's Return by Water.

ence in Norway, that so long as the rower is not too "archfiended" to sit up, he will always keep time with his oar. The dip of the oars in the calm is delightfully refreshing, and the regular sweep gives an idea of power. The fun is going on at the other end of the boat; the bride is there on a raised seat, with the bridegroom, supported by their friends. The second boat is being left behind, so the kander-man is holding a large silver tankard to encourage and at the same time joke them. Doubtless a spurt will be put on after this, and another race commenced for the run home; or they may just stop for one more "skaal" (the bride's health), and when they have once commenced, be undecided as to going home.

One thing is a comfort at all events: all through the country there is strong evidence of family affection, and these weddings are only the beginning of a new era of happiness. In Telemarken one custom is for the bridegroom to elaborately carve the "stabur," or family treasure-house, with excellent designs

and cunning work, which he effects with his tolle-knives; and good mottoes are carved on the large beds and over the doors of the rooms. There are some from Telemarken district, that quaint land of short waists and shoulder-blades and white jackets—a land abounding with grand old conscientious work; huge timbers made into solid houses; no hurry-scurry, no slurriness, no giving as little as possible for wages received—real good timber-work; and inside may be found carved chests, some of them family treasures handed down for generations. Motto over bed, carved in: "This is my bed and resting-place, where God gives me peace and rest, that I may healthy arise and serve Him." Over the entrance to a house: "Stand, house, in the presence of our Lord, assured from all danger, from fire and theft. Save it, thou, O God; bless also all who go in and all who go out here." And the ale-bowls have good mottoes: "Of me you must drink; but swear not, nor ever drink too much." This motto we would recommend to the

licensed victuallers of England, as good for their "pewters." Another drinking-bowl: "I am as a star unto you, and all the

girls drink of me willingly." Another: "Taste of the fruit of the corn-field, and thank God from your inmost heart." This



Before the Wedding.

one again: "Drink me forthwith, and be thankful, for I shall soon be no more." These, we say, are good sentiments and worthy of note; and they must be the outcome of good honest

hearts deeply rooted, and anxious to benefit not only those about them, but those who come after them.

When the bride returns home there are great doings, and



The Arrival at Home.

firing of guns, and, as we have before observed, libations and dancing; the latter doing good and giving pleasure, the former

producing the next day what is known in Scotland as the "blacksmith's hammer on the forehead," to say the least of them.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ALGERIA.—*A newly discovered Statue.*—A letter from Milah, in Algeria, to the French journal *L'Indépendant*, gives the following interesting information:—The chief of the Ferdjoun station, who has already been distinguished for his archaeological discoveries and for his contributions to Algerian epigraphic inquiries, has just succeeded in rescuing from the old soil of Djimillah a very beautiful statue in white marble, which has not experienced the slightest injury, and represents a female of more than life size. This work of Art, which can maintain comparison with the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, has been wrought from a single block of that fine Numidian marble which Rome transported, at inordinate cost, to decorate her public buildings. The figure is thought to represent Julia Domna, a not improbable conjecture, when, in the absence of more unequivocal inquiries, it is considered that this empress, the mother of Caracalla, was highly venerated in that quarter of Africa where Cuiculum (Djimillah) is located. It is said that this beautiful statue will speedily be forwarded to Constantina.

PARIS.—*Valuable Egyptian Papyrus.*—It is stated by the

Chronique des Beaux Arts that the French authorities have become possessed of a most precious Egyptian papyrus, some eight mètres fifty centimètres long, and forty-three in breadth. When, about two months since, this relic was transmitted to the Louvre, it was in the form of a roll, and accordingly subject to a deploying operation. This was so successful, that not only a full development took place, but the whole hieroglyphic text was carefully preserved. The MS. is drawn up in the name of a princess called Nedjem, mother of the high priest Her-Hor, who had usurped the royal power at the close of the Rameses, the twentieth of Manetho. It is a hieroglyphic specimen of the "Book of the Dead," a well-known religious formula, offering especial interest from indicating by certain significance that it was drawn up at the crisis when Her-Hor replaced the legitimate descendants of the Rameses. It will shortly be exhibited in the funeral hall of the Egyptian Museum.—The death is announced of M. Alexandre Viollet-le-Duc, a skilful landscape painter and an able writer upon Art. He was brother to M. Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, the distinguished architect.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Scottish National Gallery will shortly come into possession of what is assumed to be a portion of one of Raffaele's cartoons, bequeathed to the Royal Scottish Academy by the late Sir D. Monro, Speaker of the New Zealand House of Representatives. The fragment is of small size, and is almost entirely covered by two female heads, which, in all probability, formed a part of the cartoon representing 'The Massacre of the Innocents.' Both heads are those of women supposed to be witnessing the murder of their children; "one," according to a local paper, the *Scotsman*, "wears an expression of intense horror, the other of more passive grief; while both afford notable examples of the large and monumental style in which the matured art of Raffaele found expression." The picture has been traced as having been in the possession of Jonathan Richardson, the portrait painter, who lived between 1668 and 1745, and was the owner of several other similar fragments; it afterwards passed into the hands of the Duke of Argyll, at whose death it was bought, in 1779, by Flaxman, the sculptor, who subsequently gave it to a Mr. Saunders, of Bath, from whom it was purchased, for the sum of £30, by the father of Sir D. Monro. It is painted on thick paper in *tempera*, so as to have somewhat of the appearance of a fresco.

LIVERPOOL.—The Art gallery of this place will, it is expected, be enriched ere long with several valuable additions. The late Mrs. Margaret Harvey, of Holmfield, Aigburth, has bequeathed to the Corporation all the pictures in oils and water-colours, as well as the engravings, which belonged to her deceased husband, Mr. R. E. Harvey. The collection includes, it is reported, several excellent modern works of the British school. Mr. James Harrison has presented to the gallery a picture called 'The Busy Tyne,' by C. Napier Hemy; and Mr. George Arkle, banker, has offered to add to the Town Council, for the same purpose, seven paintings out of his collection at Anfield House; among them are 'Ruins of a Temple and Amphitheatre,' D. Roberts, R.A.; 'Richard III.,' S. Hart, R.A.; 'The Trial of the Earl of Strafford,' by W. Fisk; and 'The Parable of Forgiveness,' by J. Eckford Lauder, R.S.A. From the profits arising out of the late autumn exhibition of pictures, &c., held under the auspices of the Corporation, the following works have been purchased by the committee for the Art gallery:—'Voices of the Sea,' by the late F. W. Topham, for 170 gs.; 'Eventide,' by H. Herkomer, £750; 'The Lake of Lucerne,' T. Danby, 115 gs.; 'Port of Genoa,' J. Holland, 275 gs.; and 'Woman and Child,' by F. Goodall, R.A.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

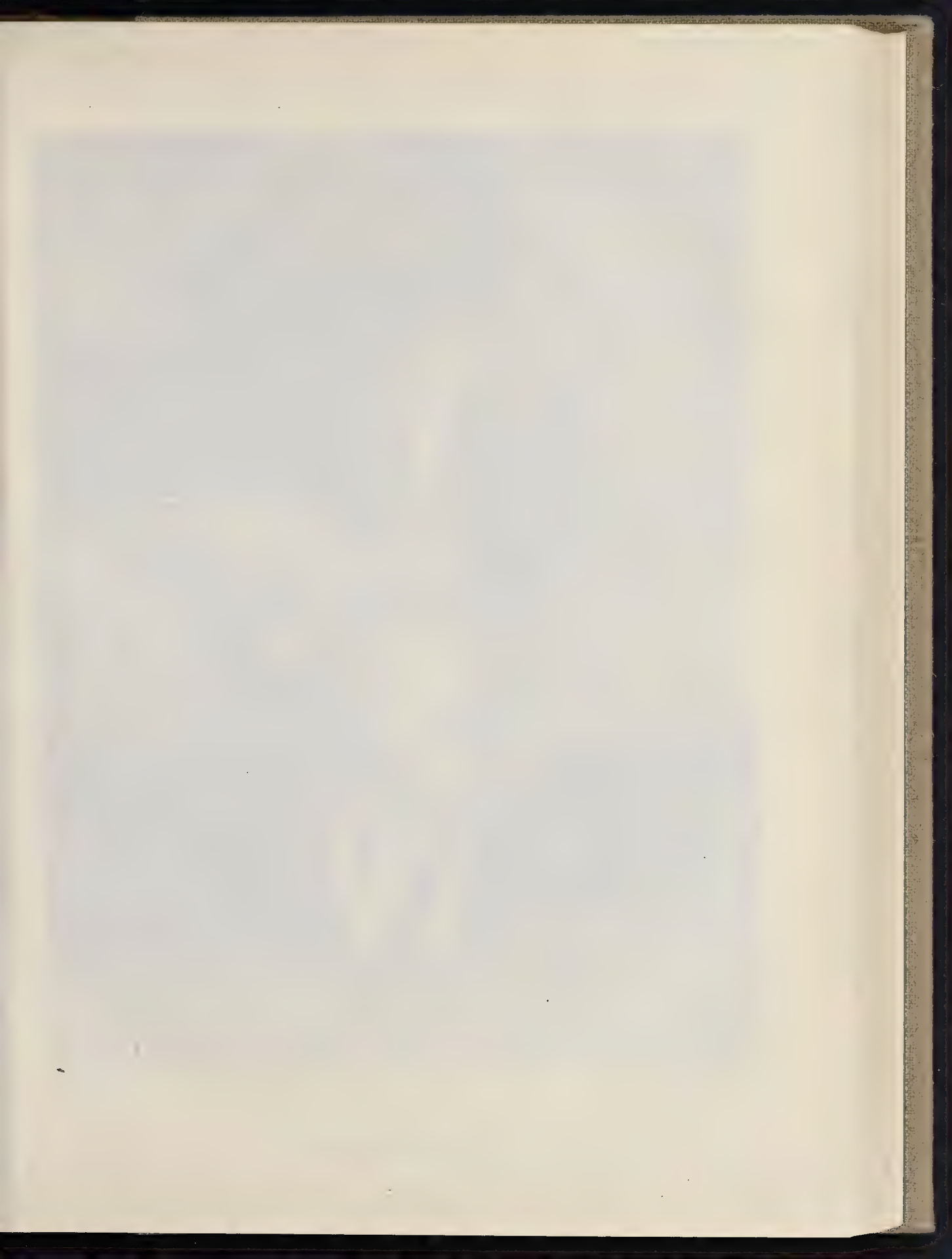
G. BOLDINI, Painter.

L. RICHTON, Engraver.

M. RICHTON'S name as an etcher is, by general consent, placed among the leading men who have made that branch of Art their special study; and we have here an admirable specimen of his work from a sketch by an Italian painter resident near Paris, who is a follower of the Spanish school, of which the late Mariano Fortuny was a distinguished representative. Boldini's pictures are not often seen in the *salons* of Paris, and, of course, they are still less familiar to the public here; but they have occasionally been found in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, Mr. Henry Wallis having been fortunate in securing some specimens now and then for his annual exhibitions.

We have on our table, as we write, an illustrated catalogue

of a collection of pictures belonging to M. Faure, of Paris, a distinguished vocalist and a well-known connoisseur of paintings; the collection is advertised for public sale. In it are five examples of Boldini's art, and, judging from the slight etchings of three of the subjects, there is ample evidence of the artist's taste in design and brilliancy of execution. And here, in M. Richton's spirited etching, we have a subject, certainly not novel, but as certainly set forth in a way that shows good drawing and skilful arrangement of the two figures, the 'Connoisseur' closely examining a picture submitted to him by the painter of it: on an easel in the background is a large canvas, with the outlines of the subject partially sketched out.





C. Boldini 1870

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE two hundred and ninety drawings forming the present exhibition are certainly beyond the average of merit, and accordingly the members are to be congratulated. The President, Sir John Gilbert, sends three pictures. The mounted troopers who conduct a line of baggage-waggons and gun carriages, and who enthusiastically shout 'For the King!' (18), as they pass the knoll on which he and his staff have taken up ground, is one; 'Travelling in the Middle Ages' (127), a cavalcade of travellers headed and protected by an armed knight, but eagerly watched, as they emerge from the valley, by a group of robbers crouched behind the rugged stumps of some old trees, is another; and a mounted churchman, with his armed retainers, wending their way 'Through forest glades' (245), is the third; all of them are full of the life and spirit of the time. Nor is Frederick Tayler, the late President, less potent in his brush-work, or less loyal in sentiment to the scenes he depicts: 'A Hunting Morning—They're all coming!' (30), shows, in the foreground, a ladies' phaeton with two handsome ponies and a mounted youth, in scarlet, on the off side. One of the ladies, in her impatience, has stepped down into the road, and peers back to desecry the huntsmen, while her companion, who has retained her seat and the reins, turns round with equal eagerness, and exclaims, "They're all coming!" We could scarcely imagine this pretty little incident more charmingly told. 'Hounds in full cry' (132), in Sherwood Forest, with the huntsmen attired in the picturesque costume of the last century, is another drawing full of that truth and dash for which Mr. Tayler has been so long famous.

Turning to the lady Associates, we find their works in good, but not in overwhelming, force. The drawings they have sent, however, are all of sound, and a few of them of supreme, quality. Mrs. H. Criddle limits herself to a very pleasing picture called 'Detectives' (209); while Maria Harrison sends four of her lovely flower drawings—of these the best to our eye are 'Gathering from the Hedge' (52), and 'A sandy Bank with Harebells growing' (87). Margaret Gillies, an old favourite of this gallery, has two of her bright-eyed figure subjects, 'In the Spring-time' (179), and 'A Mother and Child' (189); while the two young Amazons of Art, Mrs. Allingham and Clara Montalba, speak to us commandingly from many "coigns of vantage." The former has eight drawings, and the latter five. Culling almost at random a sample from each—for all their contributions are wonderfully artistic and masterly—we would name 'London Flowers' (265), of the former, for its tenderness; and 'Shipping—Venice' (86), of the latter, for its strength.

Returning to the male members of the Society, we find, as we have already implied, much to admire. H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., was never more cynical and quaint than in the old man eyeing the lugubrious lover who reads to him, as they walk, the 'Woeful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow' (9); nor has William C. T. Dobson, R.A., in his child with a ring-dove, ever thrown into more pleasing concrete form his idea of 'Innocence' (24). Alfred W. Hunt's 'Crazy Jane' in her last berth in Whitby harbour (14), with the abbey standing above the smoky haze of the town, is finely harmonious; and Thomas Danby is more than usually luminous in his 'Spring Morning' (19), with its hills and the reflecting lake. Francis Powell's 'Evening Breeze' (21), though necessarily subdued in tone, is nevertheless strong and effective. The wave drawing is wonderfully true, and the ruddy gleam on the low horizon lends impressiveness to the whole scene. H. Moore handles a similar theme, which he calls 'A Fresh Breeze' (148), and in it we behold the *cumuli* subsiding into the *stratus*, and the sea full of luminosity and variety. Edward Duncan, in many respects the *facile princeps* of marine painters, has two splendidly studied sea-pieces, the one representing a beached ship unloading at 'Sunset' (136), and the other a more stirring scene, showing 'Vessels running for an Anchorage before an

approaching Gale' (154). Nor, while on subjects of this class, must we omit Oswald W. Brierly's grand drawing of 'Vessels of the Spanish Armada driven on shore on the coast of Ireland' (207). The build and details of these huge Spanish galleons have evidently been faithfully studied by the artist from old prints and other authorities, and his work comes therefore to have quite an historic character.

Of subjects of a more peaceful kind we have many delightful examples. Here is a magnificent interior from the ready pencil of Samuel Read; it is that of the 'Interior of the Church of Dixmude, Belgium' (204); and close by is Frederick Smallfield's 'Æsop at School' (206). The young nude slave leans against a flat wicker basket, "watching the actions of some foxes chained in his master's vineyard to scare lesser vermin from the ripening grapes, and thereby gathering suggestions for his fables." See also a charmingly painted picture, both as to landscape and figures, of boys bathing (208), by A. Hopkins. Nor have we anything but commendation for Cuthbert Rigby's 'Quarry Road' (99), Alfred D. Fripp's 'Gipsy Common' (111), and E. A. Goodall's 'Spring-time in Egypt near the site of the ancient Memphis' (117). Birket Foster's 'Venice' (106), and the antiquarian, in the midst of his *bric-à-brac*, examining his 'New Purchase' (121)—a piece of Nankin blue—show that he can make himself artistically at home wherever he goes. We are pleased also with 'After the Storm' (133), by Arthur H. Marsh; 'An Old Story' (134), by Edward Radford; 'The Saxon Church at Bradford-on-Avon' (118), by George P. Boyce; the girl with the lamb that has been injured by 'A Thorn' (143), by E. K. Johnson; and with the nice tone of Arthur Glennie's 'View of the Goldsmith's Arch, Rome' (57). George Dodgson, Thorne Waite, S. P. Jackson, J. W. North, Basil Bradley, David Cox, jun., Collingwood Smith, Albert Goodwin, and Walter Duncan are all very adequately represented. 'Le Jardin d'Amour' (181) of the last named, full of Venetian sentiment, and glowing with Venetian colour, occupies very worthily the place of honour at the near end of the gallery, flanked by lovely landscapes by Cuthbert Rigby (177), and H. Clarence Whaite (185).

The member, however, who has asserted himself with the grandest emphasis this season is Carl Haag, whose life-sized blue-eyed Teuton warrior, called in the catalogue 'An Ancestor' (72), occupies the centre place in the far end of the gallery, as his 'Young Druidess' (129) fills a similarly honourable position over the fireplace. The ponderous and irresistible bulk of the one as he leans on his battle-axe, and the equally irresistible grace and beauty of the other as she elevates her bunch of mistletoe, are caught supremely; and if there is a slight dash of the theatrical element in their various buskings and personal appointments, it must be allowed that the dash commends itself to the eye most gratefully.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the four Associates elect. Henry Wallis ought to have placed his name on the list years ago, when he most assuredly would have been elected. If there is any honour in the matter now, it is the society which is the recipient. Norman Tayler and Tom Lloyd are both much younger men, and are in every way deserving the compliment: they will yet fill the gap left by the lamented Walker and Pinwell. Indeed, they do so to a great extent in the present exhibition, and we have much more yet to expect from them; see 'Rainy Weather' (144), by the former, and 'Labourers returning' (39), by the latter. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., we assume is not a very young man, as the Scottish Academy never hurries itself in bestowing honours; but, young or old, he is a decided acquisition to this end of the island: were we to be asked in what path he is likely to walk, we should say in that of the late J. Holland, in his architectural scenes, and of J. Pettie, R.A., in his figures. The new Associates are amply represented in the present exhibition, and we have much pleasure in tendering to them our hearty congratulations.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Institute of Painters in Water Colours elected some time ago eight Honorary Members, four of whom were foreign and four English; but they do not appear to have attached much significance to the distinction. The only representatives of these new members in the present exhibition, which consists of two hundred and twenty-one drawings, are Josef Israels and E. M. Ward, R.A. The former sends a pleasing but nameless drawing of three fisher-children sailing their mimic boat in the shallows of the seashore (28), and the latter a small picture of a girl and child at the door of 'The Old House at Eton' (128), with pussy watching the gambols of her kitten.

Turning to the older members of the Institute, we find in G. Clausen a very notable disciple of the school which hails as its chiefs Israels and Sadée. The poor old woman and her grandchild whom we see 'Waiting to Confess' (103), and 'Gossip' (108), are worthy of either of the masters just named. Another able artist who works in the same spirit, and whose sympathies run in a similar channel, is F. J. Skill, as may be seen by the little girl who attends to her cattle in 'The Avenue' (122).

Among figure painters more purely English in their method and sentiment, C. Charlecote Green and Towneley Green are by no means the least prominent. The quality of the former may fairly be judged by his drawing of 'The Sailor's Hornpipe' (161). We look into the large parlour of a waterside public-house, with its usual occupants of soldiers, sailors, and their sweethearts, and one of the young tars, more easily touched by music than the others, is in full possession of the floor, and, to the admiration of his audience, is footing it deftly to the strains of the fiddle. If there is a *souçon* of vulgarity in the scene, we scarcely see how the artist could have avoided it, and still be true to nature. His namesake, Mr. Towneley Green, has also produced 'A Musical Party' (136); but though more "genteel," it has scarcely that touch of nature in it which goes so readily home to us all: we speak of the picture, which represents a gathering of gentlefolks of the last century, as a whole. The young girl who sings to the gentleman's accompaniment on the spinet is as sweet and natural a piece of simple dramatic exposition as one could wish to see.

Charles J. Stanilands 'Barkis is willin'' (21), in illustration of Peggotty's wedding from "David Copperfield," shows a very genial appreciation of the humour of Dickens; just as T. Walter Wilson's 'Widowed and Fatherless' (37), a young mother with one child in her arms and another on the floor, giving vent to her misery as she leans on the table, burying her face on her folded arms, evinces an instinctive feeling for what is dramatically intense and pathetic. The child on the floor, crying as she battles with the terrier dog tearing her doll, might, at first, be thought out of place with the all-absorbing grief of the mother; but second thoughts will convince the spectator that the incident is perfectly consistent and natural. Another very powerful figure subject is W. Small's officer in tricolour sash standing on the brink of a rampart fosse with his trumpeter behind him, making 'The Last Offer' (71) to the beleaguered garrison, which is out of the picture. Nor is John Tenniel's 'Pygmalion' (58) claspings in a spasm of adoration the marble creation of his own chisel, to be passed lightly over. The lower portion of the statue, which is in shadow, is still, inert, heavy, and stonelike; but the face and bust are flushing into the warmth and rosiness of life and light, and Pygmalion, with a delirium of joy, notes the welcome marvel. There is a slight apparent disparity between the lower and the upper portion of the statue; but we think the artist intended this, to show that the solid marble, as it warmed into mysterious life, subsided imperceptibly, as it were, into planes and contours more refined and subtle than could be carved by the most cunning chisel.

Mary L. Gow's 'Children's Garden Party' (81), with some fine trees for a background, combines successfully landscape and figures. A similarly happy combination, and in a more pronounced degree, perhaps, is J. Aumonier's 'Way to the Boats' (65), in which are seen some fisher-folk crossing the wooden bridge that spans the chasm beyond which, stuck as it were against the perpendicular face of the rock, stand the various cottages forming their village. J. H. Mole's 'Peat Carriers resting, North Wales' (91), is another example of peopling a landscape naturally and characteristically.

In the place of honour on the far end of the gallery is a life-sized drawing, by G. E. Kilburne, of a lovely girl bearing a great dish and basket, both full of roses and other 'Garden Spoil' (98); and this is flanked by two highly picturesque subjects by L. J. Wood, the one representing some very quaint houses in 'Frankfort-on-the-Main' (96), and the other 'The Old Church of St. Sauveur, Caen' (100).

J. D. Linton, who occupies the place of honour on the right-hand wall with his 'Émigrés' (148), has changed his style, and instead of the golden glow that used to suffuse his drawings, we have now a cold grey tone, which in the shadows has a touch of blackness. Such slight fault almost invariably belongs to a transitional state, and continued practice on a pure white paper surface will soon enable him to avoid it. The subject, which represents a refugee Royalist offering a handful of gold pieces to a fisherman to take him and his wife—whom we see seated on a low stool, sad and worn, holding her baby in her arms—across the Channel, is powerful and touching, and altogether worthy of the reputation of the artist. Edwin Bale has a pretty little picture of an old man and his grandchild inducing a canary to eat from the hand (142), and a clever drawing of a lady in rich yellow dress, 'The Reader' (166), painted in the golden key formerly so happily affected by Mr. Linton. Robert Carrick's 'Market Cart' (169), with its white horse led by a boy, while two women bring up the rear, is cleverly and naturally depicted. Seymour Lucas has on the screen a masterfully drawn trooper lighting his pipe (213), and Andrew C. Gow two cavaliers listening to 'A Loyal Bird' (217) in a cage. Here we would call attention to the 'White Falcons' (138) of J. Wolf, the 'Moorish Saint' (5) of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, and the flower and fruit paintings of Marian Chase, Mrs. W. Duffield, and John Sherwin.

The landscape painters this year are in much greater force than their brethren who give their attention more exclusively to the study of the figure; and for this very reason we regret that our space is all but exhausted. W. L. Leitch, the ablest master of composition in the Institute, may be well satisfied to let his reputation rest on such works as 'Distant View of Creffell' (33), and 'View of the Valley of the Tweed' (34). 'The Eiger, Monk, and Jungfrau, from the Mürren' (31), may fitly represent what W. L. Thomas can do with Alpine scenery; just as 'An Old River Bed' (132), with a mist creeping over its marshy surface, proves how competent R. K. Penson is to record natural phenomena of another kind. See also John Mogford's 'Isle of Arran from Girvan Sands' (36), J. Syer's 'Dordrecht' (40), and John Absolon's 'Harvest Moon' (56), with nearly half a score other drawings from this favourite master.

H. E. Hine, another deservedly popular artist, who occupies the place of honour on the left wall with his 'Old Chalk Pit, Eastbourne' (55), was never better represented; and the same may be said of T. Collier, J. W. Whympier, E. M. Wimperis, and C. E. Holloway. James Orrock also is more than ordinarily strong, and Edward Hargitt, Edwin Hayes, Edmund G. Warren, J. G. Philp, J. A. Houston, Charles Vacher, J. H. Moles, Philip Mitchell, and Harry Johnson have all of them drawings on the walls of the Institute which are in every way characteristic, in the best sense, of their respective authors, and worthy of admiration.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

TWO hundred and forty-one works of Art in oil, in water colours, and in sculpture, including also a few etchings, hung and arranged with the taste and judgment so characteristic of all the doings at the Grosvenor Gallery, are within the easy grasp of the visitor almost at a single visit. The plan of grouping each painter's works by themselves is still followed with advantage, and room is found not only for distinguished professors of the orthodox and traditional in Art, but for those erratic boulders of æsthetics whose works call forth in some quarters mirth, and in others admiration. It is this catholicity in Art, this generous recognition of every man, whatever his method, who shows in his work earnestness and thought, which gives special character to the Grosvenor, and makes it a notable feature of our time.

We scarcely think that the panelled figures painted by E. Burne Jones, some ten years ago, representing the Seasons and Day and Night, with the appropriate verse from the sympathetic pen of William Morris on the pedestal of each, will enhance the painter's reputation; but, on the other hand, his 'Laus Veneris' (106), and his 'Le Chant d'Amour' (108), especially the latter, are the most Venetian examples of colour ever seen out of the studio of Gabriel Rossetti. The lugubriousness with which E. Burne Jones clouds every countenance, even that of Love and the Goddess Venus, he will lift some day when his philosophy is riper and healthier—when he has discovered that all mankind, especially womankind, do not walk about the world like hired mutes at a funeral.

Thoughtful and gifted disciples of this quasi-classic, semi-mystic school are Spencer Stanhope, T. Armstrong, Walter Crane, Albert Moore, and especially Evelyn Pickering, who has made immense advances in her art within the last two years. Adequate examples will be found in the East Gallery of all five. Of Lady Lindsay's three compositions, we prefer her profile portrait of 'Lady Henry Scott' (81), in blue dress, on account of the artistic intelligence with which the whole is felt; and Mrs. Louise Jopling's 'Pity is akin to Love' (136), is, like her portrait of 'Evelina' (77), worthy of her reputation. One of the lady contributors, however, has, we think, excelled herself this year, and that is the Marchioness of Waterford. For largeness of design, originality of invention, and purity of sentiment, we think her group of five children, which she calls 'A Recollection' (167), and her 'Christmas,' a poor Madonna-like mother and child, seated in a wooden gallery, receiving gifts from peasants, because "The Lord of the Season always sends his representative to receive homage and an offering," are surely two of the finest compositions in the exhibition. Among other

notable contributors to the East Gallery are G. Howard, E. Barclay, J. Melhuish Strudwick, M. Fisher, F. Leighton, R.A., Stuart Wortley, R. Lehmann; and more fully represented, perhaps, than any of them, are W. J. Hennessey, G. H. Boughton, and P. R. Morris. Nor is the lovely idyl of 'The Bell-ringers' (143), by W. G. Wills, who is at once poet and painter, to be passed unnoticed. The sway of some of the girlish figures, the action of their hands and arms, and the line composition of the whole, all indicate a nature peculiarly sensitive to beauty; and, as regards the tone of the picture, an eye that can be soothed by the harmony of colour. 'Little Daisy,' a full-faced portrait of a sweet little girl in furred pelisse, is by J. Forbes-Robertson, who, like Mr. Wills, combines in himself two professions, that of painter and player.

The sculptures of Count Gleichen, Adams-Acton, J. E. Boehm, and others, we must leave till we come to the Royal Academy. The great features in the West Gallery are the two noble landscapes of Cecil G. Lawson, an artist whom Sir Coutts Lindsay may be said to have discovered, or whose surpassing merits, at all events, he has been the first adequately to recognise and place before the world. The one in the place of honour, called 'In the Minister's Garden' (21), represents beehives and holly-hocks in the foreground, under a great Scotch fir, with a grand Rubens-like stretch of country beyond; and the other, 'In the Valley' (58), is a Welsh pastoral, with a river overshadowed by a silver bush and other trees, and a distance of the most lovely blue. We have no space to enter into technical details, further than to say that Mr. Lawson's style is bold, large, truthful, and entirely his own; and we may add that he has now taken his place among the few British landscape painters who really deserve the name of distinguished or great. On the left of the first-named landscape hangs a portrait of W. T. Eley, Esq. (20), by E. J. Gregory, whom Sir Coutts may also be said to have discovered, whose powerful handling and masterly colour stand perfectly the test of being placed in juxtaposition to one of the most perfect portrait canvases Millais ever painted. We refer, of course, to his lovely 'Twins.' C. E. Hallé has gathered strength since last year, if we may judge from his portraits of Lord Reay and Mrs. Poynter; but our space is already exhausted, and Heilbuth, Watts, Alma-Tadema, Herkomer, and Tissot we must meet in other galleries: the water-colour contributions must also remain unnoticed. Even Sir Coutts himself, who has three small pictures of undoubted quality in the exhibition—one especially, 'The Shepherd's Farewell' (16), the figures of which are Florentine, and the landscape Venetian—must rest satisfied with our hearty congratulations on this his third undoubted success.

OBITUARY.

JAMES DOCHARTY, A.R.S.A.

THE Scottish newspapers have recorded, with expressions of very great regret, the death of this clever landscape painter, which occurred at his residence in Glasgow in the early part of April. Mr. Docharty was born at Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, in the year 1828 or 1829, when his father, who is still living, was engaged as a calico printer; his son, till he had long passed manhood, assisted in the business to some extent, inasmuch as he occupied himself as a pattern designer: this work he relinquished only about fifteen or sixteen years ago to practise landscape painting, in the study of which he had long devoted much of his leisure time. His pictures, which were almost exclusively devoted to the representation of the scenery of his native country,

soon began to commend themselves to collectors by their close adherence to nature, especially with regard to local colour. He was a constant exhibitor both at the Edinburgh Academy and at the Glasgow Institute, and during the last eight or nine years his pictures have frequently been seen on the walls of the Royal Academy; among the most attractive of these are 'The Haunt of the Red Deer on the Dee, Braemar' (1869), 'The Head of Loch Lomond' (1873), 'Glencoe' (1874), 'The River Achray, Trosachs' (1876), and 'A Good Fishing-day, Loch Lomond,' exhibited last year.

In the summer of 1876 Mr. Docharty's failing health compelled him to leave home, and, accompanied by a young brother artist, Mr. A. K. Brown, of Glasgow, he made a lengthened tour through Egypt, Italy, and France, without, however, de-

living much, if any, benefit from the journey; but he struggled manfully, on his return, with the deadly malady, consumption, and continued to work whenever he had strength to do so. Towards the close of last year he passed, by medical advice, several months in the Isle of Wight, yet only to return home in a more enfeebled condition than when he left; and from this he never rallied. It was only in November last that the Royal Scottish Academy elected him an Associate Member, when, unhappily, his life's work was rapidly drawing to a close.

HENRY MACMANUS, R.H.A.

It is with regret we record the death, on March 22nd, at Dalkey, near Dublin, of Mr. Macmanus, one of the oldest members of the Royal Hibernian Academy. The deceased artist was elected to the Academy in 1857, and for the last five years he had held the Professorship of Painting in the Academy school, and had filled the office with honour to himself and with advantage to the students. He also held the Royal Dublin Society's Professorship of Fine Arts. Influenced by a passionate love of Art, Mr. Macmanus in his technical teachings had the rare faculty of developing in those who attended his lectures a laudable ambition to attain to a high standard, his own ideal being pure and elevated; and though of late years, as was only natural, taking into account his advanced age, his exhibited works, except portraits, showed some peculiarities in the colouring—a fact which, unfortunately, has been taken as the text for a bitter and unfeeling *post-mortem* attack—the faults might easily have been overlooked, the works being otherwise full of merit. In private life the deceased artist was beloved by all who knew him, and being a man of varied accomplishments, with a fund of memories dating back to days when MacClise and Lover, and others of that circle, were just becoming famous, his conversation was as charming as it was instructive. As the teacher of several artists now honoured and distinguished members of the Academy, Mr. Macmanus's influence will live after him.

JOSEPH BONOMI, F.R.S.L., F.R.A.S.

The death of this venerable traveller and archæologist, on the 2nd of March, claims a record in our pages, inasmuch as in his younger days Mr. Bonomi studied sculpture at the Royal Academy, where he obtained some honours. His father, after whom he was named, was a Roman architect, and honorary architect of St. Peter's. In 1796, the year in which the son was born, the elder Bonomi came to England, and eventually was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. About the year

1822 the son went to Rome to study his art, which he had already done in the atelier of Nollekens. His residence in Rome was, however, but of short duration, for in the following year he was induced to undertake a journey to Syria and Egypt in the company of Mr. Robert Hay, a naval officer who had shown much interest in Egyptian antiquities, and who seems to have imparted to his fellow-traveller very much of his own taste and feeling with regard to these subjects. Mr. Bonomi remained in Egypt for eight years, studying and copying the hieroglyphics on various monuments. Afterwards he went with Arundale and Catherwood to the Holy Land, and at Jerusalem they were the first to visit the Mosque of Omar so called, and to make detailed drawings of it. Mr. Bonomi's skill with the pencil served him to good purpose in his various travels. Among his principal published works are "Nineveh and its Palaces," "Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia," illustrated by a large number of photographs, and by numerous wood engravings executed by his own hand. When the Crystal Palace was reared at Sydenham, he assisted Mr. Owen Jones in the decorative works in the Egyptian Courts. In 1861 he was appointed by the Royal Academy, in whose hands the privilege is vested, Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It carries us back to a very early period of British Art when we remember that Angelica Kauffmann and Maria Cosway stood sponsors at the baptism of Joseph Bonomi the younger, whose wife was a daughter of John Martin, the famous painter.

JOHN CALLOW.

The Society of Water-Colour Painters has lost one of its oldest and most efficient Associates in the person of Mr. John Callow, who died at his residence at Lewisham, on the 28th of April, at the age of fifty-six. He was a landscape painter, whose works have frequently been commended in our pages.

WILLIAM KERNOT SHENTON.

We noticed with much regret the death, on April 19th, of this sculptor, who for some time past has successfully superintended the modelling classes in the Crystal Palace School of Art. He was a son of Mr. H. C. Shenton, and also related to Mr. J. H. Kernot, both of them line engravers of skill, whose talents in years gone by were employed in the service of the *Art Journal*. Mr. W. K. Shenton died in the prime of life, at the age of forty-two. The only works we remember to have seen by him at the Royal Academy were some very good medallion portraits.

THE TOILET OF THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

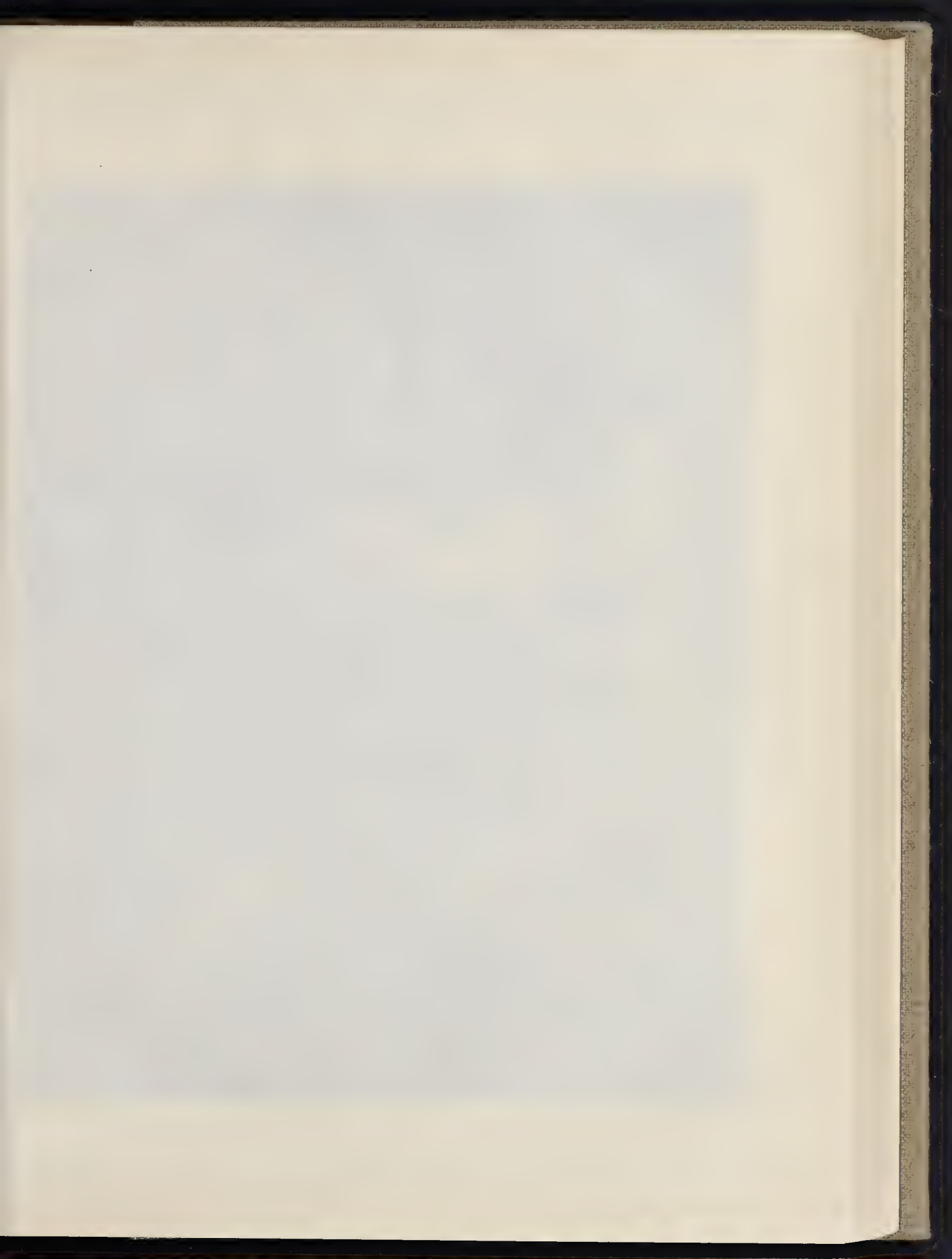
LEON Y ESCOSURA, Painter.

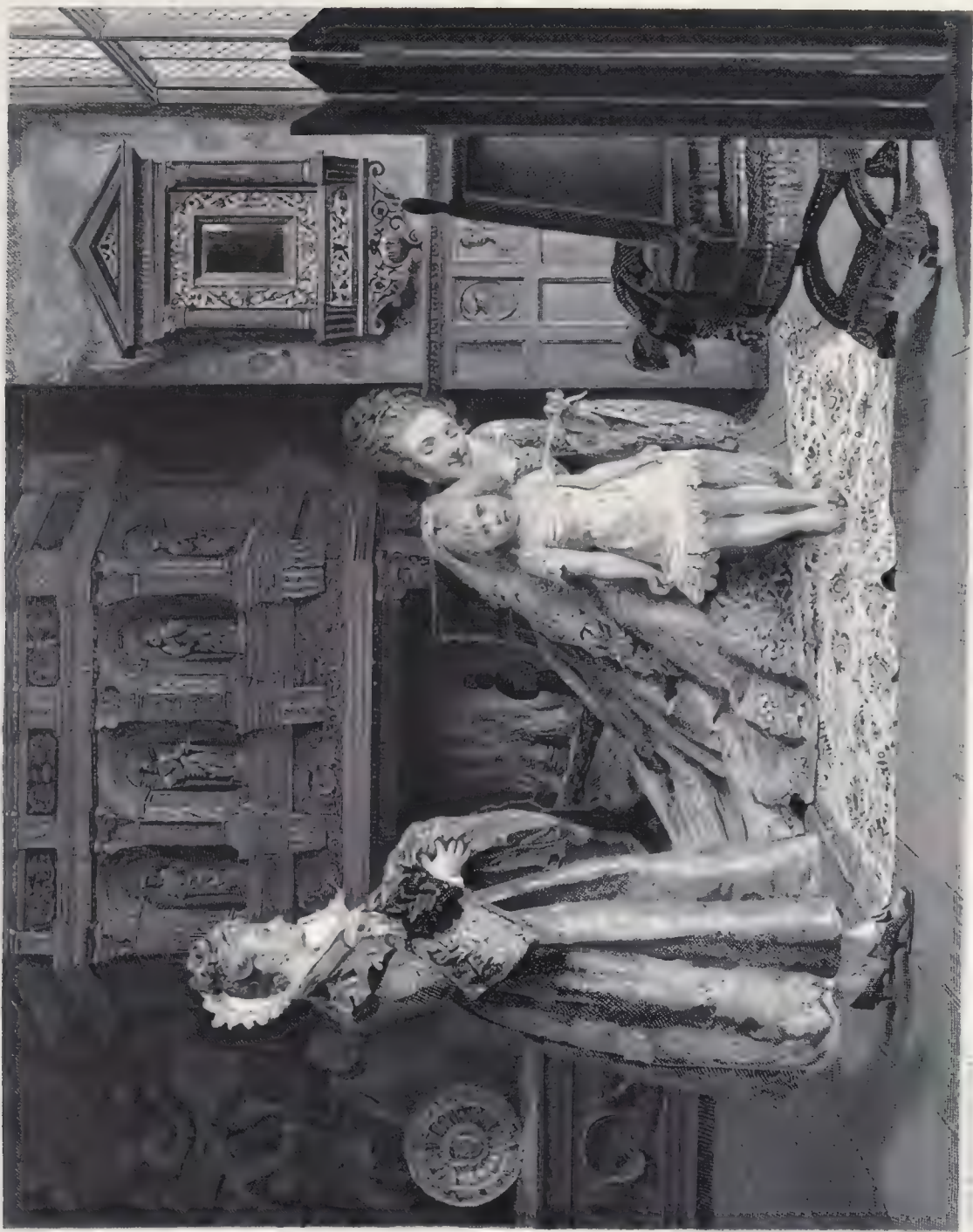
S. SMITH, Engraver.

THE name of the painter of this picture has, within the last ten or twelve years, become tolerably familiar to the frequenters of some, at least, of our metropolitan picture galleries, and notably the French Gallery, Pall Mall, where, if we remember rightly, we first became acquainted with the works of this artist, through a small picture called 'Conversation,' exhibited in 1866. Since that time we have seen many examples of the painter in Pall Mall, in Mr. Everard's gallery, and in others of less note. It may be assumed from the name that Escosura is a Spaniard, but he studied his art under that popular French painter, M. Gérôme; yet, though trained in this famous school, the works of the pupil bear little resemblance to those of the master. Escosura's strength lies in small *genre* subjects, as 'Going on Duty,' 'Les Prétendants,' 'A Tardy Cavalier,' 'Interior of a Salon, Louis XIV.'s period,' 'A Musical Party,' and other compositions of this kind, which he carries out with much grace of design and finesse of execution; but when he attempts

works on a comparatively large scale, and of an historical or semi-historical character, he is far less successful, as in his 'Charles I. in Vandyk's Studio,' exhibited at the Pall-Mall Gallery in 1870.

His picture engraved here is chiefly remarkable for the adornments of the apartment and the rich costumes of the young Princess's attendants: the poor child herself looks miserable under the infliction of the toilet, and stands awkwardly enough holding her under garment as if she were in actual pain. It was a mistake of the artist to give the royal juvenile an attitude and expression suggestive of bodily suffering when, as would most probably be the case, she, childlike, is anticipating the pleasure of being dressed in her regal vestments, for vanity finds early entrance into the heart of the young where there are the means of indulging it. The picture, which Mr. Everard, its owner, has permitted us to engrave, is attractive from the general richness of the materials of the composition.





MINOR TOPICS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—At the sale, on June 1, of the noble collection of pictures belonging to the late Mr. Hugh J. Munro, a grand work by Paolo Veronese was knocked down to Mr. Burton, on behalf of the National Gallery, for the sum of 3,300 gs. This is entitled 'St. Helena—the Vision of the Invention of the Cross,' and was formerly the altar-piece of a chapel in Venice dedicated to St. Helena. It represents the saint seated, and leaning her head upon her right arm, which rests upon a stone sill: the face is seen nearly in profile, and turned upwards towards the cross, which appears in the upper corner of the composition, supported by two cherubs. The picture was at one time in the possession of the famous Duke of Marlborough, but passed eventually into that of the Hon. Percy Ashburnham, from whom Mr. Munro acquired it. The sum realised at the sale of the collection, of which we hope to give at a future time some particulars, reached £44,500, exclusively of the famous 'Madonna del Candelabri,' by Raffaele, bought in at the price of 19,500 gs. The excitement in Messrs. Christie's auction gallery during the bidding for this picture was immense, and the unexpected termination caused great disappointment. It was reported in the room after the sale that a duplicate of the work is in existence; and it appears from statements that have subsequently been made in the public journals, that it is in the possession of Mr. J. C. Robinson. It is said that other duplicates, or copies, are known to exist. Mr. Munro's collection of modern works sold, in April last, for £73,520; those just dispersed would make the total value of this gentleman's picture gallery reach to £118,020, without reckoning the famous 'Madonna,' an amount almost unprecedented in the annals of our public picture sales.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—By the will of Mr. J. Bonomi, late Curator of the Soane Museum, two portraits are bequeathed to this institution: one represents his father, Joseph Bonomi, A.R.A., by J. F. Rigaud, R.A., the other is a portrait of Prince Hoare.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The Royal Gold Medal of this Society for the current year has been presented to Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A., the architect of the Manchester Town Hall, the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and other important buildings. On the same evening Mr. E. Armitage, R.A., Hon. Associate of the Institute, read a comprehensive paper on Decorative Art, in the course of which he remarked that the decorative artist "is educating public taste, and therefore benefiting his country in a more direct manner than the successful portrait, *genre*, or landscape painter."

A BUST of Dr. Connop Thirlwall, the late very learned Bishop of St. David's, has been placed in Westminster Abbey: it is from the hand of Mr. Edward Davis, and is considered to be a good likeness of the Right Reverend prelate.

MR. ANDREW MACCALLUM, the eminent artist, whose reputation has been obtained in all the leading exhibitions of recent times, whose fame was originally gained by marvellous copies of venerable trees, such as those that grace Windsor Park and "merry Sherwood," and who has augmented his renown by results of travels in Egypt and other countries, has produced a very remarkable volume, which it gives us great pleasure to notice. It is a work "In Memoriam." Mr. MacCallum not long ago lost his wife, a lady of great beauty, who had accompanied him in all his travels, and largely aided him on his way to fame. The artist considered he could devise no better tribute to her memory than by photographing and collecting into a volume several of the productions of his pencil she most loved. The volume is worthy of the high and holy purpose to which it is dedicated. The "getting up" was confided to the taste and judgment of Mr. H. B. Frankland, a distinguished photo-

grapher, whose own more immediate portion of the work is admirably done; no better photographic copies of landscapes have been produced. He has established a reputation for taking skilful and artistic portraits; but in this, another, if less important branch of the profession, he has been equally successful. The album (for so we suppose we must term it) is superbly bound, and altogether a volume so thoroughly *de luxe* has rarely been produced. It is not, and will not be, in any shape published; a limited number have been issued, but only as presentation copies, sent to friends to whom the artist is much attached, and to patrons to whom he desired to show gratitude; but a copy has been forwarded to several members of the royal family, including her Majesty the Queen, of course, who has graciously and gracefully acknowledged its acceptance by presenting in return one of her own Highland books, with her autograph on the fly-leaf. Altogether the book is a singularly perfect Art production, achieved at great cost; but as a memorial to the merits of one dearly loved and deeply lamented, nothing could be more appropriate.

MR. RAPHAEL TUCK, of the City Road, publisher, has issued one of the very best oleographs it has yet been our lot to inspect. It is so good, indeed, that when examined in Paris, where, we are told, it is to be seen side by side with the original, it will be difficult to say without minute examination "which is which." The subject is inviting: a boy and girl in the dawn of youth are among trees and shrubs and wild flowers; they are 'Little Lovers,' to whom the present is all, the future nothing. The artist is a German, M. Munier. It is really a painting that we look upon; it is almost impossible to believe it to have been produced by unaided artificial means—that the hand of painter has not touched it. Really one does not quite know whether to rejoice or grieve that mere mechanical skill can do so much and so well. The copy will probably be obtained for a few shillings, while the original cannot but be worth a large sum. Mr. Tuck has issued other oleographs, and many of them are very good, but this of the 'Little Lovers' must be pronounced superexcellent.

MR. F. W. LAWSON'S 'DAWN' is now being exhibited at the British Gallery, Pall Mall. It is altogether worthy the reputation of the artist who painted 'Imprisoned Spring' last year, a picture which attracted so much notice on the walls of the Academy; but in spite of its pregnant thought and masterly handling, the Council of the Academy, with characteristic inconsistency, have not been able to find a place for 'Dawn.' A boy of twelve, or thereabout, is seated on the floor of a squalid attic, supporting on his bent leg the form of his dying sister, a fair-haired young girl of thirteen, whose palms are closed as if in prayer. The clear, pale, early "dawn" is reflected in her sweet face, upon which the brother, jaded with watching, and leaning his arm on the window-sill, looks down with apprehension and sorrow. A healthy little girl curls herself up in sleep on a shake-down in the corner, in happy unconsciousness of the nearness of death; and on the other side of the room is the empty truckle-bed in which the poor girl has passed a restless night. The open casement of the house, which is supposed to be in Westminster, looks over the river towards Lambeth; and the sky, faintly suffused with the rose of morning, touches into brightness the humblest objects in the apartment. An old thread-worn cloth, which is the substitute for a curtain, has been drawn a little to one side, and, hanging behind the boy's head, greatly aids the composition. Indeed, the whole picture is full of artistic incident of form, light, and colour most happily expressed. The contrast, for example, between the bright light outside and the subdued greys within is very grateful, and the open Bible lying on the floor is not without its significance. We heartily congratulate Mr. Lawson on the achievement of so fine a work.

A JAPANESE ROOM.—The public have been invited by Mr. Streeter to inspect the curious piece of architecture exhibited in a corner of his establishment as a Japanese apartment. It is a kind of *bijou* drawing-room, and constructed almost entirely of a sort of scented wood like cedar. The workmanship of the apartment is of the highest class, finished to the utmost degree capable, the wood being polished almost to the smoothness and brilliancy of glass. This polish is said to be obtained without the aid of either plane or burnisher. Whatever may be the method, it is certain that the result is marvellous. Every part is fitted exactly, without the use of a single nail, by means of sockets, grooves, and mortises. Three out of the four walls are formed so that one part may be slidden over another in the manner of some bookcases, and convert either wall at pleasure into a window or a doorway. The exceptional wall contains a peculiar recess fitted with a seat—the seat of the apartment. This seat has a special reserve and a peculiar significance. It is associated with the religious etiquette of Japanese life. If a superior enter, even the Mikado himself, this would be his allotted niche. Hence it is considered sacred. But it could not be sacred unless it had that peculiar black unpolished pillar on the right, and that roof formed out of a single plank. These also are significant. Along the upper portion of the wall, and over the projecting sockets in which the sections slide, is a recess or groove, in which the owner is accustomed to keep his money. That, of course, is an extremely sacred spot. To an Englishman it is certainly a curious instance of the powerful effect of custom that so apparently insecure a depository should continue to be believed in or employed. The Japanese, however, are a peculiar people. Domestic architecture among them is subject to the control of a sort of master of ceremonies, whose complex functions take the direction of prescribing not merely the code of manners, but the form and disposition of every room and closet in a mansion. His rule is absolute, being framed on a profound and mystical system of religious symbolism, in which everything means something philosophical or divine. This official seems to be a necessary adjunct to every palace or mansion, without whom nothing can be done. It is his duty to hire and pay all workmen, and to prescribe all duties of servants down to the minutest details. It is, moreover, a custom with the Japanese that every youth of quality shall serve an apprenticeship to this steward-architect-augur. Hence it is a competent office for any gentleman; and, as the Roman youth were all adapted by education to exercise the functions of lawyer and magistrate, so the youth of Japan are competent to fulfil the duties of this most important office of warden of the household and supreme source of etiquette. The identical chamber exhibited by Mr. Streeter was constructed for Dr. Dresser when residing in Japan, and has been passed over to the exhibitor because too large for the doctor's own house. Besides this apartment, Mr. Streeter has other Japanese curiosities—plates of inlaid silver of marvellous perfection, *cloisonné* enamels, jewellery, ancient vessels, all remarkable for some peculiarity utterly unfamiliar to the Western world.

EARLY ENGLISH ROOM.—Messrs. Filmer have long been famous for the substantial qualities of their furniture, as well as for their tempting easy-chairs. But the present principal of the firm is not only anxious to maintain the ancient credit of the house in these particulars, but also to be to the front in matters of taste. An apartment has recently been fitted up in the well-known show-rooms in Berners Street, Oxford Street, in the Early English style, which will well repay a visit from any one who may interest himself in matters of taste, and who may, moreover, be an enthusiast in his admiration of old Nankin, blue and white; for to such a one the attractions of a fine collection of the veritable ware are superadded to those of the tasteful decorations of the apartment. The walls of the room are of a rich sage green, passing into a coved cornice and frieze of darker hue, and graduating into a cream-coloured and embossed diapered ceiling. The dado, in true Morrisian fashion, is of a darker shade of green, and of more pronounced pattern than the main field of the paper-hanging. We never recollect

having seen a carpet in better keeping, or more completely in its place, than the one in this chamber; and we cannot do better than advise all persons who may be now deliberating over the serious question of carpeting their houses to pay a visit to Berners Street, if only to take a lesson which may materially assist them to a right decision. To be in thorough keeping in every particular, Messrs. Filmer have had a painted window expressly designed for their show-apartment, which steeply everything in its sunny glow. The combination of a jardinière with the ottoman is a happy thought, and the fresh plants give a life and interest to the entire scheme. The statuary, too, judiciously distributed, gives point to the composition, and presents a graceful relief to the colour of the walls. Of the several fine cabinets which form a part of the furniture of the apartment we need say no more than that they are not only up to the high standard of workmanship for which this house has always been celebrated, but that they would favourably compare with the best foreign productions in this speciality. The curtains are of silk damask lined with crimson, and the drop-hangings to the doors are weighted with the contrast of deep maroon velvet. We understand that Messrs. Filmer contemplate arranging other rooms as exponents of different styles.

MR. UMFRVILLE, jeweller, of Jermyn Street, has submitted to us specimens of what he has called "E. U. jewellery," bracelets, earrings, lockets, and so forth, of silver, very charmingly enamelled, and in other ways subjected to the influence of Art. They are of striking character, simple and beautiful. The most conspicuous, and perhaps the most attractive, are monogram brooches, produced at no great cost, the dies of which are admirably cut, and the whole is neatly and carefully finished. More appropriate or more agreeable presents could not be devised; they cannot fail to obtain admirers, and, what is equally certain, purchasers.

MR. ROBERT HOLT, who for many years creditably and honourably, and to the great advantage of the public, held the French Court at the Crystal Palace, has hit upon an original idea, which he desires to communicate to the public. As a preliminary, we may mention that his establishment is now at Upper Norwood. The idea to which we refer is simple, yet very impressive, and sure of popularity. It is merely to give initials for letter headings and envelopes by so arranging a flower as that it shall form the required letter; in short, the project is neither more nor less than to make initial letters out of twisted leaves and flowers, but leaves and flowers gracefully and naturally twisted. We have seldom seen a work of the kind so seductive; colours are occasionally introduced, but generally a single colour does all that is wanted. A more pleasant heading to note paper has certainly never been "invented," and we are justified in congratulating Mr. Holt on that which will be assuredly a commercial success. He has been missed from his old place at the Crystal Palace, where a visit to his court was always a treat; indeed, it was perhaps of late years the most attractive of all its "shows."

DECORATIVE WOODWORK.—We have had submitted to us by Mr. Harry W. Roberts, of Barnes, a number of specimens of ornamental woodwork suitable for flooring, skirting boards, dados, panels, &c., which, being produced at a comparatively low rate, might be brought into general use in the place of marquetry. The decorations are effected by staining that sinks into the wood, which, when polished with wax, or varnished, fixes the design so thoroughly that the flooring may be walked over without injury. In rooms not completely covered with carpet the borders may be ornamented in this way with good effect: in most cases the work could be done direct on the floor, but where the latter happens to be in bad condition, the design can be transferred to pieces of thin wood, and then fixed to the flooring. Mr. Roberts is professionally a designer and decorator, and has lately directed his attention to this method of carrying out his work. Most of the designs he showed us certainly had the merit of being artistic and well adapted to their several purposes; they were all executed on slips of thin wood.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

A THOROUGHLY good, reliable, and accurate work on the subject of old English plate has long been needed, and we are glad to find that such a one has at last been prepared by a competent author, Mr. Cripps, and issued by Mr. Murray in the usual style of excellence that characterizes all his publications. The present volume,* which we welcome very cordially as a valuable contribution to archæological literature, is founded on the papers and tables drawn up many years ago by Mr. Octavius Morgan, F.S.A., now long out of print, but so amplified and extended as to form an entirely new work. Mr. Cripps, after valuable chapters on gold and silver, and their alloys; assays and tests; mediæval guilds; charters of goldsmiths' companies; and legislation on matters pertaining to the subject, passes on to the marks—the leopard's head, lion passant, lion's head crased, figure of Britannia, and the sovereign's head—and date-letters used from early times downward by the London assayers on plate then assayed. Next the assay marks of provincial towns—York, Norwich, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Chester, Exeter, Birmingham, and Sheffield—are fully described and illustrated, as are those of Scotland and Ireland. Two other, and those all-important, chapters are devoted to ecclesiastical plate, and that for decorative and domestic purposes, and in these a vast amount of valuable descriptive and historical information is given regarding chalices, patens, flagons, alms-bowls, candlesticks, and other articles for church use; mazer-bowls, covered and other cups, salt-cellars, apostle and other spoons, tankards, jugs and drinking-cups, plates, forks, monteiths, scones and candle-holders, plates, forks, casters, services of various kinds, maces, and a host of domestic and other articles. This division of the subject is carefully treated, and as carefully illustrated with a number of well-chosen examples from various collections. In addition to all this, about a hundred pages are wisely devoted to chronological lists of examples regarded as authorities for London date-letters and makers' marks, dating from 1445 down to 1800; and to admirably arranged tables of the date-letters used in all the English, Scottish, and Irish assay offices from the earliest times (1438) down to the end of the present series, which will end in 1896. The volume, as a whole, forms a comprehensive and useful manual, and one that is strictly to be relied on, for we have tested its accuracy in many particulars. We congratulate Mr. Cripps on the issue of his "Old English Plate," and very cordially commend it to our readers.

We confess to an inability (perhaps from a want of taste on our part) to feel rapturously enthusiastic over "blue and white," whether it be old Nankin or Delft, or even our own English imitations of the inevitable "willow pattern;" and we plead guilty to a far more earnest liking for a higher class of work and a more advanced style of Art than are usually exhibited by even the best and choicest specimens of "old blue" that can be brought together. "Blue and white," beautiful in its way, full of interest, and rich in suggestiveness, is, in our eyes, mainly valuable as giving indications of a higher style of Art in embryo, and the main part of the examples as little better than so many stepping-stones to the development that is to follow. To our mind a really fine Wedgwood vase, of the best period, is worth more than a cart-load of blue Nankin, or a ton of Delft-ware clumsiness; and a Sèvres, or Dresden, or English high-class cabinet cup and saucer, better than all the blue dragons in creation. But "old blue" has its value and use. Those who are in the provinces at this time of the year have doubtless, in the stillness of the night, heard the constant "crake! crake!" of the corn-crake on the one hand, and the clear melody of the nightingale on the other, and will have

felt that though each was a love-song, full of meaning and beauty in its own way to those feathered friends to whom it was addressed, yet that the one with its monotonous croak, to human ears, only served as a set-off and foil to the glorious and ever-changing notes of the other. Thus in Art, as in music (for is not the song of birds Nature's own melody?), harmony is produced by opposites. The crude designs and the never-varying monotone of the blue productions of the "Celestials" harmonize with the more finished decorations and the richly varied colours of other styles, and give us a higher appreciation of their beauties. The drum or the bassoon would, indeed, be a wretched instrument heard alone, but both add immeasurably to the harmony of a band. And so it is with Art. A display of all "blue" would be as inharmonious as a field full of corn-crakes or an orchestra of drums or bassoons! It wants other kinds with it to bring out its own beauties, and to render those of other varieties more apparent. Nankin has, undoubtedly, its charms; and its uses in a collection are of far more than mere chronological or historical value. It serves, as we have said, to set off and act as a foil to other classes of ceramic decoration, and lights up a display of porcelain in a manner that is peculiarly pleasing and effective. We have said we cannot feel supremely enthusiastic over "bits of blue," but we confess, if anything *could* bring about a different state of feeling in our minds, and create a genuine love for it, it would be the sumptuous volume* now before us, which is devoted to the enumeration of the various choice examples in the collection of Sir Henry Thompson, and illustrated by himself and Mr. Whistler with several truly artistic drawings of the *pièces de résistance* of that famed collection. The volume is one of the most simply elegant in typography, in paper, in binding, and more than all, in illustration, we have yet seen, and will be indeed a treasure to all who are fortunate enough to possess it. The collection of Sir Henry Thompson is, as is well expressed in the introduction, "one of the most important in this country, both in regard to the number and variety of examples, and to the extraordinary beauty and rarity of many of them;" other choice collections being those of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Rosetti, and Mr. Louis Huth. Sir Henry Thompson's collection, consisting of some three hundred and fifty examples, has been "on view" to those favoured with *entrée*, at Mr. Murray Marks's, in Oxford Street, and has caused quite a furore of excitement among lovers of Nankin. Each example is carefully described in the Catalogue before us, and upwards of fifty of the most choice are pieces drawn in sepia, and reproduced in all their freshness of pencil-touch and tone by the autotype process. It is a choice, faultless, elegant, and valuable volume, and one beyond praise. The illustrations are simply *perfect*.

THE third volume of the "Churches of Derbyshire," the preceding parts whereof we have already favourably noticed, has just been issued, and in every way is a worthy successor to those which have gone before.† It is devoted to the churches in the Hundreds of Appletree and Repton and Gresley, in number more than sixty, and embracing the fine old edifices of Melbourne, Repton, Kedleston, Norbury, Breadsall, Duffield, Etwell, and many others of note. Of Melbourne Church, which in 1133 was one of the first endowments of Henry I. to the then newly founded see of Carlisle, some highly interesting particulars are given, from which we learn that *circa* 1189 the Pope sent a special mandate to King John relative to the admission of the new Bishop of Carlisle [Benedict de Ramsey, Archbishop of Ragusa] to the rectory and appurtenances of Melbourne, in which he explains that he had relieved

* "Old English Plate, Ecclesiastical, Decorative, and Domestic; its Makers and Marks." By Wilfred Joseph Cripps, M.A. London: John Murray, 1878. Illustrated.

* "A Catalogue of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain, forming the Collection of Sir Henry Thompson." London: Ellis and White, 1878. 1 vol. 4to.

† "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire." By J. Charles Cox. Vol. III. The Hundreds of Appletree and Repton and Gresley. Published by W. Edmunds, Chesterfield.

Benedict, at his urgent supplication, from the care of his church at Ragusa, as he was threatened with death if he approached it, and that Melbourne was incidentally confirmed to him in 1205. Interesting notices of the chantries are also given, and it is these that impart a value to Mr. Cox's book far beyond that which his oftentimes meagre descriptions and too dictatorial opinions as to age of buildings entitle it. Melbourne Church is a remarkably fine Norman building, with some extremely curious and certainly very early features; and concerning it, if we recollect aright, more than one special book has been written, and more learning expended than on almost any other we are acquainted with. The description of this church, however, to which we turned hap-hazard, is by Mr. Cox dismissed in a cavalier-like way in half-a-dozen pages. We incline to the opinion that much more ought to have been done for Melbourne in a book which professes to treat of Derbyshire churches; and indeed this remark will apply to many other edifices included in Mr. Cox's volumes. The descriptions in this third book are, as a rule, much more brief than in the first instalment, and yet the churches themselves, so far as we can judge, demand even more lengthy notices than others that have preceded them. We trust that in the fourth and concluding volume the author will devote more space to actual description and less to authoritative expression of opinion, such as "it is distinctly and emphatically" so and so, when the opinions of much more experienced and deeply studied antiquaries are involved. The "Churches of Derbyshire" is an admirable book, and Mr. Cox deserves thanks for not only having undertaken the task of its preparation, but for the time he has expended in searching into musty records and bringing their treasures to light, and we heartily congratulate him on the success which has attended his labours. His "Notes" on the Churches of Derbyshire will form the groundwork for a much more extended and complete work which we hope may be yet in store.

THIS book* is not exclusive, as so many narratives of ocean lore have a tendency to be; for it is written, as the author tells us in his preface, in order that "British youth should be acquainted with various nations that have distinguished themselves at sea, and that they should not, in repeating Campbell's stirring lines of England's flag having

'braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,'

take up the notion that, as a natural consequence, the English lion has always been a great sailor."

Mr. Elwes begins from the early days when necessity and an innate love of daring and adventure in mankind made the first fishermen construct their rude raft, and afterwards canoe; and he carries us on through successive generations of seafaring men till he comes to the stately ironclad of the present day, with her brave sailors utilising the best of every scientific appliance, and the rapid ocean steamers that have brought continents within a few days' hail of each other. There is indeed a difference between the early Phœnician fleet ploughing the azure sea, and our massive iron ships, marvels of nautical skill and enterprise, now maintaining England's "armed peace" in the Sea of Marmora. It is a privilege to read such a book—a mass of information of past glories that must stir the blood of every Briton. The illustrations are admirable; for the pencil of Mr. Walter W. May, and the whole "get up" of the work, are in the usual plane of excellence to which all Messrs. Griffith and Farran's publications attain.

WE are certainly fully justified in pronouncing the sumptuous volume before us, the "Histoire de la Faïence de Delft," by Henry Havard,† one of the most important, valuable, complete, and useful contributions to the literature of ceramics that has ever been produced in this country or in France. Treating entirely and solely of delftware proper—that is, of the ware made at Delft, in Holland, not the imitation "delf" produced in our

* "Ocean and her Rulers: a Narrative of the Nations which have from the earliest Ages held Dominion over the Sea." By John Elwes, with sixteen illustrations by Walter W. May. Published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran.

† "Histoire de la Faïence de Delft." Par Henry Havard. Paris: published by E. Plon et Cie. 1878.

own country—the author has contrived to impart to his volume a lasting and general interest, and to give it a value that makes it a welcome addition to the library of the general reader, as well as to that of the connoisseur and collector, for whom, probably, it was mainly intended. The preparation of the book must indeed have been an herculean task, but with M. Havard it was evidently a true "labour of love"—so hard has he worked in getting together the information, and so well has he arranged it throughout. Every page bears evidence of patient research, of deep thought, and of intimate knowledge of every detail of the subject he has chosen. First, we have a well-written account of the town of Delft, illustrated with a curious plan of the place as it was more than two centuries ago—when some of the more famous ware was made—and by a view of *Porte de la Haye*, from a blue-painted plate belonging to the Comte de Liesville, and by other admirable and equally interesting engravings. Then come the history of the art, and a full, cleverly written, and exhaustive series of chapters on the different periods of the manufacture, illustrated throughout with plates and with a number of delicately engraved woodcuts. There follows a learned dissertation on the processes of manufacture and of decoration of delftware; and this, like the rest of the volume, is judiciously illustrated with a number of charming engravings. To show the importance, technically, of this part of the book, we enumerate the heads of the different chapters. First we have "Le Lavage de la Terre (Het Aardewaschen)," next "Le Foulage de la Terre (De Aardetrapp)," and so on, successively, "Le Tourneur (De Draaier)," "Le Formeur (De Vormer)," "De Vloerwerker," "Le Peintre (De Schilder)," "Les Vloerwerkers," "Le Four," "La Mise en Place (Het Zetten)," "La Cuisson (Het Stoken)," "La Façon dont on brûle la Potée d'étaï," and "Autres ingrédients qui entrent dans la fabrication."

The second division of M. Havard's admirable work is devoted to biographical notices of various potters, chronologically arranged from the year 1584, when they commence with Herman Pietersz, down to 1830, when they end with the firm of J. Van Pulten & Co. In this part of the volume no fewer than seven hundred and sixty-three notices are given, and, in most cases, the marks used by each, as well as autographs, and, in many instances, examples of production are added. The whole is thus rendered complete, and evidences deep research and enlightened judgment on the part of the author.

Of the illustrations throughout the volume—whether those liberally interspersed in the text, the exquisite etchings printed on toned hand-made paper, or the coloured plates presented in various styles of Art—it is impossible to speak too highly; they are simply perfect, and add immeasurably to the beauty and value of the book. We shall probably return at greater length on a fitting occasion to the subject and the illustrations of this matchless volume. In the meantime we cordially commend M. Havard's "Histoire de la Faïence de Delft" to our readers' notice, and in the name of all lovers of good books thank Messrs. Plon & Co. for the admirable way in which they have issued it.

WE have before us the third monthly part of a serial, "Our Native Land."* It gives three good chromo-lithograph pictures of Stirling Castle, Loch Lomond, and Benvenue, with descriptive letterpress, brief, but full of information. Lovers of change, with money and leisure at their disposal, too often, in their admiration of "foreign parts," forget that nearer home they can enjoy as lovely, if not as grand, scenery as anything to be met with abroad. Any book that brings home this fact to the minds of the travelling public is a boon; and surely three such good pictures, if nothing more were offered, are a really cheap shilling's worth. When completed, a very handsome drawing-room or gift book will be the result, which will be an advantage and pleasure to the lover of wonderful scenery who does his or her travelling by proxy, and sees with other people's eyes. The cover is simple and elegant, the rose, shamrock, and thistle suggestive of the varied subjects of which the volume will treat.

* "Our Native Land." Published by Marcus Ward & Co., London and Belfast.



NORWAY.*

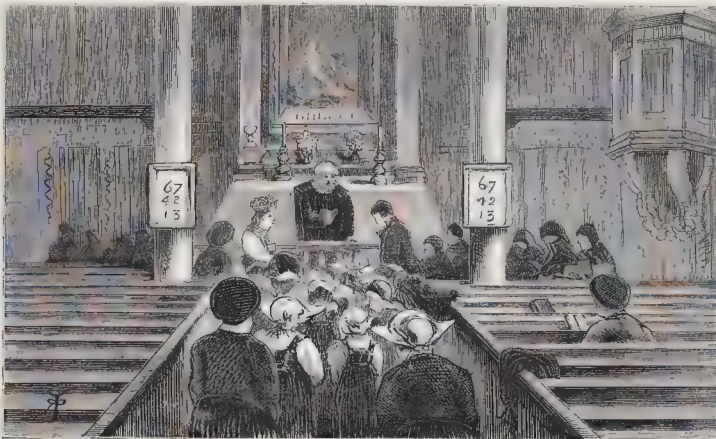
By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM the oldest time weddings and funerals have been great events, and considerable expenses have ever attended them. Such is the case still in Norway, especially with regard to weddings. What a contrast to a Norwegian wedding, carried out with all its details, is the modern civilisation of being married before a "Registrar," a process which must be sudden death to sentiment, and destructive of all the sacred associations so closely linked with the solemnity of marriage in Norway! Marriage takes time. The Lutheran Church has two distinct services or ceremonies, which conduce to the steady-going of the young people concerned, and tend to develop prudent and careful living. There is first the betrothal, and then the wedding. Circumstances decide the particular period between the two events—one year generally, sometimes two or more; in any case it is a good preparation for the responsibilities of married life, and certainly works well. One thing is beyond denial—it affords an opportunity to discover latent objections and bad habits, which might not crop out all at once when the lover is offering a concentrated essence of courtship. By the betrothal system a girl steps at once into a certain and marked position, as it were an aspirant to the honour and

dignity of marriage, and this training has generally a most wholesome effect. Amongst the peasants this is also carried out in the provinces, but the simple folk are sometimes a little impatient of the second ceremony, and the law of Norway has alleviated any difficulty which might arise from such impetuosity, and taken the same *status* as Scotch law.

Both weddings and funerals are characterized by heavy libations. The wedding festival will last a week—early and late; it is not "What a day we are having!" but "What a week we are having!" The home love of the people is prominently shown on occasions like these; their simple affection and general kindness can only be the outcome of tenderness and sympathy in their every-day life, when the mothers are so motherly, the fathers so fatherly. No "iceberg dads" are to be found in Norway; they are more like the stoves which every one gathers round for comfort, when the chills of life are likely to be forthcoming. And the priest comes out strongly on these occasions, for he is a part of every family, as we have previously noticed; he shares the troubles of the flocks, and enhances their joys, without his presence being in any way a kill-joy; on the contrary, he enters into all that is going on, joins in the songs, is generally convivial at table, and is not shy of tobacco; he is, in fact, a practical, genial Christian, and so does good service in the



The Wedding.

cause he represents, and is an ever-present comfort to his flock.

We now come to the last ceremonies of the Church, remarking on our way the very great importance attached by the Lutheran Church to confirmation. In this the Church does well, and sows good seed at the right time—seed which is to be joy of riper

years and the backbone of posterity. A Norwegian funeral is surrounded by an unwholesome atmosphere of intense melancholy; hope and faith seem trampled down for the moment by the weight of present grief. The Norwegians certainly do not look upon the arrival of the reaper who puts in the sickle as the "order of release" from the trammels of our lower state. Perhaps their intensity of feeling is a certain relief from which they rebound to a lighter burden in after-life. Their quiet, secluded life

* Continued from page 151.

encourages this, the very sombreness of the country develops it, and the almost oppressive grandeur of the scenery sustains it, while the absence of birds with joyous song certainly adds to it. Funerals in this country take many forms. First, in towns, for plump, portly burghers, as well as for men of note in letters, politics, or Art, there is the old form of coffin chariot, with cock-hatted driver, the horses clothed in all the panoply of funereal darkness, the road sprinkled with juniper or yew twigs, the Death's head blended with a flame rising from the urn as decoration; the latter the only cheerful, hopeful thought in the whole arrangement. Military funerals are much the same in all lands. And now away from towns and cemeteries to the more simple method of taking farewell of passing spirits and lifeless clay.

During the visit to Indfjord a description was given of the funeral of Ingeborg, a good "pige" swept away by a landslip. How full of sympathy the good folk were; how the finest breed of

"blakken" was brought with the best carved collar the district could produce to honour her last remains! And in another place we referred to the more common occurrence of the coffin being placed on a "stolkjær." During the winter in some of the most inaccessible farms, such as the Geiranger, where there is no landing-place, the body is kept until spring. This seems protracted agony, but there is the balance of nature—no decomposition. In the less-frequented rivers a solitary boat may sometimes be seen, containing a funeral party unattended, their sorrow self-contained and unshared by others. One of our woodcuts illustrates a touching incident—a bonder and wife taking their "only one" to God's acre. This is secluded life intensified; their little one, their joy and pet lamb, was called home, and they had to take to its resting-place their treasure and home delight. The poor mother may have borne up bravely, but the sight of the churchyard in the distance was too much for her,



Return from the Christening.

and at last she gave way and sobbed over the coffin. But when she arrives the priest with kindly voice and deep sympathy will comfort her and cheer her. Little, however, will they talk as they row back, with their hearts full and their home empty. None but those who have had an only one called away can realise the blank—their "sunbeam" gone. The home life of Norway is very simple throughout: in summer, the perfect enjoyment of the short but bright season; in winter, spinning, weaving, and sledging. The absence of rudeness—the modern term "chaff" is unknown—the "even-manneredness" of the people in all classes, must strike a stranger. Whatever may be the class of society, there is always the same kindly politeness. No double set of manners, as civilisation brings about, no rudeness to inferiors, or fawning to superiors; the equal distribution of this world's goods, combined with innate kindness, prevents this. No unkindness, for they are tender to all dumb animals, and that is an undoubted sign of sterling worth. And yet, with all this,

what jolly little things the children and young folk are! They will make the most charming little curtsy, and then go off, children to the core. A good innocent romp, how they enjoy it! The young girls, too, are so natural, perfectly easy, and well-behaved, that it is refreshing to be with them. Nothing prim or starched about them, but good hearts, with the bloom of youth. Their dances, too, how they enjoy them; and then a song, with a chorus from the whole company, and another dance! Capital housewives these Scandinavian maidens should make, for even the fröken, or young girl of position, carries out all the household duties of home, and enters into the real work of life with the greatest earnestness, being mistress of every detail, and yet the most charming of God's work, a natural lady. N.B.—The "patriarch" did not lose his heart in Gamle Norge; that was safely at home in the good care of one who has monopolized it ever since he was a boy.

Norwegian housekeeping is so totally different from anything

we have that it will be well to note it here. The wife has greater responsibility and requires more forethought than with us.

There are no co-operative stores to which to send a long list; no one calls for orders, or solicits the favour of custom; no inviting



The Funeral: Bergen.

circulars or enticing advertisements create an appetite for new purchases, and make one believe that superfluous things are

absolutely and perfectly necessary, and must be had. No; the husband does not go to town every day, and bring back anything



Their "only one,"

that the dear wife has forgotten. Her mental powers and good management must be equal to getting everything in before the

winter arrives, not for the family only, but for the labourers also; and all this perhaps on slender means, sparse harvests, and bad

seasons. So that the betrothal system comes in well, affording the young couple plenty of time for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of what their new position may necessitate. There is one thing Norwegians do not comprehend, and that is the blessing of ventilation. They cannot understand it, and certainly never practise it. Their rooms are stuffed up in every conceivable way. As soon as the cold weather begins the

internal atmosphere of the house remains unchanged until the following summer. When you open the door you have to cut your way in; it is as dense as cold turtle, and less agreeable. The marvel is that colds are not more prevalent, from the fact that the good folk wash their necks on Saturday afternoon as a preparation for the Sunday, when they dress in their best, and look like different creatures.

THE EXHIBITION OF OLD ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

UNFORTUNATELY, no catalogue of these interesting specimens of the past exists, as the articles contributed for exhibition have nearly all come in promiscuously, and no limit of time had been fixed, so that they have continued to arrive almost up to the last. Of the greater number of specimens shown it may be said that they evince more ingenuity and patient industry than beauty: such are the articles worked by good Queen Bess and her ladies; the elaborate bed-hangings; the curiously embroidered white satin cap, showing how uncommonly large was the head it covered; and not least are the cunningly wrought boots, also of white satin.

Fine specimens of English ecclesiastical work, in excellent preservation, are displayed, dating as far back as the eleventh century, or presumed so to date, though it is difficult to conceive these garments as clothing ministering priests in the days of the Red King. The productions of the industrious female hands of the seventeenth century are most interesting and curious, especially those lent by the Duke of Leeds. Lady Morrison has lent a beautiful yellow silk embroidered counterpane; also several aprons with well-mingled gold and colours.

Probably the most curious and best-preserved piece of embroidery in the whole collection is the pall used at the funeral of Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London in the reign of the hapless Richard II., and consequently dating from the latter end of the fourteenth century. The worthy knight and slayer of Wat Tyler was a fishmonger, and this curious relic is contributed by the Fishmongers' Company. The gold is, of course, somewhat tarnished by the "rust of time," but the quaintly embroidered figures of the period are singularly perfect.

The articles of Spanish work are rich and well designed, but somewhat ponderous; the most beautiful is a small carpet—rich gold embroidery, well contrasted with a deep purple ground. The Italian work is the most artistic; the finest designs are Venetian, while the Florentine has a peculiar harmony in colours and finish in execution. Strips of embroidery, probably intended for mural decoration, lent by the Marquis of Bath, are about the best specimens exhibited. There is a very ancient example of needlework from Rome, cut from a panel in a burning house, which has apparently formed part of an elaborate embroidery of figures, flowers, fruits, &c. The French work is in pure taste; the dyes in the embroidery silk must have been singularly fine, for the exquisitely wrought flowers seem rather faded than faded, despite the effacing fingers of Time. The most beautiful example in the number is a white satin counterpane, with garlands of flowers that seem the work of not very long ago, and yet they sprang from the cunning hands of the seventeenth century.

Taking it altogether, the Exhibition of Ancient Needlework is a wonder of its kind, a monument of patient industry in those who have so long passed away. The arrangements are excellent, the more so considering the desultory way in which the collection has been formed. There is happily nothing to warrant the assumption that the fingers of our modern embroideresses have in any degree lost the cunning of their predecessors. Though the new specimens of Art needlework are modestly laid aside to make way for the ancient, a smaller side room, not open to the public, contains some embroidered articles which prove that the younger school can well compete with the elder in the most beautiful and elaborate needlework.

THE PRISONER.

A. BOURLARD, Painter.

SINCE the establishment, within the last few years, of galleries in London for the express exhibition of pictures by foreign artists, and the admission of such productions into public collections of various kinds, where, conjointly with the works of British painters, they form no inconsiderable nor unattractive portion of the contents of a gallery open to the public, there must be few continental artists of any note whose pictures have not, at some time or other, found a temporary resting-place, at least, in one of the metropolitan exhibition-rooms. But among them all we cannot call to mind a single example of the works of M. Auguste Bourlard. In the catalogue of the pictures in the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 we find the name appended to four pictures of subjects chiefly somewhat akin to this, judging from their titles; so that it may not unreasonably be assumed the painter of those and of 'The Prisoner' is one and the same person. If so, he was born in Paris, and studied his art under Léon Cogniet. It appears, however,

A. DANSE, Engraver.

that he has quitted France, and become a resident of Belgium, for to his signature, painted on the skirting-board of the room, and faintly visible near the leg of the chair on which the lady is seated, is appended the word "Mons," and the date "76," so far as we can make it out.

But it is almost self-evident that if M. Bourlard has migrated to another country than his native one, he has carried the Art of his own land with him, for nobody who has had any experience of French painting, as practised by the majority of figure painters, would mistake the lady caressing the bird for the work of an artist not under the influence of the modern French—one might say Paris—school. If the model who sat for the picture is not of the most refined order of feminine grace and beauty, the painter has made his work forcible in attractiveness by the richness of the lady's rather *abandon* costume and the pretty little incident that forms the subject of the composition, which certainly has been transferred into a striking engraving.





THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*



left off in our former notice with some remarks on Mr. ARMITAGE'S 'Cities of the Plain'; resuming our pen, we would further say his other religious subject is more genial in its nature and comes more kindly home to human sympathies than this. It represents 'The Mother of Moses' (356) putting aside the tall Nile flags, that she may watch the proceedings of those who have discovered her boy in his little floating ark of bulrushes. The artist's inspiration doubtless came from his early master, Delacroix, who, it will be remembered, painted a similar subject many years ago. The visitor curious to know what manner of man Mr. Armitage is will find his portrait depicted by himself, in the central figure of the group who are so eagerly examining their purchases 'After an Entomological Sale' (111).

A little beyond 'The Cities of the Plain' will be found 'Maggie and her Friends' (217), a Scotch terrier and a collie, all in cosy intercourse on a roadside bank: it is the only picture T. FAED, R.A., has sent to the exhibition this year. Close by is an almost equally clever work called 'The Vanguard' (215), by JOHN MACWHIRTER, and in Gallery V. will be found his truly beautiful landscape, 'The Three Graces' (430), represented by three birch-trees growing at the opening of a ferny hollow. Near the door will be found J. SANT'S, R.A., sweet portrait of 'Lucy Beatrice Nolan' (211), daughter of Mr. T. B. Horsfall; H. W. PIPER'S comely lady with a basket of 'Primroses' (214); and, most notable of all, Sir JOHN GILBERT'S, A., grand, compact body of mounted steel-clad warriors called 'Ready' (216).

The place of honour on the left side of the great gallery, as one follows the catalogue, has been awarded to J. R. HERBERT, R.A., who occupies it with an interesting picture of 'David, the future King of Israel, while a Shepherd at Bethlehem' (231). It is night, and the poet-king that is to be seen communing with himself and his harp, as he tends his flocks beneath the silent stars. Mr. Herbert, notwithstanding his slight tendency towards asceticism, has handled the subject sympathetically and with much originality. We like very much, too, his picture (58) in Gallery No. I., with the tender little incident of the wayside lamb, which turns towards our Lord and the two disciples as they journey on the road to Emmaus, and greets them by bleating as they pass. We doubt whether Mr. Herbert is aware of it, but in many places it is thought a good omen if a lamb, in a field or on a hillside, turns its face towards a traveller and bleats at him as he journeys on.

'Pompeii, Anno Domini 79,' by A. ELMORE, R.A. (233), a young lady with a child in her lap at an open veranda, whence is seen in the distance the fatal mountain, is forcibly painted, and in the artist's best manner. So also is No. 273, without a title; but we are so much struck with the unusual character of the subject—a lady startled at the ghost she sees in the looking-glass while undressing for bed—that the consideration of its Art merit was an after-thought. Altogether Mr. Elmore is on much safer ground, we think, when he confines himself to such subjects as the good flesh-and-blood interview between Longfellow's 'John Alden and Priscilla' (350). E. NICOL'S 'Lonely Tenant of the Glen' (247), going home with a bundle of firewood and withered bracken on her back, is full of character and quiet pathos. 'Under a Cloud' (467) stirs our sympathies in a stronger degree still perhaps. It is rent-day, and we see standing, crestfallen and silent, a frieze-coated old man who holds his hat nervously before him in both hands as he listens to the remonstrances, perhaps upbraidings, of the pompous factor or steward for not bringing the rent. The painting in this, as in all Mr. Nicol's work, is masterful, and as effective as it is harmonious.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, A., sends only two works, and they are of

the usual high quality associated with his name. 'A Love Missile' (256), a Roman lady about to throw out of window to her unseen lover a nosegay of roses, to which she has attached a *billet doux*, is, we should imagine, one of the most perfect pictures M. Alma-Tadema ever produced; but to his nude life-sized female figure standing to the sculptor as the Venus Esquilina (255)—why so named we know not—we have certain objections. First of all, the feet are rather coarsely modelled; secondly, closed as they are, they could scarcely support the figure in the pose adopted; and thirdly, and most important of all, he has tried to combine two distinct stages of female development, the upper part of the figure belying, as it were, the lower. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is wonderfully drawn and modelled, and not more than three or four men in the whole Academy could match it.

There will be found on each side of the door, at the far end of the great room, several pictures to arrest the steps and call forth the admiration of the visitor. One has great pleasure, for example, in recognising the portrait of so old a favourite as T. Webster, R.A. (259), lovable and venerable, as he sits there in his donkey chaise. It is painted by himself, and we rejoice to know that the evening of the life of one who has given so much amusement and delight to others is so serene, and that he can afford to quote such a couplet as this regarding it:—

"As the sweet after-glow lights up the western skies,
So is my evening bright with fond memories."

Among the productions of those men who are younger and less known, but are rising steadily towards the zenith of their fame, is THOMAS GRAHAM, whose 'Philosopher's Breakfast' (263) is one of the character pictures of the exhibition. An old grey-bearded man, lean and slippered, has come to the door to take in his morning's half-pint of milk. A hearty, well-built, youthful milkmaid, who measures it out to him with all the deftness and precision of movement peculiar to her class, contrasts well with the thoughtful old stay-at-home, and brings clearly before us the possibility of a philosopher's life being both narrow and unnatural. Another of "the gallant Grahams" is P. GRAHAM, A., the distinguished landscape painter, and certainly since he painted the impetuous waters of 'The Spate,' he has done nothing with so much life and movement in it as his 'Wandering Shadows' (267). The man fishing so industriously, and with evidently a thorough knowledge of all the niceties of the angler's craft, and the hill sheep scattered here and there through the valley that no spot of herbage may be missed, are minor, but agreeable, accessories of the picture. The real and all-engrossing feature of the scene is the rising rocky hillside, across whose face the cloud shadows sweep grandly and swiftly. So palpable is their motion, that the visitor tarries before the picture to watch them chase each other across the mighty curtain of the mountain. A worthy pendant to this is VICAT COLE'S, A., 'Alps at Rosenlauri' (268), with tumultuously rushing water in the foreground, and cattle grazing peacefully in the meadow beyond; the whole grandly dominated by a peak which rises stark and bare out of sweeping snow-fields, whose crevasses are vividly noted, and whose varying surfaces are followed with the plastic hand of a sculptor. This, to our thinking, is the noblest landscape Mr. Cole has yet painted.

Less ambitious, but scarcely less artistically thorough in its painting, is a small landscape in a quiet key, with a clump of trees and some lichen-covered rocks, which its author, G. F. MUNY, calls 'A Grey Day: Brittany' (261). This is not necessarily the mood of the painter, for he has a companion picture in Gallery No. VII., which is as appropriately named 'Sunlight: Brittany' (601). Another artist, who appears to have worked under equally happy auspices, is LESLIE THOMSON, who may be seen to advantage in the children seated in a meadow 'After Sunset' (243), also in Brittany.

* Continued from page 148.

MARCUS STONE, A., has painted the meeting of two lovers by a garden fence overshadowed by trees, in 'The Time of Roses' (262), on a different scale from his 'Post-bag' (71), and we cannot help thinking with a less rich palette. In spite, however, of the tendency to dryness and paleness, the picture is pleasing, and the figures are admirably set in it. The sheep, with their sun-flecked fleeces, under a spreading tree in 'Spring' (269), by T. G. COOPER, are well drawn, and the exhilarating freshness of spring is capably conveyed. The nine birds, of the adjutant kind, assembled in 'Convocation' (286), on a sandy shore, are very solidly and truthfully painted, and have about them a quaint allegorical suggestiveness which no one can impart more cunningly and successfully than H. S. MARKS, A. E. F. BREWTNALL has given a nice mediæval feeling to 'The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green' (290); and J. H. E. PARTINGTON, in a less ambitious way, is equally satisfactory and honest in his fisher lass knitting on a bank, 'Waiting for Low Tide' (310). C. W. COPE, R.A., did quite right to commemorate 'Lieutenant Cameron's Welcome Home from his Explorations in Africa' (241); and a very joyous sight he reveals to us, with the mother and sisters of the hero, the hero himself, and his African boy, Jacko, all in the carriage, which the good folks of Shoreham, Kent, are dragging to the church, amid the plaudits of the whole village, that thanksgiving might be offered by his father, the vicar, whom we see standing in front of the porch, for the safe return of the heroic traveller. There is plenty of life and variety in the picture, but its Art qualities are rather of a common, almost vulgar and self-asserting type, mainly arising from crudeness and paintiness, and prosaic matter-of-fact treatment. The antithesis to all this is ANDREW MACCALLUM'S 'Dream of Ancient Egypt' (240), revealing to us a vast panoramic distance, and a foreground peopled with multitudinous figures, whose movements are but dimly distinguished in the dawn of the morning of the exodus. The colouring may be scientifically faulty, but it is suggestively right, and conveys perfectly to our eye the impression of a dream.

GEORGE E. HERING'S 'Struyve Rocks, on the Coast of Arran' (306), realises completely the character of the locality. The vegetation springing from the rifts of the rocks, suggesting here and there a touch of drapery, the piece of wreck at their base, which rises heavily to the wash of the waves, the sea-gulls and the sky, are each and all in perfect relationship in tone and colour. On the other hand, objection has been taken to the bright green of the water in the foreground of TRISTRAM ELLIS'S excellent picture of the 'Sunrise Gun, Castle Cornet, Guernsey' (309), on the ground that the green which falls on the water is only a very small proportion of the light, and that consequently the sea here could never have taken so deep a tinge. The objector is Mr. Lockyer, who in *Nature* has gone over several of the Academy landscapes, and examined their cloud and sky colour from the purely scientific point of view; but in this particular case the astronomer has, we think, omitted to take into consideration the modifying influence of local colour. In the sea, especially when the conditions of the sky are of a kind to admit of the bringing to the surface of the water the local colouring of the bottom, the vividness of the tint strikes every one, and is matter of common observation. This scientific treatment of light emitted, reflected, or absorbed, is not to be universally applied, we think, to works of Art. Science is exact and absolute; Art, on the other hand, in painting at least, is but an approximation, a suggestion, a compromise; and we can easily imagine landscapes—Mr. Poole's, for example—full of the most delightful poetry, and yet altogether wrong in their absolute relation to observed phenomena. The optics belonging to molecular physics are most assuredly within the domain of the man of science, but such studies scarcely commend themselves to the habit of mind belonging to a painter or poet, each of whom creates his own cosmos, and is a law unto himself. Art in the human figure even laughs science to scorn; the Venus of Melos is anatomically faulty, yet it is one of the very few supreme Art achievements of the world.

Before leaving the great room we would name as worthy of

emphatic commendation 'Vespers in the Monastery' (299), by E. GRÜTZNER; 'A Moorish Pastoral' (300), a young goatherd playing on a whistle, by E. L. WEEKS; and most especially ALBERT BIERSTADT'S 'Estes Park, Colorado' (230), with its noble valley, vested in pines and other kindly foliage, which sweep down to the reflecting lake; and above and beyond all the mighty snow peaks, whose shoulders are clothed with clouds as with a garment, and down whose sides roll billowy seas of vapour. All the atmospheric phenomena in this picture are splendidly expressed, and as an example of landscape in its grand, large, and all-embracing sense, as opposed to what is sectional and vignettish, we commend it heartily to the notice of all British students. Another foreign work of mark which adorns this room is J. BASTIEN-LEPAGE'S life-sized portrait of 'Mrs. G. L. P. Lebegue' (277), whom we see standing, her matronly height with lack neither of dignity nor comeliness, attired in a white satin quilted dress, over which hangs a dark blue furred robe. The garments altogether are remarkably costly and rich in colour, and yet the artist allows neither their rare texture nor their wealth of tone to interfere with the general effect: we look first at the lady. M. Bastien-Lepage's style of Art is broad and of noble quality, and his work is valuable to British students as exemplifying this—that there may be grandeur of pose without affectation, wealth of material without meretriciousness, and of colour without garishness.

The last work we have to notice in Gallery No. III. is purely English, and from the pencil of W. P. FRITH, R.A., whose qualities as a painter are ignored by the young school of critics—the gentlemen who have "affinities" and inner souls, and "aspirations after the ideal," which, so far as it has ever found concrete expression in marble or on canvas, has always struck ordinary prosaic minds as being either unconsciously dull or sneakily sensuous. Older men, however, who remember, among others of his works, Mr. Frith's large picture of 'Charles II.'s Last Sunday at Whitehall,' now attracting so much attention at the Paris Universal Exhibition, and whose broad handling and masterly chiaroscuro were equally appreciated by the judicious a dozen years ago and more, when it held the place of honour in the Royal Academy, are satisfied enough as to the genius of Mr. Frith. It may be *sui generis*, and with more of sweetness in it than strength—still it is genius; and when the Art history of the century comes to be written, from the nature of his subjects, representing as they do "the very form and pressure of the time," Mr. Frith's name will be honourably conspicuous, while many of those now held in high esteem by the double-souled *dilettanti* will have vanished from mortal ken. 'The Road to Ruin,' which is in five scenes of cabinet size, occupies the place that Mr. Leighton's 'Daphnephoria' filled a season or two back. No. 291 represents the hero playing at a college card party. In No. 292 we see him in a light tweed suit booking bets at Ascot. In No. 293 he leans against the mantelpiece smoking in a *blaté* way, but with a blanched face, while he looks contemptuously down on the Hebrew bailiff who has come to arrest him. The wife appears in this scene, and looks at what is going on with mingled surprise and apprehension. The solid, self-asserting step of the harpy as he walked across the floor, followed by his "man," and now the blandness of his glib speech and insinuating tones, strike discordantly on the ear of the poor wife: hence her quickened attention. To the two children who figure in this scene, there is, in No. 294, added a baby, and the hero's 'Struggles' to turn his education to literary account are terribly aggravated by the appearance of an abusive landlady, who holds out her bill threateningly. 'The End' (295) of this sad drama shows the chief performer in the act of locking the door of a miserable garret before turning round to use the fatal pistol which lies on the rickety table. The weakest scene, in our opinion, is the first; the others are strong both in character and situation. There are several passages, moreover, which might have been more carefully painted, and yet with a freer brush. What we object to most, however, is the inadequacy of the motive. A card party at college does not improve one's book learning, but it need not necessarily end in suicide. With two more acts in the body of his play Mr.

Frith might have made his drama more logical and sequential, but scarcely perhaps more trenchant and forcible. As it is, the story is full of interest, as the crowds which pass before it daily bear witness. We understand the Art Union of London has purchased the right to engrave it.

Entering Gallery No. IV., and turning to the left, we would have the visitor note the excellent modelling in the lofty rocks which look down on the pines and rushing water—all well expressed—in JOHN COLLIER'S 'Glacier Stream' (313), and the very clever way in which H. HARDY has made pictorial use of the common operation of 'Tipping' (314), as pursued by navvies in the making of a railway. ANDREW C. GOW'S 'News from the Front' (315), three old soldiers seated outside a caserne, two of whom smoke while the third reads, is, like TITO CONTI'S 'Good-bye' (322), said by a cavalier to his lady-love on the staircase, full of Art intelligence and sound work. A little more solidity in the figure of the poor girl who is seated 'Alone' (325) by a wild, wave-beaten shore, and looking with clasped hands wistfully to sea, and we should have been altogether pleased with G. E. HICKS'S picture. He is much more manly in his style than he was, and this has brought with it a desire to deal with a kind of subject in harmony with his altered manner.

W. F. YEAMES, A., fills the place of distinction in this part of the room with a capital conceived subject representing five Roundheads—commissioners and soldiers of the Long Parliament—in a manor-house, seated in solemn conclave round a table, questioning the inmates as to the whereabouts of the Royalist owner. The little boy, in pale blue dress, who is now being examined, with his little sister crying behind him, and his mother and aunt tremblingly anxious in the distance, is the scion of the house, and we know before he speaks that a clear, frank answer will ring out to the insinuating question, 'And when did you last see your father?' Mr. Yeames did quite right in not making the presiding commissioner a truculent-looking man. We like the picture very much, even if the perspective is proved to be mathematically wrong. Above this hangs 'Animal Life in Richmond Park' at early morning (328), a canvas filled with antlered deer, with a rabbit and lark in familiar neighbourhood in the foreground, from the able pencil of S. CARTER. This has on one side Mr. Hicks's 'Alone' (325), already noticed, and on the other JAMES ARCHER'S 'Trysting Tree' (331), a handsome lady, in a brown, lace-trimmed dress, seated on a bank, looking out of the picture expectantly, as she holds a bunch of daffodils in her hand. Mr. Yeames is supported right and left by J. KNIGHT'S 'Conway Marsh' (324) and E. W. COOKE'S, R.A., 'The *Cleopatra* in the Bay of Biscay' (330), pictures highly characteristic of their respective masters. Farther on will be found a small picture by J. CASSIE of 'Chalk Cliffs, Coast of Sussex' (338), remarkable for the tender way in which the calm sea is treated, and for the soothing harmony of tone that pervades the whole. Near it hangs W. D. SADLER'S very pleasing picture of a sweet young girl, in a black striped dress, indulging in 'A Day Dream' (339) as she sways listlessly to and fro on the extemporised swing suspended from an apple-tree in the garden. Then comes F. S. WALKER'S larger and more important canvas, representing 'The Convent Garden' (345), with a group of seven nuns gathered under the shadow of widely spreading foliage, and chatting with all their might, as is their custom, while the reverend mother imparts to the youngest one a few words of advice or comfort, and some ladies of the outer world enjoy the pleasure of treading the sun-flecked lawn. J. W. B. KNIGHT'S 'Under Open Sky' (347) is worthy of his pencil, but scarcely in so pronounced a way as his 'Carrying Hay' (193), in Gallery No. III.

J. C. HOOK, R.A., who worthily holds the centre of this side room, has gone far afield for his subjects this year, and neither the rocky shores of Scotland or England, nor the lowlands of Holland, have been able to satisfy his pencil. Yet he depicts the 'Coral Fisher, Amalfi' (351), lying on the sands, looking up with admiration in his eyes at the two damsels who examine curiously the pieces of coral he has brought from his boat, which we see drawn up on shore behind him, with much specific

truth; and he gives equal reality and native character to the terraced houses on the rocky left, and to the whole scene as well as to the *dramatis personæ*, as if he had before him a piece of the east coast of Scotland with some of its fisher folk. We are sorry to say this lovely picture, with the *genius loci* made so palpable to us, is his only contribution. KATE GOODWIN has been very fortunate in finding an 'Old Rookery' (355) on the side of a windy hill at Winchelsea, and has made capital use of her discovery. The ground of the tree-crowned eminence falls away on the left, and subsides into a sunny level which stretches far abroad into the distance, producing an effect both pleasing and novel. Originality of treatment must assuredly be claimed for FRED. MORGAN'S 'After the Reaper's Work is done' (357). A group of women, somewhat scattered because variously employed, is seen in the neighbourhood of a stream which reflects vividly the rich glow of evening. A donkey grazes quietly in the foreground. One woman goes for water, another fills the kettle, while some of the younger gather sticks, and the child takes the opportunity of having a good drink. This picture is worthy of being a pendant to Mr. Hook's 'Coral Fisher.' It has much of the Academician's strength and colour, only with more impasto than he usually employs. In pictures of sheep-washing the operation is generally seen as being performed in the immediate foreground; but in 'Sheep-washing in the Duddon Valley' (360), by TOM GRIFFITHS, the artist has thought fit to remove it into the middle distance, so that the figures, while imparting interest, are at the same time subservient to the landscape. Such treatment is always at the option of the artist, and we are bound to accept a scene as he chooses to present it, and in this instance the presentment is far from unpleasing. JOHN BRETT'S 'Carnarvon Bay' (363), with sheep on green, rushy, level foreground, sand-hills beyond, and the horizon bound by a summer sea, has not the marvellous sense of life and motion in it which belongs to his more ambitious picture of the 'Cornish Lions,' already noticed; but it is a very sweet transcript of nature notwithstanding. Strong commendation also belongs to JOHN PEDDER'S 'Bamboro Castle' (369), JOS. CLARK'S 'Morning Call' (364), Mrs. LUKE FILDES'S girl seated by a rose-tree wall 'Peeling Potatoes' (372), and to E. ELLIS'S picture of a girl driving home a flock of 'Michaelmas' geese (376). Why a work of this quality is *skied* is just as mysterious as the circumstance that others, with no pretensions in the world to consideration, are allowed to bewilder the discriminating faculties of the simple-minded by being placed on the line.

A. DE BRÉANSKI has suffused his 'Backwater of the Thames' (370) with a twilight glow, quiet and soothing; and J. L. PICKERING is equally happy with his 'Evening Light' (375). The 'Almond Blossom' (383) of GEORGE MARKS, in a Nankin blue jar, is small and unpretending, showing a careful hand as to drawing, and a good eye for colour. The lovely red and white blossoms, 'Faithful to Spring' (403), with which Miss A. F. MUTRIE presents us, are simply the perfection of flower painting, and convey to our senses almost the aroma as well as the form and colour. ROSA KOBERWEIN'S two portraits, 'In maiden meditation, fancy free' (362), and 'Mrs. B. St. John Matthews' (368), are scarcely so vigorous in handling as we should like to see them; but what the painter lacks in strength she makes up in sweetness. She must remember, however, that it is the blending of the two qualities which must be the unceasing aim of the artist. 'The Lady Mayoress' (365), with her kindly quaint face, and her black dress with its lace, so becoming and matronly, a picture which the Common Council of the Ward of Bishopsgate have presented to the Lord Mayor, is by EDWARD HUGHES, and is certainly a most charming portrait. R. BLEWITT'S display of Egyptian mummy cases 'From out of the corridors of time' (399), is a curious subject to paint; and we cannot help thinking that so much good draughtsmanship and colour might have been bestowed upon a more grateful and lively subject.

Mrs. E. M. WARD, with a quiet subdued strength, for which, in spite of all her former undoubted achievements, we were scarcely prepared to give her credit, has addressed herself to the record-

ing of a little incident in the life of Robert Burns, and with a success which will be appreciated by every lover of the poet. A sweet young girl—Miss Lewars—in white dress and yellow hair, has, at the request of Burns, taken her seat at the spinet, on which she is going over and over again, with seductive touch, the air she is fondest of; and he, in the meantime, buckled in his shepherd tartan plaid, just as he had come in, sits in the remoter part of the room, with his quill pen meditatively at his lips, linking for her, as he had promised, new words to her favourite tune—words which so fascinated the soul of Mendelssohn two generations afterwards, that he composed for them one of the tenderest duets known to modern music.

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry aist,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee."

The air which delighted Burns's young-lady friend and inspired him used to be called 'Lochiel's awa' to France.' It is in the minor key, and its martial tendency is modified here and there by some of those exquisite cadences which, in the best Scottish music, come on the sympathetic listener with such surprise and pathos. It is not that Mrs. E. M. Ward is quiet in colour, correct in composition, true in every archæological detail, and loyal to the traditions of the personal appearance of the princely ploughman—and she is all these—that we commend her work to the visitor: it is because she has entered on her subject with a heart attuned thereto, and with a soul filled with the spirit and beauty of the incident—an incident which would otherwise be simple, were it not that we know Burns was at this time dying, and that this was one of the last lays he would ever pen. This deadly illness Mrs. Ward indicates with a gentle emphasis, giving to the whole a spiritual air allied with sadness which almost lifts her work of *genre* into the region of religious Art.

One of the last pictures we would notice in Gallery IV. is 'Britomart and her Nurse' (379), G. F. WATTS, R.A., the former with an illuminated book lying open in her lap, and the latter turning her head to look at the magic vision. In design and colour we think this, if not the grandest, yet the happiest composition the artist has exhibited for some time. His portraits in the present exhibition are unequal even as to colour, a quality with which the name of Watts has always been distinctively associated; but in this work we perceive he can still be the supreme master when he pleases. We had almost forgotten to call attention to the wonderfully bold and luminous quality in H. MACALLUM'S fisherman wading through the bright summer sea 'Shrimping' (384). His brush-work, like his colour, is strong

and masterly; and it is curious to note by what different methods of manipulation artists reach the same end. This picture of 'Shrimping,' and Mr. Brett's 'Cornish Lions,' are, as to brilliancy of effect, two of the finest works in the exhibition; and yet the methods and the theories of the men entirely vary.

Several of the pictures in Gallery No. V. have already been anticipated by us; but there are some of supreme quality which have yet to be noticed, and others we dare not even name. This room, in short, will remain ever notable in the annals of the Academy, as being that in which are seen, in contrast more startling than even the bitterest jester could have conceived, examples of the preciousness and the utter worthlessness of the pathos and the bathos which can be given to canvas.

The two places of honour have been given to FRANK HOLL and J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. The work of the former represents the visit paid by the lady mother and friends of a young scapegrace who has been committed for trial, and whom we see with haggard, anxious face and general air of dissipation, approaching the iron railing which stands between him and the outer world. Besides the ladies, on whose faces is depicted a keen sense of the shame and disgrace with which the young scamp has overwhelmed the whole family, mingled with a feeling of terrible strangeness at being in such a place, there are others of the same sex, poor abandoned creatures, with tattered garments and dishevelled hair, who are but too familiar with it and all its grim belongings of walls and doors, bolts and bars, and turnkeys. The gloom of Tartarus is here prefigured and anticipated, and with a pencil so cunning that our heart goes out to the various beings before us with sympathy and commiseration; but then the indulgence of this pity is so painful that we are fain after awhile to turn from the canvas, and look round the walls for an antidote. What we have said bears testimony to the completeness of Mr. Holl's creation; but how an artist, personally so healthy, bright, and manly, can year after year give way to this melancholy habit of mind and brush is beyond our comprehension.

Looking upwards, we find a certain reprieve in the glowing canvas of CLARA MONTALBA, and, strange to say, the subject is that of a funeral; but the 'Last Journey' (424) is made along the silent ways of Venice; and the sacred freight, borne by the gondola, and accompanied to its last resting-place by the richly vested priests, whose monster tapers rise mast-like to the mellow sky, is heaped up to concealment with masses of flowers, and death is thus made beautiful. Miss Montalba's 'Last Journey' is, doubtless, the most brilliant and satisfying of all her achievements.

(To be continued.)

ARCHITECTURE IN ANCIENT ROME.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, A.R.A., Painter.

L. LOWENSTAM, Engraver.

THIS is another of the triad of pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema, symbolical of the Fine Arts, which have been exhibited this season in the Grosvenor Gallery. It assumes to represent a Roman architect, of somewhat advanced years, intently studying an ornamental sketch spread out before him on the scaffold whereon he stands. The action of this the principal figure is suggestive only of indecisive thought; but there is another figure, that of a man who has just reached the same stage of scaffolding, whose looks are very inquisitive as he watches, and rather sternly in expression, the face of the other, as if expecting an unfavourable comment on the plan laid out. In the distance below workmen are seen sawing stones and making other preparations for erecting the building, of which a large proportion, as shown in the background, is nearly completed. Grouped with the artificers below are several figures carrying vases of water for the use of the stone sawyers, who seem to be using the same tools that are employed in the present day.

We know more of the architecture of ancient Rome than we do of its sculpture, which, as we said in a preceding number of the Journal, when writing about Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture of sculpture, is presumed chiefly to be from the hands of Greek artists; much of it was undoubtedly carried to Rome from Greece. But the architecture of the old imperial city, even to the present day, speaks for itself, though with a stammering tongue, in the mutilated and crumbling, yet still glorious, remains of arch, temple, and palace, witnessing to the Art talent of the designer and the skill of the builder; and supplying, during a succession of centuries, models and studies for the architects of the whole Western world, which they have not been slow in using to good purpose, and out of which the architecture of past generations, down to our own time, with all its manifold varied styles and ramifications, and combining with the architecture of the ancient Eastern world, has given the Art that surrounds us to-day.





THE BIBLE

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—*A Venus Torso*.—The Louvre has recently added one more to its already copious collection of sculptured Venuses in a torso something above life size, and of characteristic beauty. It was discovered on French soil at Vienne, in Dauphiné. Its recognition was established at the Lyons Retrospective Exhibition, and it has attained the honours of metropolitan position at a cost of nearly £1,200 sterling.

ROME.—Some archaeological discoveries of much interest have recently been made in Rome. Where the streets of Montebello and Volturmo meet, says the *Chronique*, and on a locality once occupied by a pretorian guard encampment, a store cellar has been brought to light, containing not fewer than one thousand *amphoræ*, arranged in ten lines, one above another. Of these vessels, some two hundred bear inscriptions, in different colours—black, white, red, or green. These inscriptions are of unequivocal importance in furnishing historic evidence of alimentary commerce amongst the ancients.—At the junction of the streets Mazarino and Nationale, a magnificent mural picture in mosaic has been discovered; its colours have been brilliantly preserved, and its dimensions are not less than 2 mètres 10 centimètres high, by a breadth of 1 mètre 90 centimètres. This mosaic represents a gallant vessel sweeping into

harbour with full sails, and ensign flowing. Here we have a harbour with quays, with stairs to lead aboard ship, a mole sustained by piles and arches, and a lighthouse, quadrangular below and cylindrical above. This mosaic was discovered on the land of the Prince Pallavicini, and by him was tendered to the Capitoline Museum.

Tapestries in the Vatican.—The Pope has lately taken a step which will be much applauded by the Art world. It appears that in the Vatican there is a large accumulation of first-class tapestries; some are scattered disconnectedly on the walls of the vast edifice, and some are folded away and buried in protecting receptacles. Those of Raphael are wholly apart. These tapestries are the produce of different schools; some Flemish of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the copies from Raphael which were saved from the sack of 1527, and, finally, a very numerous lot of Gobelins. It is a well-known fact that, for two centuries, the French court was in the habit of sending yearly one of these works to the sovereign pontiff. Leo XIII. has decided that, from this time forth, all these tapestries shall be kept together and presented according to chronological suggestion and claim of schools. When this is accomplished they will form a collection truly unique in its character.

OBITUARY.

PIERRE ALFRED ROBINET.

THIS artist, a sculptor of good repute, especially for his portrait statues, died, in the early part of April, in Paris, where he was born. M. Robinet studied his art first under Pradier, then under Blondel, and, lastly, in the atelier of David d'Angers. He executed a fine statue of Baron Laney—one of his best early works—for the *Académie de Médecine*, and exhibited at the last *Salon* a statue for the monument of General Don at Jersey, and also took part in the recent competition for a statue of Voltaire. He gained a Roman prize, and a medal in 1870.

THOMAS FALCON MARSHALL.

We shall miss henceforth from the walls of the Royal Academy the pictures of this artist, who, though not a painter of high reputation, contributed almost every year, and for a long time, some very creditable works, and was well known, especially in Manchester and Liverpool, for the interest he manifested in everything connected with Art. Mr. Marshall died on the 26th of March, at the age of fifty-nine. He was born at Liverpool in December, 1818, and at an early age showed so much talent that, when he had reached his eighteenth year, his works were accepted for exhibition at the Royal Academy. At the age of twenty-one a silver medal was awarded to him by the Society of Arts for an oil painting of a figure subject. His talents were not limited to one department of Art, for he painted with almost equal success portraiture, landscape, *genre*, and history.

THOMAS DUCKETT.

The name of this sculptor, who died at his native place, Preston, Lancashire, in February last, is better known, perhaps, in that locality and its vicinity than in the metropolis. In early life he was a fellow-worker with John Gibson in the ateliers of Messrs. Francis and Spence, monumental and decorative sculptors, Liverpool. His most important statue is that of the late Sir Robert Peel, in Preston. Some years ago he prepared a model of a colossal statue of the first Sir Richard Arkwright,

1878.

but the funds were not forthcoming for the execution of the figure either in bronze or marble, and the model consequently had to be destroyed. Mr. Duckett's designs for the Peel statue at Bolton, and the Wellington statue at Leeds, were highly commended, though the commissions were not given to him. He died at the age of seventy-four. Singularly enough, in the *Art Journal* of exactly ten years ago is a short biographical sketch of a young London sculptor of this name, who was a pupil of Mr. T. Thornycroft, and who died in Australia, whither he had gone on account of his health; but the two men were in no way related to each other.

JOHN JOSEPH COTMAN.

We see the death of this clever but most improvident artist is announced to have taken place on the 15th of March, at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, after a recent operation for cancer in the tongue. He was son of the late well-known member of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, Mr. John Sell Cotman; but his extravagant habits and eccentric conduct kept him always poor; so much so, in fact, that any one meeting him in the streets would consider him to be a common beggar, so destitute was his appearance: still he could always find a market for his works when he chose to produce any, and the money thus earned he would soon squander away.

CLAUDIUS JACQUAND.

The French journals announce the death, in the early part of April, of this painter, who was born at Lyons in 1805, and made his first appearance as an exhibitor at the *Salon* in 1824. He was a portrait painter much in request, and also produced a large number of historical and *genre* pictures, which have found a home not only in private collections, but in several public galleries, as the museums of Versailles, the Luxembourg, Boulogne, Hamburg, Rotterdam, &c. The mural paintings in the Chapel of the Virgin in the church of St. Philippe du Roule are by M. Jacquand.

2 X

KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.



ALTHOUGH a Dutchman by birth and education, Kruseman Van Elten is by adoption an American painter. He has long been a citizen of New York, and although early honoured as an artist in his own country, his highest professional laurels have been won in America. Mr.

Van Elten was born in Alkmaur, a town in Holland, on the 14th day of November, 1829. When a boy, his leisure moments were devoted to drawing and painting, and after having received a good collegiate education, he was sent to Haarlem in 1844 to obtain instruction in painting. On arriving in Haarlem he at once placed himself under the direction of C. Lieste, a landscape painter of considerable local reputation. Mr. Van Elten continued his studies under that master for five years, and made a great many sketching excursions in his company, which brought him in direct contact with nature, and imparted a freshness to his style that is yet the distinguishing feature of his pictures. The earnestness shown by young Van Elten in his studies was appreciated by his master, and the warmest friendship sprang up between them; and Lieste and his pupil might have settled down together for life, had not the former advised the young artist to start out for himself in a broader field. This was unselfish advice, and in accordance with it young Van Elten went to Amsterdam.

He passed his winters in the studio and his summers always in the country, working from nature, and executing a large number of useful studies and sketches. During this period of his early Art career he visited Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the Hartz Mountains in Hanover. He also pursued his studies for nearly two years in Brussels, and afterwards returned

to Amsterdam. Here, however, he did not long remain, for, on looking over the Art field, he came to the conclusion that there was little chance for a young artist to succeed either in Amsterdam or the neighbouring cities; the country was literally full of artists, and only the pictures of acknowledged masters found ready sale. At that time, in 1864, America appeared to be the land of promise, where the taste for Art was rapidly advancing, and Van Elten soon decided to make it the country of his adoption. This conclusion was arrived at in opposition to the wishes of his early friends, and he sailed for New York in 1865. Soon after his arrival he secured a studio in the Tenth Street Studio Building in New York, where he was warmly welcomed by his countryman De Haas and other artists, and he soon made a great number of friends outside of the profession. Mr. Van Elten brought over from Holland a large number of sketches and studies, but since he settled in this country he has greatly



Scene on Farmington River, Connecticut.

increased his collection. He is an untiring worker, and is as enthusiastic in the pursuit of Art knowledge to-day as he was at the beginning of his career. His favourite sketching haunts have been the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, Lake Mohonk, the Shawangunk Mountains, and Farmington River Valley. In 1870, and again in 1873, he revisited Europe, and made tours of the several Art centres of Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, and England. Previously to leaving Holland, Mr. Van Elten received several honourable tokens of regard from his countrymen. In 1860 he was awarded the gold medal at the great Exhibition in Amsterdam for a painting entitled 'The Well in the Heath,' which was afterwards bought by Mr. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia. In the following year he was made a member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam; and, in 1862, elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Rotterdam. In 1864 he was made an honorary member of the Belgian Water-Colour

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Painters' Society, and also of several societies of Art in Holland. In 1876 he was appointed by the King of the Netherlands a commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and, owing to the absence of the Dutch member of the jury on Fine Arts, also acted as juror on that occasion. After the close of the Exhibition, in recognition of his services as commissioner, he was created by the King a Knight of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands. This decoration is the highest distinction that can be conferred on a civilian by the Government of Holland, and has rarely been bestowed upon an artist.

His principal early pictures owned in Holland are, 'Early Morning in the Woods,' in the gallery of the Queen of Holland; 'Sunday Morning,' in the possession of Mrs. Van Kerkhoven, of Amsterdam; and 'Landscape in Gelderland,' in that of Mr. Aretz, of Amsterdam. His 'Grove in the Heath' is owned by Mr. Chesterman, and 'Scene in Hartz Mountains' by Mr. Nichols, both of New York. In 1871 Mr. Van Elten was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design. His pictures exhibited that year at the Academy were bold and striking works,

and entitled respectively, 'Approaching Night in the Shawangunk Mountains,' and 'Morning in the Hartz Mountains.'

To the earnest student of landscape Art, Mr. Van Elten's pictures furnish an agreeable surprise; their originality of treatment raises them above the common Art level, and their boldness and vigour of colouring are not reflected in the works of any of his contemporaries. In his pictures Van Elten rarely composes; he selects his studies with the idea of making pictures, and hence, when finished, they are perfect and truthful portraits of the scenes they purport to represent. Such studies, Mr. Van Elten very justly claims, are not only useful to himself in their original form, but can be understood by Art students generally; they do not represent an artist's impressions solely, but actual views from nature. His studies are also as truthful in regard to local colour as they are in their topographical features. With all of this conscientious vigour shown in Van Elten's studies and pictures, they embody much of that other element, so delightful in landscape Art, which is known as "sentiment." To the exhibition of the New York Academy in 1868 he sent a charming picture, entitled 'Morning on the Meadows.' It was one of those



Twilight.

quiet pictures painted in an earnest pastoral view, with the meadows and shrubbery yet moist with the dews of night, and impressive in its expression of the repose of nature, just before it is quickened into life by the rays of the early morning sun. While Mr. Van Elten is so poetical in his treatment of pastoral scenes, his mountain landscapes are thoroughly identified with the sentiment of primeval nature, and are equally as attractive in their way. He is also a skilful painter in water colours, and is a member of the American Society of Painters in Water Colours, and a contributor to its exhibitions.

We engrave two of Mr. Van Elten's paintings in oil, one of which is entitled 'Landscape on the Farmington River, in Connecticut,' and the other a 'Twilight near Peekskill, New York.' The former represents a scene on the river at noon in summer. It is a quiet day; the surface of the water is undisturbed by a ripple, and the accessories are painted in a corresponding

condition of repose. There are a calm sweetness, a depth of perspective, and conscientious elaboration of detail about this picture which will be appreciated by all lovers of the beautiful. In its composition it shows an harmonious tone, in keeping with the scene in nature.

In the twilight scene we see Mr. Van Elten at his best, and have an example of his art full of truth and original beauty. In the picture the sky at the horizon is of a pale orange tone; but above that, where it is lightly clouded, it assumes a bright crimson tint, while the denser cloud-forms are deeper still in colour, and in effect purple. Over the face of the landscape the shadows of night have already fallen, except on the pool where the cows are grouped, which glows with reflected light. In this picture, too, Mr. Van Elten's patient and forcible style of handling is well illustrated, and its poetic inspiration and sentiment will win for it many admirers.

OUR ART INDUSTRIES.

THE WATCOMBE TERRA-COTTA COMPANY.

By PROFESSOR T. C. ARCHER, F.R.S.E., &c.

FEW persons can have failed to notice, in the shops of dealers in the choicer kinds of ceramic wares, during the last seven or eight years, very beautiful specimens in red terra-cotta, remarkable both for the softness and purity of colour, resembling nearly the antique Samian, and for the very classical forms of the utensils and perfect modelling of the parts not thrown or turned. These are the products of a new industry which owes its existence to a pure accident. G. J. Allen, Esq., a former Master of Dulwich College, has erected a handsome mansion, "Watcombe House," in the picturesque *combe*, or vale, of Watcombe, and whilst the labourers were digging out the trenches for the foundations, he was much struck with the peculiarly unctuous nature of the clay they threw out; and under the impression that it was of an unusual character, he took samples to the potteries of Bovey Tracey, Worcester, and Staffordshire, and obtained opinions after experiments with them, which convinced him that the clay was a valuable, and, in this country, unique, pottery clay.

Geologically speaking, the formation from which this peculiar clay is derived is the Triassic, the towering red cliffs of which shut in this lovely vale all around, except on the sea side, or rather end, for it runs inland from the sea like a dried-up fiord. Watcombe House is beautifully situated on the south side of the combe, or vale, and perhaps above or close to the outcrop of the red clay; from it the vale descends considerably, and in its lowest depth the clay pits are found in the middle of a small field. Here the clay is weathered and prepared for the potteries, which are not far distant. Mr. Allen formed a company of seven gentlemen, who elected him chairman, and their idea seems to have been to develop the resources of the neighbourhood rather than personal profit. They were convinced they had on the spot a most beautiful material, and they did not like that it should be unutilised. Every one who has had to do with potteries knows well what this means. If pecuniary results were alone aimed at, the question would be how much cheap and every-day stuff can be turned out. The chairman of this company and his colleagues were, however, gentlemen of taste, and preferred credit to their neighbourhood and its beautiful surroundings before personal gain, and from the beginning this singular establishment went in for the production of fine classical forms, and when figure modelling was taken up, the best modellers who

could be procured were employed, and some very beautiful results have been obtained. One of the most noticeable has arisen from the ease with which the clay can be diluted, and its vivid red colour toned by the admixture of lighter clays into exquisitely delicate tints, which produce soft, agreeable effects, where as skilfully employed as it is at the Watcombe Works. The productions of this establishment have been received with great favour in this country, and also abroad, and are shipped in considerable quantities to America and Australia. Wherever they go they will do good, for they are always in good taste, and that in spite of their cheapness, which is remarkable. The great success which this pottery has achieved is without doubt due to the twofold qualities of the present manager, Mr. Brock, who with an excellent appreciation of the beautiful is a good working potter, and succeeds in producing work that pays and pleases as well. No pottery, however well established, can afford to despise pecuniary results, and it is well when the æsthetic can be so far mixed up with that view of the question, or occasionally brought in, as to prove we are advancing in that direction. At the Watcombe Terra-Cotta Works, we have already said, besides the purest classical forms and very artistic figure modelling, some strikingly pretty specimens of painting in coloured clays on the terra-cotta surface have been lately executed, and one large painted plaque we have seen from these works, in coloured clays, is worthy of a place in any important collection. It is quite clear that the good taste shown in these works will produce good results; even in the ordinary wares, especially those glazed like the Japanese, there is a simple prettiness which is certain to be appreciated, and as they are very cheap their diffusion will conduce to improved taste amongst those who use them. The last effort from an Art point of view made at the Watcombe Terra-Cotta Works is a kind of fresco painting on plaques of thin beautiful clay. This is the invention of the manager, Mr. Charles Brock, and consists of painting on unburnt tiles with coloured slips, which are partially absorbed into the body, and are, of course, imperishably fixed by burning. The originators of this interesting pottery are to be congratulated upon their great success, but still more upon their judgment in selecting the persons best qualified to work the manufacture successfully.

THE VISIT OF THE FOSTER-CHILD.

M. RITSCHER, Painter.

E. MOHN, Engraver.

TO various examples of German *genre* painting which have appeared somewhat recently in our publication we now add another, and by no means one inferior as a composition or in interest to any that have preceded it. To English eyes such a scene as this seems perfectly familiar, and it might be taken for a visit paid to a cottager in our own country, were it not for some peculiarities of costume, cottage furniture, domestic utensils, &c., which bespeak its foreign origin. The attitude and expression of the little girl who has been brought to see her early nurse are quite true to childhood; she has evidently lost all recollection of her foster-mother, who, with her lap filled with the vegetables she is preparing for dinner, holds forth a hand to give the young visitor a welcome: the latter, however, either too bashful, or too mindful of what is due to her clean white frock and the other accompaniments of being fitted out for the occasion, draws back, half refusing to accept the hand. The old woman, whom we may assume to be now the nurse or

attendant of the little lady, gives an encouraging push with the hand to urge her to do what it is her duty to do. These three figures are, both collectively and individually, good in design and drawing, while an interesting addition to the group is the bare-legged boy in front, who, habited as if he were a juvenile blacksmith, leaves off whipping his wooden horse to examine the new arrivals, the younger of whom is most probably his foster-sister and his playmate of former days.

This painter belonged to the Dresden school, and studied under the special guidance of Professor Bendemann, with whom he executed very excellent portraits, ideal heads, and historical subjects. On leaving his master, Ritscher directed his attention to *genre* pictures, the last he ever painted being that here engraved, which was purchased by the authorities of the Dresden Gallery, where it is now placed. The artist, unfortunately, died about two or three years ago, in the prime of life.







EXHIBITION OF FANS AT THE DRAPERS' HALL.

THE literature of the fan is not extensive. With the exception of an occasional newspaper notice, or a page or two of some magazine here and there, three or four volumes would probably exhaust the bibliography of this most indispensable and familiar object. Three out of the four books referred to are, as may naturally be expected, French; the remaining one is English, and is, by-the-bye, scarcely a book at all, but a pamphlet, or rather prefatorial essay to illustrate the Fan Exhibition held at South Kensington in 1870. It is certainly true that a history of fans, if fully written, would be curious and entertaining.

If we could trace the great events of history down to their minutest causes, no doubt the fan would play a very significant rôle. Think of the Mancini and the Medici, the Infantas, the Henriettas, the Christinas, the Catherines, the Marys, the Annes, the innumerable princesses and noble ladies from the age of Pericles, nay, from the contemporaries of the Pharaohs, to the present hour, and you only exhaust simply the *crème de la crème* of society. Every woman that has ever handled a fan has made her mark in history; she has harried some poor lover's soul, flattered him to exertion, or fluttered him to despair; it is the weapon, *par excellence*, of woman's despotism over man. With this in her hand, no woman should complain of unequal rights, or urge one single plea as to her voice in legislation; she has the making of history in this single instrument. The manipulation of the fan is diplomacy itself. It is true, therefore, that a history of the fan would be a curious history: It is not for us to attempt such a history on this occasion; certainly it is a history of Art; it is also a profoundly antiquarian investigation. For the fan is mentioned in the ancient Sanscrit drama, being an essentially Eastern invention, and probably having run through every variety of form, and an endless kaleidoscope of decoration, before it reached Western civilisation at all.

Not only Egyptian frescoes, but Assyrian sculptures, represent this indispensable instrument, but chiefly as a fly-chaser. Flies of all sorts, mild and malignant, are the one plague of Eastern existence. The Oriental fan, therefore, has no peculiarly feminine attachments—it is as needful to men as to women—but in Europe it has changed its character; assigned to the more delicate sex, it has become an essentially feminine attribute.

It is not our purpose to make the tour of the world with regard to these pretty toys; we therefore pass by the Mexicans and the Egyptians, the Etruscans and antiquity in general, to come to the modern nation, which of all others seems to have gained pre-eminence in the fabrication of fans.

Whatever may have been the excellence of English, Italian, or Spanish work, it is apparently conceded that, on the whole, the French fan bears the palm. In the sixteenth century, the instrument which, during the Middle Ages, had, by monkish writers, been called a *flabellum*, and was afterwards designated an *esmouchoir*, became known as an *eventour* and *eventoir*. It is called by the latter name in Rabelais. At length appears the word *éventail*. *Éventails faits avec canepin, taffetas et chevroton* are mentioned in a statute of 1594. And now the fan becomes an elaborate piece of jewellery. Brantôme mentions one with a mirror inside, decorated with precious stones of great value, belonging to Queen Éléonore. He also tells us that Queen Marguerite gave to Queen Louise of Lorraine, for a Christmas present, a fan made of mother-of-pearl, so beautiful and richly adorned as to be quite a masterpiece, and considered to be worth more than 1,200 crowns, or in money at the present day, the enormous sum of 24,700 francs.

It was in the sixteenth century that the modern form of the fan became general in France, supplanting that called the *éventail en pique*. Italian fans became the fashion at the court of Catherine de' Medici. The court perfumers became the makers and vendors of them. Fans of this period and manufacture were often circular, and surrounded with feathers or a fringe of floss silk. Fans made entirely of feathers were

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the fashion at Milan, Venice, Florence, and other Italian cities. The folded fan, however, was also an Italian invention, and used in Rome, Ferrara, and Naples. In England the fan seems only to have become fashionable in the reign of Richard II. of Bordeaux.

In the seventeenth century fans became the fashion throughout Europe. Coryat, in his "Crudities," mentions some that he saw in Italy very pretty, consisting of a paper mount pasted on a wooden handle, and which could be bought for a groat.

The modern fan may be classed as English, French, or Italian, for the Spanish is merely a variety of the Italian. In 1678 Louis XIV. granted a charter to the fan-makers of Paris, forming them into a corporation or guild. From this time the French fan became in all respects a real work of Art. Frequently the best masters were employed to design or paint the pictorial and other decorations of the mounts, while the fabrication of handles of ivory, pearl, silver, &c., became a distinct branch of industrial art. Le Brun and Watteau, Lemoine and Boucher, Coypel and Lancret, in later times even Ingres, Gérôme, and Eugène Lami, have given their skill to the decoration of the fan. In 1752 five hundred fan-makers found employment in France. Among modern *éventailistes* of renown we must place the names of MM. Voison, Alouise Van de Voorde, Vanier-Chardin, Rodien, Fred. Mayer, and Auguste Buinot.

Fan-making in England, originally incorporated into a guild in the reign of Queen Anne, seems to be again on the increase, and likely to flourish. The modern designs contributed to the exhibition now being held at the Drapers' Hall are many of them of rare excellence. If any particular examples could be singled out, we might name some from the show-cases of Messrs. Rimmel, Henley of Liverpool, the Crown Perfumery Company, Triefus and Ettlinger, and Duvelleroy. But with the exception of the black silk fan, now so fashionable, it will be felt that the defect of modern fan-painting generally is a tendency towards paleness and greyness, arising from the facility with which Payne's grey can be used on the material employed for the mounts. Hence recent work cannot for a moment compare with that of the seventeenth century of France and Italy, or the English work of the eighteenth. A fan attributed to the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Lady Musgrave's collection, is beyond all comparison finer miniature painting than at the present moment any fan-painter seems able to produce. It is as fine as a miniature by Clovio, and will compare with the celebrated victories of Charles V., in the Grenville Library at the British Museum, for sweetness of colour and exquisite refinement of execution. Nor is it the only one in the same priceless collection which would put to shame anything of the present day. The fan of Marie Antoinette, exhibited by the Crown Perfumery Company, is a perfect gem. That in *point d'Alençon* lace, by the same exhibitors, is also a marvellous piece of work. The fan that is said to have belonged to Queen Anne makes one pity her helpless ideas in matters of Art. It is a poor paltry daub, which many a child would and ought to be ashamed of. The mount, a clumsy construction of vulgar tinsel and gaudy lacquer—surely this fan was not the masterpiece of the new guild? Our space, however, warns us we cannot particularise. To go over the hundreds of fans of the magnificent collection now open to the public with anything like a fair and just appreciation is quite impossible. To single out one where fifty deserve an equal notice may appear invidious; yet we cannot pass without praise the admirable design of Mrs. Hugh Rowley. It is said to have occupied that lady and her husband eleven weeks of almost incessant labour. Many others which richly deserve honourable mention we are compelled reluctantly to pass over, but we cannot conclude without expressing our unqualified approval of the present effort to improve the public taste in this branch of industrial art.

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MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. W. F. Yeames, A.R.A., has been elected a Member of the Academy in the place of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. E. Crofts supply the vacancies in the ranks of Associates made by the recent elevation to the post of Academicians of Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Norman Shaw. Mr. Yeames's length of service as an Associate entitles him justly to his higher rank, and Mr. Frank Holl has long since won his spurs on the field of Art, and merits what he has at length gained; but Mr. Crofts is quite a new hand, of whom we heard nothing prior to 1874, and although a very clever painter of battle-scenes, he might well have been called upon to wait a little for Academic honours, when there are several who have been before the public for a much longer term of years, and are certainly in no degree less worthy of distinction than this very fortunate candidate. We mention no names, but they will readily suggest themselves to all acquainted with the annual exhibitions at the Academy.

FRENCH HONOURS TO ENGLISH ART.—In addition to the *médailles d'honneur* awarded at Paris to English Art, to Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Millais, the medals proper have been awarded to the under-mentioned English artists:—Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Alma-Tadema; these are "first medals." The following are of the second class:—Mr. Oules and Mr. Calderon. The following are of the third class:—Sir J. Gilbert, Messrs. Orchardson, Pettie, Leslie, Riviere, and Green.

MR. RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS.—Mr. Ruskin is no longer a young man; if we judge him by his works, indeed, he may already be said to have passed into the patriarchal state, and whatever he says or does now is received with the respect due to a *savant*. The father of modern Art criticism, then, as understood in this country, has, since his happy recovery from illness, conferred another boon upon the public by adding to his Turner masterpieces—which we noticed when first exhibited—a collection of his own drawings—a sort of Art autobiography, in which his admirers—and where are they not?—will take the deepest interest. As in the case of the Turner drawings, these are accompanied by a characteristic catalogue, so quaint, so honest, so touching, and so eloquent, that we are satisfied it will become one of the most prized of his literary gems. Of course all the world has either been or is going to the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond Street, to peruse for themselves this pictorial and written autobiography of a man so gifted and so good. We shall return to the subject.

A BUST BY JOSEPH EDWARDS, although a work of considerable merit, will be little noticed among the crowd in the sculpture passages at the Royal Academy. It will not be so when it reaches its destination in South Wales. It is the bust of an eminent and largely gifted Welsh scholar, Thomas Stephens, and is produced as a compliment from his countrymen, admirers as well as friends of the author of "The Literature of the Cymry." The Welsh are proverbially clan-ish—we cannot say what word they would use to denote the resolution with which they help one another—and that is surely not a fault. They may well be proud of their countryman, Joseph Edwards. There are artists who will make as good busts, but there is no living sculptor who can produce monumental work so pure, so refined, so essentially holy. There seems to be in his mind and soul a natural piety that manifests itself in his work; an outpouring of a lofty religious sentiment; a true conception of what is just and right. There is no one to whom we would so instantly assign the task of perpetuating in marble what is lovely and of good report: he gives a sweet repose to death, and makes the change a sure indication of happiness. Perhaps that is the highest, as it is certainly the holiest, achievement of the sculptor's art. If we desired evidence to confirm our opinion as to the genius of Mr. Edwards in this special and most important branch of

Art, we should refer to several engravings given in the *Art Journal* during years past. The artist is in the prime of life. Yes; Wales may well be proud of the Welshman, Joseph Edwards.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than call the attention of readers of the *Art Journal* to the very beautiful collection of paintings on pottery and porcelain now on exhibition at the Art Pottery Galleries of Messrs. Howell and James, in Regent Street. It contains between six and seven hundred specimens of amateur Art, as well as a large number of contributions from professionals. The amateurs are mostly ladies, and the evident improvement upon previous exhibitions shown in their work this season, and also in their choice of designs, should prove an encouragement to all unprejudiced lovers and patrons of Art, and to the fair artists themselves, inciting them to increased efforts, and consequently to even greater success. Few can visit this collection without rejoicing that a new field has been opened for the employment of God-given talents specially fitting their possessors for this lovely, fascinating, and also remunerative employment. Any new branch of Art that strives faithfully to illustrate the infinite beauty and inexhaustible variety of the ideals furnished by nature should be welcomed; and the gratitude of all lovers of Art is due to Messrs. Howell and James for their exertions to bring this work before the public, and to the royal patrons who have shown so gracious and genuine an interest in the undertaking. The arrangements made to display the paintings to the best advantage are admirable, and nothing likely to prove of benefit to exhibitors is neglected. Specimens sent to the Paris Exhibition have created great interest and admiration among foreigners, and the success of these annual displays seems now assured. Among the works of amateurs, the exquisitely painted portrait of Lady Eva Greville, by the Countess of Warwick, which gained the gold medal presented by her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, stands pre-eminent. 'The Repose of the Reapers,' by Lady Augusta Cadogan (second prize), is remarkable in design and treatment; and Mrs. Nesbitt's beautifully executed and thoroughly natural pictures, 'Golden Eagle' and 'Goat-sucker' (which gained the extra prize in this class of subjects), are specially attractive and admirable among those who have gained prizes; while among the amateurs whose work has been highly commended we remarked 'The Swallow and Cherry Blossoms' of Mrs. A. H. Lee; Mrs. Talbot Coke's 'Narcissus' and 'Iris,' in which the peculiar and beautiful olive green of the background was very remarkable; Miss Franklin's 'Cherry Blossom,' and a very exquisite painting entitled 'Lilies,' by Mrs. G. Weller, the purity of the flowers and the delicate blue of the background contrasted and relieved by butterflies of deep brilliant hues. Among other classes of subjects we would call attention to a very fine 'Winter Scene,' by Miss F. Allen; 'Do you like Butter?' by Miss Sparkes; 'A Deerhound,' by Miss J. Berkeley; 'Rose Design,' by Miss Edith S. Hall (which gained a special prize); and among the numerous very beautiful works of professionals, Mrs. Jay's 'Landscape after Turner,' a very fine copy; two lovely paintings by M. Marx; 'Primroses,' by Miss C. Barnes, naturally and tastefully grouped; and the graceful, charming beauty of Mrs. Mallam's heads, particularly 'Medora' and 'Un Soupir.' Want of space prevents mention being made of many other varied specimens well worthy of commendation.

MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA has, according to the *Moniteur des Arts*, been nominated to a professorship at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Naples. "What a cosmopolitan artist!" says our French contemporary; "born in Holland, naturalised in England, and now an Italian professor."

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & Co. have recently added a new room to their suite of galleries in Pall Mall, which is intended

especially for the display of pictures in oils and water colours. Some excellent examples of both kinds of painting are now hanging therein, including oil pictures by Reynolds, Sir E. Landseer, W. P. Frith, R.A., W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., P. W. Morris, A.R.A., B. W. Leader, S. Carter, E. Douglas, Van Lierus, T. S. Croxford, &c. The last mentioned is a rising young artist, who shows some promising sea-pieces. The water-colour department is represented by such men as Turner, S. Prout, F. Goodall, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., D. Roberts, J. R. Herbert, R.A., J. F. Lewis, R.A., B. Foster, and others. Altogether this new gallery is quite worth a visit.

THE WIDOW OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK will continue to receive the Crown pension which her husband enjoyed for many years before his death. This is a graceful and a gracious act on the part of Lord Beaconsfield. We do not always labour in vain for those we love.

ANGLO-INDIAN CARPETS.—The gigantic establishment of Messrs. Oetzmann, in Hampstead Road (adjacent to Tottenham Court Road), contains a supply of all kinds of articles required for furnishing: from those demanded for palatial residences to such as satisfy the ordinary householder and the cottager there is scarcely a necessary or a luxury that is not to be found in the enormous assemblage—creations of British industry or importations from all parts of the world. Many of them are from what are termed "their own designs," for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, libraries, kitchens, &c. Every want of every class can be satisfied here, not only according to the needs, but measured by the purses, of applicants. Although our visit had a special object, we were conducted through the crowded rooms and long galleries of the establishment, frequently to admire productions of good and true and useful

Art, but more often to see how every need was met that ministered to convenience and comfort. The peer may make purchases here, but so may the humblest artisan; the wants of either, or of the thousands between the two extremes, will be of a surety satisfied. Our special purpose, however, was to examine some carpets and rugs of peculiar production: they are termed Anglo-Indian, Anglo-Persian, and Anglo-Turkish carpets, and profess to be copies of such as have hitherto been obtained from the East—works that, without sacrificing aught of the grace of design and harmony of colours, shall be far more durable, and of greater elegance and comfort as articles of daily use in all households. They are, too, of British manufacture. The manufacturer who enables us to compete with and outdo products previously imported is a valuable help to a universal public, and this Messrs. Oetzmann have undoubtedly done. They have made a better article than the Indians, Persians, and Turks have done, and at much less than half the cost. The thin and comparatively flimsy character, suggesting the idea of "no wear," is not found in the productions we are noticing; the yields of their looms are thick without being clumsy, and substantial without being coarse, while the composition of the design and the judicious admixture of colours (the excellence so largely appreciated in imported works) are preserved in the copies that issue from the British looms. Thus the eye is refreshed, while a very casual examination and "feel" of the productions will convey assurance of their lasting qualities; they are beyond question calculated advantageously to take the place of works hitherto obtained exclusively from the East. We repeat, those who by home manufacture successfully compete with productions previously manufactured in other countries and imported are public benefactors, to whom public gratitude is due.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

WHAT, so far as we have the power of judging, seems to us an exhaustive book on artistic anatomy has appeared from the pen of one who for many years, as Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, and Lecturer on Anatomy at the School of Design, South Kensington, besides holding other analogous appointments, has had no small experience in the way of communicating his knowledge to those desirous of profiting by it.* The necessity to the artist, whether painter or sculptor, of rightly understanding at least the elements of the construction of the human form, is too obvious to require enforcement, and the number of treatises which have appeared in various European languages bear witness to the importance of the subject as an Art study. Mr. Marshall speaks of no fewer than sixty-two such works, nearly all of them illustrated, published within the last three centuries. "But," he says, "any retrospect as to the past relations of anatomy to Art would be very incomplete, were it limited to the record of actual publications; for some of the greatest artists of all countries, especially, however, those of the Italian school, have devoted themselves, more or less energetically, to the subject of human anatomy, without having left any proof of their labours in the shape of books or plates. And lastly," he continues, "it has often happened that artists and anatomists have combined their efforts towards a common end; and, indeed, few facts are more interesting in connection with this subject than the constantly recurring examples met with, of the warmest personal friendship as well of the most cordial co-operation between contemporary workers in the

domain common to science and Art. Relations of this kind existed, for example, between Della Torre and Leonardo da Vinci, Colombo and Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Da Carpi and Benvenuto Cellini," and many others.

Mr. Marshall divides his treatise into three parts, having reference respectively to the Bones, the Joints, and the Muscles, the object being to enable the student really to understand the form, mechanism, and action of the human body. The principles the author has endeavoured to inculcate and simplify in his lectures at the Academy and elsewhere, he enforces here, and in their present form he naturally trusts to reach a wider circle than he has hitherto addressed. The volume is certainly, to the best of our recollection, the most comprehensive and important that has ever passed under our notice, and deserves the close attention of every student of Art. Mr. Marshall expresses his obligations to the Messrs. Nicholls, names which must have been very familiar to the readers of the *Art Journal*, for the skill with which they have executed the two hundred woodcuts that illustrate his volume.

ADMIRERS of drawings by the old masters who visited the exhibition of works of this character, combined with a goodly display of water-colour drawings by deceased British painters, at the Grosvenor Gallery during the past winter months, will find an agreeable reminder of some of the former that were in the rooms in the illustrated catalogue compiled by Mr. J. Comyns Carr,* who has done little with the modern works beyond registering them. The drawings of the old masters are, however, introduced by an ably written sketch from the pen of Mr. Carr, whose know-

* "Anatomy for Artists." By John Marshall, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Professor of Anatomy, Royal Academy of Arts; late Lecturer on Anatomy at the Government School of Design, South Kensington; Professor of Surgery in University College, London; Senior Surgeon to the University College Hospital, &c. &c. Illustrated by two hundred original drawings by J. S. Cutburt, engraved by J. and G. Nicholls. Published by Smith, Elder & Co.

* "The Grosvenor Gallery Illustrated Catalogue, Winter Exhibition (1877-8) of Drawings by the Old Masters, and Water-Colour Drawings by Deceased Artists of the British School. With a Critical Introduction by J. Comyns Carr." Published at the Librairie de l'Art, and Chatto and Windus.

ledge of the subject amply qualifies him to treat of it with appreciation and discernment. Notwithstanding the novelty of the undertaking, the exhibition, we believe, met with considerable success as a whole, but this was unquestionably due to the attraction of the works of our own artists, rather than of the others, which, contrary to Mr. Carr's opinion, we believe the great body of the public care very little about. He mourns over the fact that in the Print Room of the British Museum, "things of exquisite beauty, fashioned with the simplicity of genius for general delight, and never destined by their authors to be weighted with inappropriate learning, are kept from the reach of all but a few professed students, on the gratuitous assumption that the rest of the world have not the taste to enjoy what they are scarcely permitted even to see." We would give the public access, under proper conditions, to these national drawings, were it only for educational purposes; then in due time they would, perhaps, learn to estimate them at something like their true value; but till then, drawings by the ancient masters, such as we saw at the Grosvenor Gallery, must be, if not unintelligible, certainly unattractive to the multitude, who cannot enjoy what they do not comprehend. Take, for instance, three out of the fourteen examples of the illustrations in this catalogue: who, but one who has had the training of an artist, would find pleasure in looking at the 'Classical Composition' by Raffaele, Albert Dürer's 'Angel playing the Guitar,' or Van Dyck's 'Portrait of a Man?' These and similar productions commend themselves only to people who have acquired, by study and education, some knowledge of the Art exhibited in them: it is mere affectation to profess a love of them without such learning.

Mr. Carr's notices do not refer so much to the special drawings which graced the Grosvenor Gallery as to the general character of the schools represented, and the peculiar excellences of the men who are regarded as the leading exponents of each school. So far as relates to the works of the old masters, the main strength of the exhibition is, he says, "derived from the schools in Italy, and to the consideration of a few of the Italian drawings, therefore, this essay has been chiefly devoted."

MESSRS. AGNEW lead as publishers of first-class engravings. Their very admirably constructed galleries in Old Bond Street contain the choicest, best, and most valuable pictures of the British school—continually changing, yet never without works of the highest excellence; but the proprietors augment the debt that Art lovers and the general public owe them by the frequent issue of prints of great worth as teachers of many of the lessons to be derived from Art. One of the pleasantest and best of them is now before us. Few will have forgotten the painting by Mr. G. D. Leslie (worthy son of a good father) in the exhibition of last year. It was entitled 'School Revisited,' and shows a young, but grown-up lady, who is revisiting the school in which her early lessons were learned, welcomed by the little ones who are her successors—wondering and admiring; while memory recalls days of mingled happiness and care, not long ago past. It is a charming theme for the painter, and it has been admirably treated. Few works so agreeable can decorate our English homes. It is a print to give intense pleasure whenever it is looked upon. And what a pretty cottage it is—a very model of neatness, order, and loving lessons that prepare for life. Mr. Stackpoole, the engraver, has done ample justice to one of the pleasantest pictures it has been our lot to examine.

'YES!' Such is the title of an admirably engraved plate issued by Messrs. Agnew. If the theme is by no means so pleasant as that we have but just noticed, its claim to honour as a high-class work of the best Art is unmistakable. But the painter is Millais, and the engraver is Samuel Cousins. A youth and maiden, neither of them over-young, are together: the one puts to the other a question, to which the answer is "Yes!" But he is preparing for a journey—the portmanteau and travelling cap tell us that; and she must wait—the mournful, and not joyful, look of the lady betokens so much; while the gentleman parts as if with a sad foreboding. Hope is no doubt at hand to whisper comfort; it is not among flowers, but behind

a cloud; and those who see the happy pair may be pardoned if they have their share in sorrow rather than in joy. No doubt it is a powerful picture, and there needs no assurance of the merit of the accomplished engraver's copy; but we confess we would rather see the smile than hear the sigh that seems to follow the single word that binds for ever.

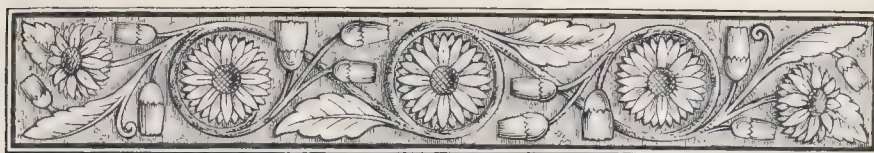
THERE are two sides to most things, and certainly that much-abused "root of all evil" has many good qualities. Rightly used, what sources of pleasure it enables its owner to enjoy! what happiness to bestow! To wealth and leisure we owe the pleasant and instructive book before us—"A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*," by Mrs. Brassey.* Her company consisted of forty-three on board, all told—besides two dogs, three birds, and a kitten, to commence with; a few weeks saw the *Sunbeam* a miniature "Zoo." With such a home party *ennui* was impossible on the loneliest ocean, and the writer's account of her voyage of eleven months is interesting in the extreme, with sufficient of the "ologies" to arrest the scientific reader's attention, and with general descriptions of people of all colour and ranks, from the royal family of Tahiti to the humble Fuegians who stripped themselves of the otter-skin mantles they had on—their only covering—to barter for tobacco, beads, and knives. Between the river Plate and the Straits of Magellan the *Sunbeam* was just in time to rescue the crew of a burning ship, and take the poor fellows on its friendly deck before the *Monkshaven* blazed like a tar-barrel and burnt to the water's edge.

Hotel life in Tahiti seems to have its disadvantages, notwithstanding a very good assortment of choice table delicacies, for Mrs. Brassey tells us how "nasty brown cockroaches ascended the bedposts, and when the creatures became unbearable she fled into the garden, first surmounting a barricade she had constructed overnight to keep the pigs and chickens out of the doorless room." At Honolulu the King's two sisters—married to Englishmen—paid Mr. and Mrs. Brassey a visit. Fish is the staple food of the inhabitants, shrimps being eaten alive, hopping down the native throat quite merrily. The chapter on Japan is very interesting: as Mrs. Brassey truly says, the order of vegetation is as much reversed as everything else in the strange country. "The ground was covered with snow, the stream frozen, and yet on either side were camellias and orange-trees; gold fish swimming in ponds, overhung with maidenhair fern; and hothouse ferns shaded with bamboos, palms, and castor-oil plants. Houses are made of paper, and Arrima is a village of bamboo basket-work." At Hong-Kong the curious natives who persistently clambered on board had to be dispersed by the donkey-engine. A Chinese bill of fare is a curiosity, containing, among other delicacies, sharks' fins, sinews of whale, and bird's-nest soup. The native habit of carrying their pet birds with them when they go out for a walk, and letting them out for a fly and a feed while speaking to a friend, is as novel as praiseworthy.

The illustrations of the book are very beautiful, from drawings by the Hon. A. Y. Bingham. Altogether the diary Mrs. Brassey has kept of her eleven months' voyage in her husband's yacht cannot fail to be interesting and amusing to the public as well as to private friends. May her example be followed by other ladies of wealth and leisure! May husband and wife have their pleasures together and their interests in common! Voyages like these will charm and enlighten many foreign people by the sight of English family life; and the innocent delight and purity of home life, whether on land or sea, may be a lesson they will not easily forget.

MR. ARTHUR LUCAS, now of Duke Street, Piccadilly, has published a very pretty print entitled, 'Now I'm Mamma:' explained by the fact that a little maid has been ransacking her mother's wardrobe, and has donned some of her dresses. It is a simple story, gracefully told by the artist, P. J. Chant, and the engraving is carefully and well executed by Mr. Edmund Eagles. Mr. Lucas aims to give pleasure, and so to obtain popularity in all the productions he issues.

* "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*." By Mrs. Brassey. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*



RESUMING our notice, from last month, of the pictures in Gallery No. V., among those specially commendable are H. R. ROBERTSON'S 'Gleaners' (405) in the rich glow of evening; HARRY JOHNSON'S subtly expressed mist of 'An Autumn Morning' (406), with two men waiting on some beech logs for "the guns;" and a characteristic picture, by W. LINNELL, of 'The Peasant's Homestead' (407). COLIN HUNTER comes boldly to the front this year with two pictures whose merits must strike every intelligent visitor. The one represents a horse and cart crossing the wet sands at 'Ebbing Tide' (409), and the other, 'Store for the Cabin' (417), a boat full of peats moored at the foot of a steep rocky landing-place, down which comes a buxom Scotch peasant girl, that her creel, like her companion's, may be filled with the necessary fuel. Such a subject would have delighted the heart of Mr. Hook, had he ever been fortunate enough to come across it; but it has lost nothing either in force or colour in the hands of Mr. Hunter.

N. CHEVALIER'S 'Eastern Puzzle' (416), four solemn-looking Orientals engaged over a chess-like game; PERCY MACQUOID'S finely painted hound (418), which lies bleeding while his unheeding young mistress reads the letter he has brought her; and KATE PERUGINI'S little boy 'In for a Scrape' (414), are to be commended.

'The Wet Moon, Old Battersea' (433), with boys and some cattle in the foreground, a barge on the moon-reflecting river, and houses beyond, blinking here and there with their yellow lights, is, the visitor will observe, "skied;" and another work by the same pencil, 'An Autumn Sunrise' (483), is treated more hardly still, for it is hung over a picture whose very number in the catalogue we dare not trust ourselves to set down. The painter of these two works is CECIL G. LAWSON, whose two grand landscapes in the Grosvenor Gallery have elicited such universal applause. Another landscape, which deserved a very different fate from that of being hung out of sight, is JOHN SMART'S 'Drumharry Moor, Perthshire' (475), with some Highland cattle in a marshy foreground.

Opposite Mr. Holl's melancholy picture hangs the 'St. Martin's Summer' (465), by J. E. MILLAIS. The spectator stands opposite an attenuated waterfall, and looks up a romantic gorge, which in winter will be filled with a roaring torrent, but is now in its peaceful green and russet quite innocent and inviting. The brush-work here has a wonderfully unrestrained and almost lawless look; but if the visitor falls back to the middle of the room, he will find everything perfectly in its place, and the effect of the whole one and complete. Pictures worthy of being classed with this are J. G. NAISH'S 'Devonshire Trawlers' (459); FRANK WALTON'S 'Four Miles from any Town' (436); W. T. SHAW'S wild sea and clouds (437); E. A. WATERLOW'S 'Head of the Lake' (450); R. MEYERHEIM'S 'Changing Pasture' (471); 'Evening' (448), with its quiet tree-shadowed lake, in which water-lilies thrive, by the accomplished pencil of TOM LLOYD; and 'Abroad—from the Mosque of Sidi Abd'er Rahman to Cape Matifon, Algiers' (480), with its broad, bright, sunny effect, by J. W. INCHBOLD, an artist whose works we should like to see much oftener than we do.

Among the figure subjects in this room are several of remarkable strength and quality. J. WATSON NICOL'S two cavaliers drinking 'To our next Merrie Meetynge' (474), and pledging each other across the table, is worthy the reputation of him who painted last year 'When a man's single he lives at his ease.' Close by hangs one of D. W. WYNFIELD'S charming compositions, showing two ladies, the one in a grey yellow dress, and the other in striped blue, beguiling the 'Sunny Hours' (473) by a wood-bordered fountain feeding the gold fish which swim towards the attracting hand. A. C. GOW'S 'War Dispatch' (444), which a booted and mud-stained hussar has just brought in, and is now being read from the window to the crowd gathered outside the Hôtel de Ville by one of the civic officials, is both a spirited and an original composition. A. H. BURR, in a lowlier social sphere, has been equally happy in giving force and character to the picture entitled 'Music' (452). A mother, who had occasion to be absent from her home, which she left in peace and quiet only half an hour ago, returns to find everything in uproar and confusion. 'Beauty and the Beast' (434), a peacock strutting past, in all the pride of his beauty, a large sow and her litter, is from the pencil of C. BURTON BARBER, who, in our opinion, has equalled, if he has not excelled, in the solidity of his work and the brilliancy of his colour, the greatest masters who made this class of subject their study. In a different key of colour, but no less appropriate to its subject, is L. J. POTT'S young gentleman of last century 'Fallen amongst Thieves' (435), and losing his money at cards to a set of swell sharpers. There is some nice observation as to character in this picture, and a certain air of refinement throughout. W. SMALL has made a most palpable hit with his 'Highland Harvest Home' (468). The picture may be a little careless in parts, but it is a great success notwithstanding. From gay to grave, from the delightful to the *douce*, is but a step; and, if frivolous hilarity has seized on us too entirely in Mr. Small's company, it soon departs when we stand before a canvas of JOSEF ISRAELS, who brings back to our mind the fact that "life is real, life is earnest," in his picture of grave-looking peasants 'Returning Home from the Field' (461). Artistically, of course, Israels is a master carefully resisting the temptation to pun, but in every other sense he is a most melancholy man.

Among the portraits of mark in the room are LOUISA STARR'S 'Henry S. King, Esq.' (438); JOHN COLLIER'S 'Earl of Shaftesbury' (445); and, of course, the various contributions of G. RICHMOND, R.A., W. W. OULESS, A., L. DICKINSON, and R. LEHMANN.

Gallery No. VI. need not detain us long, as many of its pictures, by artists having works in the earlier rooms, have already been noticed. Among such are P. F. POOLE'S, R.A. 'Smithfield' (487), B. RIVIERE'S, A., 'Sympathy' (496), ERSKINE NICOL'S, A., 'Missing Boat' (534), and F. C. JACKSON'S 'Breaking Sea' (549). JOHN FAED'S 'Old Basket-maker' (488) and a little child by an ivied wall is painted in the large, broad style he has adopted with such advantage within the last few years. 'Mabel and Ruth Orrinsmith' (498), by ARTHUR HUGHES, whose works we are always glad to welcome on the walls of the Academy, is hung too high to be fairly appreciated; but his 'Uncertainty' (602), which hangs in Gallery VII., and represents a graceful young lady, accompanied by a magnificent staghound,

* Continued from page 168.

waiting the result of an interview a handsome young man, booted and spurred, is that moment holding with her father, is more within our ken, and we can speak of it unhesitatingly as possessing all that delicacy and refinement of colour and execution for which Mr. Hughes has been long famous.

The place of honour in this room is most deservedly awarded to P. R. MORRIS, one of the new Associates. The work is called 'The Première Communion' (506), and it represents a procession of comely young girls, attired in white muslin, on the quay of Dieppe, singing as, with banners and other church paraphernalia, they wend their way amidst the reverent admiration of the hardy fisher-folk to partake of their first communion. The masts of all the vessels in the harbour are decorated with flags, and the general effect of the picture is that of serene joyousness. The ladies' dresses show a blaze of white which absolutely lights up the room in which the picture hangs, and the singing is almost as audible to the ear as it is palpable to the eye. We regard P. R. Morris as a most important acquisition to the Academy. The similar place on the opposite wall is occupied by Sir JOHN GILBERT'S, R.A., lovely nymphs dancing as they gather the 'May-dew' (550) on a tree-shadowed height overlooking the sea. The colouring is appropriately gay, without any suggestion of gaudiness, and much wider in its scheme than usual. Close by this magnificent picture hangs a modest little canvas called 'Gossip' (551), by J. LANGTON BARNARD, a young artist of whom we expect to hear more yet.

Near Mr. Morris's picture hang two capital sea-pieces, one by HORACE H. CAUTY, representing 'Castaways' (505) in a boat, with one girl standing up and waving eagerly to a distant vessel; the other by R. C. LESLIE, showing an English vessel of the Elizabethan period having 'A Last Shot at the Spanish Armada in the North Sea' (507). R. ANSDALL'S, R.A., 'Forester's Pets' (520), a group of deer following a girl bearing some sheaves of corn, is one of the best pictures, in respect of composition and truth of texture, he has painted for some time. J. T. NETTLESHIP'S 'Wounded Messenger' (519) shows a marked advance in tone and in manipulative dexterity as compared with anything this thoughtful artist has yet accomplished. Nor must we refuse our hearty commendation of two landscapes which embody very successfully the sentiment of evening. The one is by CHARLES MARSHALL, and shows the play of the silvery moon on the water which surrounds a sedgy island; it is named 'Evening Lights' (509). The other is by ALICE HAYERS, and represents two girl companions walking lovingly through a field of oats, in illustration of 'The moon is up, but yet it is not night' (521). Very appropriate also is the low key in which A. DIXON paints 'Eugene Aram' (525) sitting on a felled tree discoursing to the boy:—

"And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain."

The same artist has, a little farther on, a well-composed picture of a group of humble emigrants on a railway platform (546). One of the best landscapes in this room, however, is HUGH CAMERON'S 'Haymakers at Noonday' (554), a man lying on a heap of new-made hay, with three fellow-workers near him of the opposite sex. The fisher-people pulling in 'The Last of the Wreck' (555), with some rocky heights beyond, is from the able pencil of E. ELLIS; but this, like his other two contributions, is most unjustly hung beyond the reach of an ordinary eye.

There are several figure pictures in this room still remaining to be named. Among them is 'The Wayward Daughter' (537), by H. HELMICK, a master of *genre*, whom we are always glad to meet. An oldish peasant mother leans her hand on the table of the presbytery, and discourses to the priest most solicitously about the imprudent behaviour of her daughter; but the reverend father, on looking at the arch, self-possessed countenance of the girl who stands before him, sees at a glance that reform in her case will be rather a ticklish affair; and it is in differentiating the facial expression of the three that Mr. Helmick's strength lies. F. A. BRIDGMAN, who is quite at home in Eastern subjects, and who, by the way, is well represented both in the *Salon* and in the Great International Exposition of Paris, gives a very adequate sample of his style in the girl trying on a

bracelet before the Cairo 'Jewel Merchant' (566). A. F. GRACE'S little boy holding out his cap to the barking dog as it approaches, in illustration of 'Gentleness and Courage' (544), a title not very palpably appropriate, is valuable on account of the beautiful treatment of the landscape.

C. GREGORY'S priest pointing to the cross in his hand, as he expatiates earnestly on the character of the Christian faith to the Ancient Britons whose 'Conversion' (541) he is about to accomplish, is well grouped, and pitched in a low, harmonious key. Nor is his 'Folklore' (1311), which an old woman, as she sits by her spinning-wheel, is communicating to three young girls who listen absorbedly to her story, without a keen sense of the dramatic. Capacity for historic narrative shows itself also in the canvas of T. M. ROOKE. His 'Death of Ahab' (533), with a fine eyeing effect on the distant hills, which look down upon the fray, is remarkably spirited. J. W. WATERHOUSE, who also strains after the higher levels of his art, confines himself to a single figure, and depicts 'The Remorse of Nero after the Murder of his Mother' (547). The tyrant, wrapped in imperial purple, lies prone, but that he supports his head with his hands. The agony of the man is made painfully manifest, and we are the unwilling witnesses of his unutterable remorse.

Gallery No. VII. can boast of several high-class works, not the least remarkable of which is 'Wellington's March from Quatre-Bras to Waterloo' (609), by E. CROFTS, who, along with Frank Holl, who has an admirable portrait close by, has recently been elected to the honour of the Association. Another battle-piece of interest, full of characteristic episode and excellent workmanship, is that of R. BRAVIS, representing the 'Halt of Prince Charles Edward on the Banks of the Nairne after the Battle of Culloden' (584). The scattered character of the composition is in historic harmony with what actually occurred, and the various costumes, both Highland and Lowland, have been faithfully reproduced. This is the most important work the artist has yet produced. Above 'Wellington's March' hangs 'The Prince's Choice' (610), by T. R. LAMONT, a picture, light in tone and light in handling, of a young prince kissing, on the steps leading to his dais, the young maiden of his choice before his assembled court. There is something of courtly grace also, and much of finished workmanship, in EDWIN HUGHES'S 'Distinguished Visitors' (572), a young couple whom we see descending the stairs of a fine mansion, and being received with smiling welcome by a *sonny* housekeeper.

In the same room are two charming little pictures by that master of *genre*, ÉDOUARD FRÈRE. The one represents a boy and girl reading at a window, 'La Lecture' (573), and the other a boy and girl, the latter holding over both an umbrella rather dilapidated and limp, as they proceed along 'Le Chemin de l'École' (649). With the same sympathy for children, F. A. BRIDGMAN depicts a group of them naked, 'Having a good time' (627) on the sands. 'Childhood in Eastern Life' (589), by J. B. BURGESS, A., shows the subject in a very different aspect. A pampered little fellow sits on the couch with his arms full of apples, and is being assiduously waited on by those around him, while a hooded Arab holds towards him a gift of beads, and two little children belonging to the same harem, but less favoured, look on with a wistful longing that is almost painful to behold. The painting of all this is in Mr. Burgess's best style.

For fine execution in the *Gérôme* sense, and sound workmanship throughout, we would point to FRANCESCO VINEA'S soldiers in a vaulted apartment, sitting hilariously round a great wine cask, while a handsome waiting-maid pours out from her jug the bubbling liquor (574). Also to be heartily commended are 'My Grandfather's Courtship' (617), a handsome young couple in a wood, by R. J. GORDON; two lovers 'All among the barley' (613), by E. H. FAHEY; a painter explaining to a young lady the 'Love Story' on his canvas (603), by CHARLES GOGIN; a young lady walking demurely away, watched by the priest, 'After the Confession' (616), by C. WÜNNENBERG; 'Roses and Butterflies' (640), a lovely girl in flowered dress seated by

a laurel bush, by C. E. PERUGINI; 'Darby and Joan' (624), a cosy old couple driving along by a garden wall; and a very charming 'Partisan of the Light Blues' (582), by ANNIE L. BEAL.

'Highland Pastures' (571), a grand landscape, with sheep and a rocky burn in the foreground, is by HENRY MOORE, and in a field, too, which we would have him cultivate; not but what his 'Moonlight' (638) on a grey sea is charming enough, only we think he has done sufficient in the grey-sea vein. Nor have we aught but commendation for ERNEST PARTON'S 'Au Bord de l'Eau' (579), F. W. MEYER'S 'Picturesque View in North Wales' (592), and A. DE BRÉANSKI'S 'Marlow Valley' (596). R. GALLON sends a fine autumn landscape (618); but unfortunately the full effect of the scene is lost from the height at which the picture is hung. Mr. Gallon, however, will gain the line one day, if he only hold his soul in patience and do not part with his courage. STANHOPE A. FORBES'S 'Florence' (631), a handsome young lady of rich olive complexion, in black hat and furred dress, is every way worthy a better place; and J. W. BUXTON KNIGHT'S 'Marshes in May-time' (632) might have been allowed to rest at a lower level. P. ALLAN FRASER'S fine 'Monk Architects' (644) round a table examining plans might also well claim the honours of the line.

Before leaving this room we would name a few more pictures which we find in our catalogue with emphasized marks of approval. These are W. M. WYLLIE'S 'House of Commons, Session 1877' (625); C. W. WYLLIE'S French washerwomen at 'Étapes' (598); 'September' (633), by ALICE HAVERS; 'Good-bye!' (594), a crowded emigrant ship, by C. J. STANILAND; 'Gone Away! a Find with the Pytchley Roads' (607), by JOHN CHARLTON; 'Fisher Folk' (619), by ROB. MCGREGOR; 'An Autumn Walk' (647), a fine evening effect on a reedy, wood-bordered pool, by A. E. EMSLIE; 'A health to bright eyes' (648), by TITO CONTI; and three old gentlemen, one of whom peruses with a professional air the "indenture" he holds in his hand, and discovers what the other two fear or hope for, viz. 'A Flaw in the Title' (650), by E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Gallery No. VIII. is devoted to water colours, but as we must notice many of the artists elsewhere, we can only afford to give it a cursory glance. 'Gathering Sheep' (654) in hay-time, by JOHN H. DEARLE, is very daintily treated; and Miss S. S. WARREN'S 'Early Morning, Exeter' (657), is a nice healthy example of what water-colour drawing used to be. ANDREW MACCALLUM is equally at home in either medium. His fine imaginative work in oil, representing 'A Dream of Ancient Egypt—the Morning of the Exodus' (240), in Gallery No. III., we have already noticed, and in the Lecture Room he has a magnificent landscape, showing 'The Grey of Noon' (998) among the leafless oaks of Sherwood Forest. Turning to water colours, he treats us to 'A Moonlight Trip on the Thames' (658), showing how wide a range of subject his pencil embraces. YEEND KING'S girls washing, 'An Every-day Scene in Brittany' (656), and a similar subject, only with smaller figures (665), by SAM. J. HODSON, are each good in their way, and full of characteristic surroundings. JAMES MACBETH'S 'Sunny Day in the Highlands' (672), a four-horse coach bowling along the bottom of a hill, and a misty day on the pale sandy bent 'At Barmouth' (673), by T. HAMPSON JONES, are both of them excellent, especially as regards local colouring and topography. LEXDEN L. POCKOCK sends a life-sized portrait of a lady reading an illuminated book. It is called in the catalogue 'Aurora Leigh' (676), and is richer in tone, and more satisfying as to intention, than anything he has yet done. E. CLIFFORD'S portrait of 'Mrs. William Gibbs' (678) is, like all he does, at once elegant and lifelike. Another artist who has admirable portraits in this room, but is famous also in other fields, is J. D. WATSON: 'Mrs. Charles Campbell' (655) and 'Miss Flo. Scott' (712) have all the refinement and strength which are so peculiarly characteristic of this artist.

Among flower painters W. J. MUCKLEY maintains his foremost place with such drawings as his 'Narcissi' (760), and is equally effective when he uses oil, as may be seen by 117 and 953. Nor must we fail to mention the 'Purple Iris' (809) of

CONSTANCE B. PHILIP, the 'Striped Azalea-tree' (825) of Mrs. A. L. GUÉRIN, the 'Roses' (772) of HELEN C. ANGELL, or the 'Hollyhocks' (664) of Mrs. J. W. WHYMPER. EDITH ELMORE'S 'Fruit and Still Life' (401) we omitted to mention when in Gallery IV.; we can conscientiously say it is stronger and better than her efforts of last year, and is full of promise for the future. It hangs close to FELIX MOSCHELES'S capital portrait of 'Mrs. Felix M.' (400). 'The hour when daylight dies' (759), by W. PILSBURY; 'A Lonely Valley, Cannock Chase' (773), by B. EVANS; 'Courtyard, Speke Hall' (780), by E. BANCROFT; 'Driving down the Sheep' (791), by J. J. CURNOCK; 'The Bathing-place, Lynmouth' (820), by HELEN ALLINGHAM; and 'Spring at Bute' (765), by N. CHEVALIER, are all works whose mere mention means praise. The last-named artist is author of 'An Eastern Puzzle' (416), the able work in oil hanging in Gallery V., and of the warm, rich-toned, and touching picture of the poor lame flower-girl who has fallen asleep 'Weary' (917) on the pier of St. Leonard's. We are much pleased also with W. S. MORRISH'S 'Moorland Stream' (726), for its fidelity to nature; and with W. H. J. BOOT'S rich-wooded landscape under a twilight effect (692), for the same reason. F. C. NEWCOME'S 'Western Islands, Scotland' (802), with an old castle on a rocky shore; Mother with baby in arms, by a door bowered in roses and honeysuckle (872), by Mrs. SPARKES; and E. BUCKMAN'S acrobat with his child on his back and his wife at his side 'Tumbling through the World' (854) on the tramp, are all excellent. R. PHENÉ SPIERS is well represented by a couple of architectural landscapes, the one depicting the pillared ruins of 'The Propylæa, Athens' (891); the other the 'Temple of Jupiter, Baalbec' (849), to both of which he gives a fine pictorial effect. B. W. SPIERS represents with much dexterous manipulation 'Law and Literature' (826), by a collection of old books and parchments on a table; and OWEN DALZIEL, with special fidelity, treats us to a parcel of 'Old Books' (840). HELEN THORNYCROFT'S 'Martyrdom of St. Luke' (810), whom we see on the accursed tree, is, both in modelling and in tone, an advance on anything she has yet done. J. TENNIEL'S 'Trial by Battle' (830) is at once grand and grotesque, and shows with what ready facility he can turn his pencil to any subject he chooses to depict. There are many other drawings worthy of note in this apartment, but lack of space compels us to hurry on to the Lecture Room.

One of the leading features here is HUBERT HERKOMER'S 'Eventide' (1002), a long room in the Westminster Union, with the female inmates 'cosy and comfortable apparently' at their tea. If the perspective of the room is right—to us it looks as if the point of sight were too high—all the rest of the picture is most masterly, whether we regard its modelling, grouping, or chiaroscuro, although the subject is of a kind with which we have not much sympathy. J. CHARLES treats us to a similar theme (1026), only colder in tone from the circumstance that the two rows of old women are attired in the accustomed blue of the workhouse. Mr. Whistler would probably call it a "symphony in blue;" but these blues, like those of the fisherwives 'Waiting' (968) on the steps of a jetty, as depicted by LIONEL P. SMYTHE, have a tendency to run into each other. Both J. Charles and Lionel P. Smythe impose upon themselves trammels for which there is no occasion.

Opposite Mr. Herkomer's 'Eventide' hangs a large, important, and most interesting work, rich in colour, accessories, and incident, by KEELEY HALSWELLE. It represents 'The Play Scene in Hamlet' (936), and marks a fresh starting-point in the artist's practice. The largeness of the chamber and the wide space occupied by the *dramatis personæ* may be objected to; but even these are not without certain compensating qualities, and it would be sorry criticism which would carp at possible shortcomings instead of rejoicing at positive achievement. Another picture of mark is S. E. WALLER'S cavalier lying dead under his fallen horse, but still grasping 'The King's Banner' (927), while the dappled deer of the park come sniffing curiously round both. The blazing manor-house in the distance is scarcely consistent with the incident just described: we would rather

have that a thing of the past, so that the sentiment of desolation and death might be emphasized without any suggestion of an anti-climax. SEYMOUR LUCAS is another young artist who, in 'An Ambuscade, Edge Hill' (931), asserts himself bravely. Another of the important works in this room is R. W. MACBETH'S 'Sedge-cutting in Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire' (1016), under an effect of early morning. The fine way in which Mr. Macbeth catches whatever is noble in the build and action of a peasant's form is worthy of Mason, Walker, or Pinwell. T. F. DICKSEE'S 'Madeline' (983) unrobing herself by moonlight is the best illustration of the incident we have seen, and we remember the attempt Mr. Millais made.

THERESA THORNYCROFT'S Lazarus approached by the dogs as he lies at the foot of the marble steps which lead up to where Dives and his friends are feasting (984) is the most ambitious, and, we may add, successful composition this artist has yet attempted. There is a classic severity about the treatment of the figures and a Veronese-like character of arrangement, if not of colour—and that, no doubt, will come by-and-by—with which we are greatly pleased; and if the artist does not share this pleasure with us, it only shows that she means reaching forward to still higher and better things. Other pictures which please us in this room are GEORGE SMITH'S 'Soldier's Wife' (942), JOHN BURR'S 'Truant' (921), J. CLARK'S 'Wandering Minstrels' (909), E. HUME'S 'Tired' (940), EDITH BALLANTYNE'S 'Afternoon Tea' (978), H. FANTIN'S 'La Lecture' (955), ARTHUR HILL'S girl about to bathe, shrinking at the approach of an 'Intruder' (914) in the shape of a crab, FRANK DILLON'S 'Japanese Interior' (994), E. S. CALVERT'S 'When the Wind blows in from the Sea' (1020), and CLOUGH BROMLEY'S 'Old Chelsea' (970). Among satisfactory portraits are those of the 'Duchess of St. Albans' (972), by G. E. HICKS; 'Countess of Carysfort' (1021)—whose hands, by the way, Mr. MILLAIS has painted rather slovenly; 'Sir Henry Hawkins' (993), by J. COLLIER, and 'E. Greene, Esq., M.P.' (1012), by F. G. COTMAN.

With the architectural drawings of Gallery No. IX. we need not meddle further than to say that J. L. Pearson, A. Waterhouse, G. E. Street, John H. Scott, John P. Seddon, Bernard E. Smith, R. W. Edis, G. T. Robinson, David Brandon, George Aitchison, A. Peebles, Francis and Saunders, and R. N. Shaw, not to mention several others, are all more or less fully represented. This room, which contains also the engravings, drawings, and miniatures, is more especially notable, perhaps, for the fact that F. SANDYS has in it two chalk drawings. The one is a portrait of 'Cyril Flower, Esq.' (1187), and the other is that of the 'Dowager Lady Buxton' (1231). Among the miniatures

will be found some very pleasing examples by Miss A. Dixon, R. Easton, and E. Moira; but the art is not what it was.

Returning to the oil paintings, which are concluded in Gallery No. X., we find the place of honour most deservedly occupied by F. W. W. TOPHAM'S 'Drawing for Military Service in Modern Italy' (1385). The process takes place in a square inside the palace of Pistoja, and the act of drawing a number is just being accomplished, in presence of the assembled authorities, by a young priest, who, with his hand on his heart and his eyes upwards, breathes a prayer to heaven that he may draw "a lucky number." We have no space to enter into criticism; the work is one of the few pictures of the exhibition, and we tender to Mr. Topham our hearty congratulations upon it.

Other figure subjects of real merit and interest are J. E. CHRISTIE'S 'Introduction of Christianity into Britain' (1390), in which we see some Christian missionaries interrupting a human sacrifice; and W. B. C. FYFE'S 'Raid of Ruthven' (1333), showing James VI. as a little boy weeping at the affront put on him by the stern tutor of Glamis, who seems in the act of saying, "Let him greet on; better bairns greet than bearded men." It is a touching incident, and Mr. Fyfe, we think, has done it justice. We are not altogether satisfied with A. JOHNSTON'S girl attiring herself before her glass, 'Preparing for Conquest' (1323), because we know he can, if he likes, give us something so much more important; and the same remark applies to JOHN BALLANTYNE'S 'Young Cavalier' (1347). With FRANK MILES, on the other hand, we are altogether satisfied, because in depicting the 'Salmon Leap' (1375) at Cenarth Falls, he shows that he can do something else than pencil out the features of pretty women. Delighted also are we with W. J. HENNESSY'S 'Summer Evening on the Thames' (1384), H. FABER BLUHM'S 'Cloud and Sunshine' (1387), and F. B. BARWELL'S 'False Scent' (1350). 'A Mill in Picardy' (1342), by ROBIN JOHNSON, is a very desirable study, and so is the 'Berkshire Cottage' (1412) of Mrs. LUKE FIDES. CHARLES GUS-SOW'S 'Fruit-seller' (1394) is most charmingly modelled, and KATE THOMPSON'S study of still life, 'Après le Déjeuner' (1401), showing glasses, bowls, grapes, flowers, &c., proves her practically acquainted with the art whose beauties in the works of others she so adequately sets forth in her handbook. F. E. COX'S 'Tiff' (1391), F. W. HULME'S 'Pont Ceffnyg' (1365), FRED. E. BODKIN'S 'Come along, Beauty,' &c. (1340), and J. R. WEGUELIN'S 'Labour of the Danaïds' (1405), we must, as in many other instances, be content with merely naming.

A notice of the sculpture galleries is in type, but it must be postponed till next month.

"FOUND AT NAXOS."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

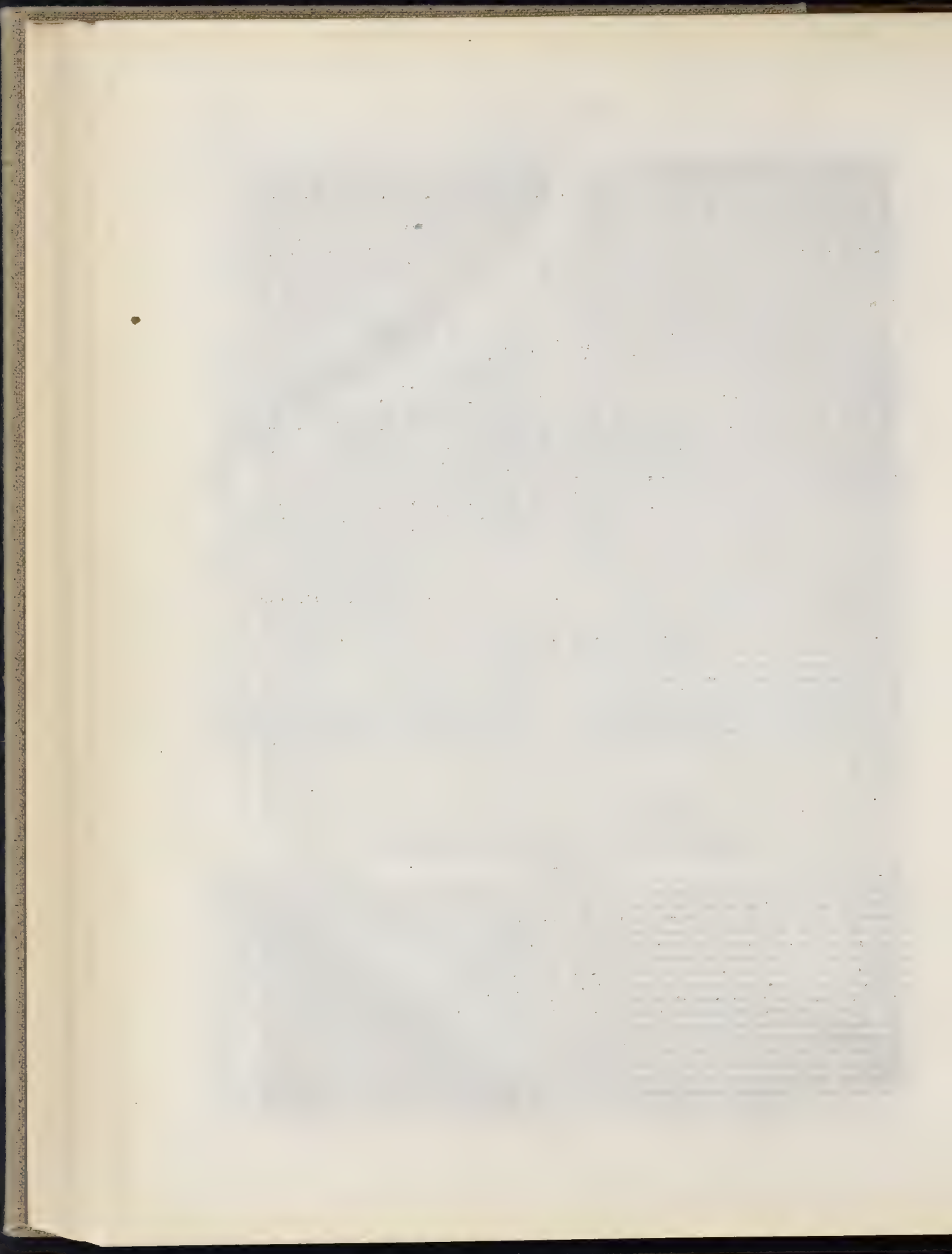
H. WALLIS, Painter.

P. LIGHTFOOT, Engraver.

THIS picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874. Why Mr. Wallis intimated that the little bronze figure which gives the work its title was "found at Naxos" we do not quite see. There were three places of this name known to the ancients, but neither of them appears to have been celebrated for artistic productions. The most famous of the three was an island, one of the large Cyclades in the Ægean Sea, about half-way between the coast of Greece and Asia Minor. It was taken by the Athenians in the time of Pisistratus, about five hundred years before the Christian era, and subsequently fell under the dominion of the Venetians, who built the castle of Naxia, the chief town of the island, and made it the residence of their dukes. The principal deity of Naxos was Bacchus, in whose honour a temple was erected there, it being, as stated by some ancient writers, the place where he was educated, and held in much honour. The artist has associated his picture with Venetian history. A sailor of that country presents a small bronze, which is assumed to

have been "found at Naxos"—the title Mr. Wallis gave to the composition—to the Venetian noblemen, who are examining the "antique" with wonder and admiration. Whoever the figure may represent, it is clearly not Bacchus, nor can we definitely identify it with any one of the numerous personages in the long catalogue of classic deities. As we said of the picture when it hung on the walls of the Academy, "Mr. Wallis has not striven to present to us a picture of deeply significant meaning: he has only embodied certain types of national character in a graceful composition. There is just enough in the idea to create a certain fascination, imitative in some sort of that exercised over the two men attracted by the beauty of the small bronze. The composition is true and unforced. In the attitudes of the two figures we find no exaggeration, and the scheme of colour is a delicate harmony of warm tints carefully distributed over the space of the picture." It is a picture of simple composition, yet most inviting.







NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXI.



FISHING for salmon, and the love which Englishmen have for that grandest of all sports, have led to the opening up of Norway to the general traveller. Our first pioneers, finding how important were the inquiries of the new-comers respecting the sport, where and how to fish, and that the inclination of some led them to try and bid above the others for the waters they had really well earned by their own energy and perception—all this tended to make men on board the good ship *Tasso* rather *taciturn*. (Excuse the approach to an unintentional pun.) This, however, is not surprising, for men are compelled to be reticent when they know the inevitable consequence of giving details of their sport. Nothing will secure success but earnest work, patience, and biding your time for the happy combination which the best rivers can only afford now and then. Why the whole charm of sport would be dispelled if it became a dead certainty, and a man knew he

would kill so many pounds of fish one day, and none the next. No; like the glorious uncertainty of cricket, the uncertainty of fishing is one of its charms; the average of good and bad is equalised, and the old French proverb comes in, that "Patience et longueur de temps font plus que la rage." The noble salmon has become liable to increased and more subtle dangers, within the last few years, besides his old natural enemies. The peasants have new means of torture. First, his foes by nature are the bull-trout and sea-trout, which are the vermin of every river, destroying the spawn wholesale, and even lying in wait for the moment when the female deposits her milt, an instance of which came under our observation. The nets at the mouth of the river are an old institution, but they should be well constructed and supervised; also the "teena," or stage, described in a former chapter, where the bonder is anything but the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft;" still it is an old custom, and we like old customs. So also is the "worm box" which hangs from the peasant's belt as he goes for some trout, or anything else that may be tempted. The worm box is a very primitive construction, its simplicity being well carried out in the birch twig by which it is suspended, and the two pieces of leather through which the lid slides. It is a picturesque relic of old days.

We must now approach the recent diabolical invention of the "otter," which, sad to relate, must have been introduced thoughtlessly by some one who little knew what damage he was doing when, for his own selfish gratification, he fell back upon such unlawful and unsportsmanlike means. Even to obtain food such poaching is unjustifiable. Certainly enough could have been taken for that purpose by fair means. It is of no use, however, dilating upon this; the deed is done, and otters cannot be withdrawn now. If the arm of the law were stretched forth, "les pommes volées" would become more than ever "les plus

disputed if it became a dead certainty, and a man knew he

Fresh Fish *al fresco*.

douces." Then, again, the kindly feeling engendered by good

sport and a certain sense of gratitude frequently leads, at the end of a visit, to a gift of flies, perhaps even of a rod. In one

* Continued from page 164.

case this occurred, and took the following form. The gentleman who had the river gave to Nils his elve wakker, a salmon rod, and flies. Early in the season Nils began to avail himself of the new fishing-gear, and soon wrote home to his benefactor to say that the salmon were coming up the river, he had broken both tops of the rod, and lost most of the flies; would the gentleman kindly send out some more flies and tops to get the river ready for him? We do not think this was done; it could hardly be expected that any man would like all the salmon he killed to be landed with more than one fly, perhaps one in his mouth, one in each fin, and finally one in his tail. What an awful apparition for even the merest tyro! Such liberality does not emanate from real sportsmen or hands; it is simply mistaken kindness. This brings to mind many stories concerning

salmon-fishing. It is often remarked that "truth is stranger than fiction." When an M.P. fishing in Scotland played and held his fish all night, and on the following morning lost him, and a friend of his afterwards killed a salmon with one of the M.P.'s favourite flies in his tail, that was certainly an event, but hardly to be compared with what we are about to relate. In the large rivers of Norway a fishing may extend four miles, and the fishing next to that only three, so that different waters are let to different persons. In the present instance our foreign Izaak Walton was fishing the very top water, and, as good luck would have it, hooked a "stor lax," perchance a forty-pounder. He played him firmly and steadily, but the fish after a time got the gentleman at the reel end of the rod through the next water and the next. Hours rolled on,



A Good Beginning.

yet still down they went, and by the next morning arrived at a shallow part of the river. A Norwegian peasant came up, and despite the national dislike to going into the water, plunged into the river, and walked out with the "stor lax" in his arms—DEAD, and reported that he must have been dead for the *last five hours*. Nevertheless he got him, and a fine fish he was, with one fly in the right place. The Norwegians have a great admiration and respect for a good fisherman. One morning, speaking of the average sport of the river, and referring to that of last year, we inquired if — were a good fisherman. Knut answered emphatically, "No; he is a poor man, a very poor man." We naturally replied, "But in England he is a very rich man." "Ah!" said Knut with strong emphasis, "when he was here he was no richer than we, but the flies bite

him much more." What contentment! no envying, although a latent satisfaction creeps out, which decidedly evinces an under-current of thought.

Trout-fishing has the great charm of taking Piscator into the most lovely and retired spots. The salmon, as a larger fish, takes us to a grander scale of nature. The water of the cheerful little trout-stream is changed for the rushing river, and the comparatively low bank sometimes gives place to a position like that in the subjoined illustration, which was taken from above a grand pool, the Stige-steen, or Ladder-rock, connecting it with the side of the river. Having said somewhat of fishing, let us now turn to the "aldermanic view" of the salmon, and hark back to a happy day when a lady had killed a nice fish, about fourteen pounds and a half, which was to be cooked on the spot: it is

well to observe the process and make a note thereof. Cut the salmon in slices, and boil them for ten minutes; then let the

water in which they were cooked boil on, with the head added; put in a little fresh butter, pepper, and salt, and serve as gravy



The Stige-sleen, or Ladder-rock.

or sauce. With a Norwegian appetite it is perfect, and very simple. N.B.—Fish killed at noon, served at two P.M. This is

fresh fish, and contrasts most favourably with the frozen salmon which travels ice-bound to the metropolis of Great Britain.



Casting.

Evening is the best time for fishing, and the long twilight, which helps the enthusiast for trout and salmon fishing at

eleven or twelve, can only be realised by those who know the glories of the North. It seems a curious thing to take, when

travelling, a green blind to pin up in order to exclude the light when wishing to get off to sleep; still it is necessary at first, although nature is so elastic that she very readily adapts herself to circumstances, when the green blind can be easily given to some new-comer, or lent as a passing boon.

One word in reference to the illustration, "A Good Beginning." It was our last morning; wind, rain, mist low down—in fact, blowing hard. No. 3 was up at five A.M., and found the tentmaster-general had passed a restless night, every coverlet and blanket being knotted, twisted, and twined into the most

perfect disorder. This was attributed to the fact that it was his last night of the season in Norway, and his usually placid sleep had been disturbed with Norsk nightmare. He must have been dreaming of trolls and nörken, and fancied that he was gaffing ogres or bjergtrolis instead of fine clean fish. The weather was the last straw which broke the camel's back—he would not go. "You go," was his rejoinder. So the patriarch, who had always been steadily drinking in nature, went; and this was the result to greet his companions when they came down to breakfast.

THE AUTOTYPE PROCESS.

WE have on several occasions had to direct public attention to the merits of the Autotype process, which appears—amongst the many processes recently invented for the reproduction of the chiaroscuro of pictorial art—destined to stand its ground, and to be to pictures and drawings what casting in plaster of Paris is to sculpture, viz. a means of reproducing them at a very moderate cost. By this process—more technically described in our Journal of March last—we have the means of reproducing, save and except in the one particular of colour, the masterpieces of ancient and modern painting; and drawings in monochrome even in the same colour, touch for touch like the original. Every one with moderate means has, therefore, an opportunity of purchasing at a very small cost faithful records, as far as they go, of his favourite works, either of painting or of design, just as he has of obtaining casts of famous works in sculpture, and of adorning his home with the beautiful. Autotypes, however, have this advantage over plaster casts—they are not liable to fracture, to corrosion, or to discoloration from dust. They may be preserved in portfolios, or they may be hung up glazed in frames. We feel confident that when this process is better known, and the public become aware of the extensive repertory of subjects which the company has in stock in its galleries in Rathbone Place, they will avail themselves to a much greater extent than now of the opportunity afforded of decorating their houses with the faithful records of the finest works of the old masters. We are also persuaded that modern artists will ere long adopt

this process as the best means of publishing their works, as the more moderate cost of reproduction by this method will insure a wider circulation, and consequently a more extended reputation. And if, as some educators are inclined to suppose, the presence of works of Art is in itself sufficient to create a taste for Art, why then they have the means, the facile means, of making every school and college an Art gallery; for not only may the reproductions of individual works be obtained, but entire series of the works of the great masters. Do they who watch over education, and hold that view with regard to the efficacy of Art example to create taste, know what the Autotype Company has prepared ready to their hands?

For many of the modern painters who lean towards the higher phases of Art, and revel in composition and drawing, the process has already had fascinations. At the company's galleries may be found reproductions of the fine works of Poynter, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Shields, &c., as well as renderings of the works of other artists. The tide of artistic favour has already set in towards this process, for there is none other which so faithfully reproduces the work of the artist's hands in a permanent form. With the knowledge of this process the artist is forewarned and forearmed in the preparation of his work, and is ready to avail himself to the full of all its advantages; for he may either commence his work in monochrome, and have it autotyped before proceeding to colour, or he may have a monochrome proof from his picture after it is finished, which he may modify to his taste before he permits it to be reproduced for publication.

MARIE ANTOINETTE ON HER WAY TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

Engraved by H. BALDING, from the Statue by Lord RONALD GOWER.

AMONG the members of families of "gentle blood" who by their talents have shed a lustre on Art as well as on themselves, there is no name standing higher than that of the sculptor Lord Ronald Gower, a younger scion of the Sutherland family, who has latterly made himself remarkably conspicuous by his very clever sculptural works, which during the last four or five years have received marked attention when exhibited at the Royal Academy. His lordship's statue of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette—the courageous and devoted wife of Louis XVI. of France, whose fate she shared on the scaffold at the hands of the lowest of the revolutionists and regicides, though not till after the death of the King—was contributed last year to the exhibition of the Academy, where it received the homage due to it, and found scarcely less acceptance than did his more striking, because more dramatic, figure of the dying French soldier which had for its title, "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas."

The sculptor has imparted a dignity approaching to the sublime to the daughter of the Emperor Francis I., as she leaves her prison, on that 16th of October, 1793, looking with pitiful contempt on the wretched rabble surrounding the tumbrel or cart which conveyed her to the place of execution. An accomplished and beautiful woman, Marie Antoinette was kind-hearted and lovable. Thoughtlessness was said to be the greatest fault that could be attributed to her, and it caused much slander on several occasions, though without any shadow of truth. During all her troubles she showed herself every inch a queen, her courage remained unshaken, and her heroic fortitude won the admiration, and often disarmed the malice, of those of her enemies who were not utterly brutalised. In the stately figure Lord Gower has produced we recognise the embodiment of many of the noble qualities of the daughter of Austria, as they are recorded in the history of the great French Revolution of the last century.





MARGARET, DAUGHTER OF KING WAEL, THE FIFTH, PAINTED BY

JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.R.I., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., F.R.S.W.

THE FRENCH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, CHAMPS ELYSEES.

IT might be supposed that the important national demonstration in the Palais de l'Industrie, presenting an array of 2,330 paintings, with their usual auxiliaries, would be doomed to indifference or disdain under the shadow flung upon it by the myriad muster in the Champ de Mars. Any such conclusion would be rash, and in truth unsustainable. There can be no doubt that many of the veterans of the French school devoted themselves to the vastly thronged competition of the Champ de Mars; but it will not be found that exhaustion consequently characterizes the lesser reunion. On the contrary, there will be noted in it, on close and candid scrutiny, a considerable collection of highly interesting works, by which it will be emphatically proved how high the average line of merit prevails in the French school. M. Doré holds two of the positions of honour with vast and infelicitous canvases. It is surely time for this most daring of experimentalists in the creations of sacred epic Art to be assured that they are not to be thrown off as rapidly as lunar revolutions, with a poor mockery of conclusion. Thus is it with his 'Ecce Homo.' This subject constitutes one of the most trying difficulties of the artist, inasmuch as it involves the portrayal of the features and physiognomy of the God-Man under the most exquisite torture of the scourge and the crown of thorns. In every conceivable combination of expression M. Doré is vigorous of hand, but unrefined, with much, too, of a commonplace mode of colouring. This remarkable artist was, however, visited by a very superior and touching tone of conception when he represented the Christian Martyrs in his picture, which gives interest to the Champ de Mars collection.

Two pictures of nobly ambitious *verve* here strike the spectator in the Champs Élysées. The first is 'Jesus calming the Tempest.' In size and treatment it emulates 'The Wreck of the *Medusa*;' like this, it represents a broad swell of the tempest-tossed sea, the canvas of the fisher's boat all torn and being swept away, the crew terror-stricken, while the Great Master stands grandly aloft amid the turmoil, and commands the return of calm and safety. The second is 'Componere Fluctus,' which comes from a young hand, but one that reflects much honour upon the school of Cabanel—that of M. Betsellère. In rivalry with these is M. Perrier's admirable canvas of 'St. Agnes—Martyr.' The subject is most happily composed: in the centre we have the ascending young martyr rescued by the avenging angels, who sweep down to scourge the Comus crew by whom she seemed destined to be grossly victimised. An elevated and refined work of Art is here truly realised. Moreau de Tours, another pupil from the school of Cabanel, develops a most promising ambition in the tragic theme of 'Pelias slain by his Daughters.' As a draughtsman and colourist he gives high promise, but in developing his subject he is not proportionably discreet; he could scarcely inform us upon what suggestion of propriety or probability the daughter who occupies the foreground is entirely disrobed. Maignan's 'L'Amiral Carlo Zeno' is painted with much force and feeling. The military element may be considered as exiled from this collection, except in the solitary instance of a ghastly portrait of the first Napoleon, in which the hopeless but ever-menacing aspect of the Titanic antagonist of fortune is stamped with an icy chill. This is a powerful conception of M. Monchablon.

Among the less serious contributions to this collection may be noticed, with highly amusing admiration, 'Le Maître Peintre,' by the Belgian, M. Verhas. This surely illustrates how genius may give elevation to the simplest theme. Here are grouped round a marble table several children, all rendering the gayest observance to the youngest of the flock, who solemnly assumes the action of the master painter giving his lesson. The humour of the scene is realised with a singularly refined artistic pencil.

The 'L'Amour Berger' of M. Maillart is very delicately painted, and in quite a poetic vein. So also is Saintpierre's 'Saadia,'

the happy Oriental maid, correctly drawn and richly coloured. Ranvier's 'La Chute des Feuilles' playfully makes the rich coil of a young maiden's hair fall round her in golden undulation—sympathetic, as it were, with the glowing autumnal scene in which she stands.

M. Dubufe's 'St. Cécilia,' in which, under the influence of an angel's voice, the saint may be thought to "languish into life," is treated with expressive power and refined feeling, from which may be anticipated a rich hereafter.

The 'St. Sebastian' of Antoine A. Abert takes a good place amongst the higher inspirations of this collection, to which may be added Landelle's 'Isménis, Nymphé de Diane,' the 'Mort d'Actéon' of M. Hermann-Léon, the 'Jeanne d'Arc' of M. Du Motel, and M. Luminais' thoroughly vigorous and masterly 'Chasse sous Dagobert.'

Among the many meritorious portraits in this exhibition will be found Cabanel's two graceful and prepossessing figures of a 'Madame' and 'Mademoiselle;' the vigorous presentment of the 'Duc Decazes' and the 'Baron de Montesquieu,' by Mademoiselle Jacquemart; and Chaplin's graceful, spirited, and brilliant canvases of two ladies. The names of Hirsch, Dupuis, Duran, Doucet, Cot, and Cotti may likewise be mentioned as deserving considerable approbation.

M. J. Goupil is, as usual, fanciful in his theme and brilliant in his most promising pencil. Greatly as the French school of Art has carried out its regenerative reformations, in no one direction has it manifested so ardent a zeal in so salutary a course as in landscape. Nature is the sole guide to which it now yields obedience. The evidence of this is obvious on every side, leaving impressions of the most satisfactory kind on the observant spectator. In this religion of Art, Fontainebleau, in all its antique grandeur, becomes the cherished temple; and unique devotees, in numbers unlimited and incessant, may be noted in solitary worship amongst the primeval grandeur of its profound solitudes. How they have discharged this inspiring duty is amply evinced on the walls of these galleries. M. Guillemer gives us admirable counterparts to a certain 'Intérieur de Forêt' and 'La Plateau de Franchard,' with a vigorous force of foliage which reminds us of Hobbema's most masculine touch. Thus also Palizzi's 'Forêt de Fontainebleau—Hiver.' This artist comes from Italy to pay homage to his *alma mater*; and likewise from Florence we have M. Simi, who presents us with his impressive reminiscences of a scene wherein moss and fern, huge fragmental rock, and such a tree as 'La Reine Blanche' are, with all their delicacy and breadth of tint, brought into requisition. Fontainebleau does not, however, monopolize the interest of our landscape scenes. César de Cock's 'Petite Rivière à Pont l'Évêque' is a charming work from its true illustration of chiaroscuro. Van Marcke's 'Le Gué de Monthiers—Normandie' is something truly rich and rare; and as much may be affirmed of Dameron's 'Au Bord de l'Aven' and Rodrique's 'Coin de Forêt.'

To turn to illustrations of the sea, M. Sang displays his powers in that quarter by a most spirited storm off the coast of Jersey, in strong contrast with which is Mesdag's calm off Schevening, in which sea and air are equally clear, and in truest perspective of colour, while the luggers ponderously move out seawards. An English artist, Mr. T. S. Croxford, shows a clever sea-piece, a 'View of the Great Orme, Llandudno,' a fresh breezy scene.

The names of Coquand, of Courant, and, indeed, of several other artists, might be presented with well-merited encomium to our readers; but the various demands upon our space compel us to restrain our critical notices. The same reason prevents our entering into any particulars respecting the noble sculpture department of this annual exhibition, which we the more regret to withhold as it contains many works displaying unequivocal talent, and well deserving a tribute of praise.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The second summer exhibition at the Albert Institute, which opened on May 25, is superior to its predecessors in respect to the quality of the pictures, while the "loans" include specimens by W. P. Frith, R.A., Linnell, Rosetti, Corot, Sir N. Paton, R.S.A., J. Faed, Herdman, Cattermole, &c. No work appears direct from Royal Scottish Academicians, but there is a considerable sprinkling of the English and foreign element. Of the seven hundred and forty pictures exhibited, three hundred and two are in water colours, and among these may be included an unusual number of feminine productions, chiefly associated with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and such light elegant themes. For ladies, therefore, *par excellence*, and for all young artists, the Institute bids fair to verify its original promise, the proof being found in the fact that so many of the best pictures are from time to time being sold in the gallery. In a notice, necessarily of the briefest, we can only make commendatory allusion to one or two, viz. Duivée's 'By the sad sea waves,' a girl in tattered garments leaning on a rock, a touching study of utter desolation; 'A Corn-field,' by J. D. Scott, charmingly fresh; sheep 'Stragglers' through a mountain path, by A. East, admirably toned; 'Motherless,' an old man fondling a voluminous litter of young pigs, racy and humorous; 'Break in the Clouds,' by C. Stewart, a fine sky effect on a Highland loch; 'The Wasp,' by J. Davidson, boys ministering to a companion writhing under the envenomed sting; 'River Scene,' by Savry, recalling the dewy sweetness of Corot; 'An Idea,' by D. Vallance, a grotesque figure, book in hand, on whose dull brain a faint light just breaks; three creditable figure subjects by J. M. Bowkett; 'Deborah,' by H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., superior in colour; and 'Tropical Leaves,' by H. Boyle, a remarkable display of vegetable formations characterized by hues the most brilliant. There is no sculpture. The winter exhibition opens in November.—A large and very interesting collection of water-colour pictures by our leading artists has been on loan at the Museum of Science and Art.

BRADFORD.—The Art Society of this Yorkshire town has opened its eighth annual exhibition of pictures in one of the large rooms of Manningham Hall, with a collection of works of fair average quality, to which the President, Mr. J. Sowden, contributes no fewer than nine water-colour pictures. We may notice that the far larger number of works exhibited are in this medium, there being but thirty oil paintings; and of these Mr. J. Gelder shows his industry by sending twelve, besides several drawings, all varied in subject.

DUBLIN.—The monument in honour of Daniel O'Connell, for which the late Mr. Foley, R.A., received the commission some years ago, is to be executed by Foley's pupil and assistant, Mr. T. Brock, to whose hands Foley's model has been transferred. Foley was paid for his work £2,000, and his successor is to receive £10,500 for its completion: not by any means a large sum considering the size and character of the monument, which was fully described in the *Art Journal* for January, 1868. The committee for seeing the work carried out has recently adopted the formal contract as here announced.

MANCHESTER.—The exhibition which has been open to the public at the Royal Manchester Institution during the last three months, in aid of the new building for the Manchester School of Art, included, among a valuable collection of oil pictures and water-colour paintings, a very large and interesting display of Art works of almost every kind in porcelain, metal, carved wood, tapestries, &c. A catalogue of the whole is in our hands, but our space is otherwise so occupied that we cannot enter upon any details.

OXFORD.—At the recent opening of the new dining-hall and library at Keble College, the portrait of the Rev. John Keble, by Mr. G. Richmond, R.A., and presented by him to the College, was unveiled, as was also Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World,' the gift of Mrs. Combe.

TAUNTON.—The Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society opened in the summer months an Exhibition of Engravings in the Great Hall of Taunton Castle. The collection got together was very varied, and contained examples of most of the best-known masters, both ancient and modern: the number of specimens of every kind, including line engravings, mezzotinto, aquatint, woodcuts, and lithographs—for the collection embraced all these—reached upwards of twelve hundred. We noticed in the catalogue that complete copies of the 'Turner Gallery' and the 'Vernon Gallery,' originally published in the *Art Journal*, were among the exhibited works, which were all lent by gentlemen and ladies resident in the locality. A carefully compiled catalogue of the list of engravers, chronologically arranged, with some prefatory remarks on the different styles of engraving, has the name of Mr. W. E. Surtees prefixed to it; this gentleman was a contributor of numerous examples. It is satisfactory to find such an object entered upon and successfully carried out, as it appears to have been, in a quiet, yet picturesque, town in the West of England.

OBITUARY.

JEAN PIERRE A. ANTIGNA.

THIS French painter, one of good reputation, died about the end of February last, in the sixtieth year of his age; he was born at Orleans in 1818, and studied painting first under M. Salmon, a professor of some note in that city, and afterwards under Norblin and Paul Delaroche. He was a *genre* painter, and had a prolific pencil, for he exhibited no fewer than fourteen pictures in the International Exhibition of Paris in 1855; among these was 'The Conflagration,' bought by the late Emperor of the French at the *Salon* of 1850, and now in the Luxembourg collection. M. Antigna's 'Children dancing,' also the property of the French Government, and his 'Daughters of Eve,' were contributed by the artist to our International Exhibition of 1862. In the French Gallery, Pall Mall, were hung, in 1866,

his 'Young Student' and 'A Child playing with a Doll.' He gained a third-class medal for his pictures exhibited in Paris in 1847 and 1865; a second-class medal for those he showed in 1848; a first-class in 1851; and he was decorated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for his contributions in 1855.

FRIEDRICH PRELLER.

This German artist, well known in his own country, died at Weimar on the 24th of April: he was born at Eisenach in 1804. His principal productions, other than easel pictures, are seventeen frescoes in the Weimar Museum, executed for the Grand Duke of Saxony, the subjects taken from the *Odyssey*: the cartoons for these works were seen in our International Exhibition of 1862.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

It would appear that Mr. Cave Thomas put forward a project for a Grand Central Technological College and branch schools in 1851, to which he proposed that the surplus fund of the first Great International Exhibition should be devoted; and this, it should be remembered, before a brick of the South Kensington Museum was laid. The pamphlet setting forth this project was accompanied by scheme plans, and we noticed it at the time as one too complete and grand to have a chance of being carried out. Mr. Thomas may, therefore, be said to have been the pioneer of the technical notion, but those who have not studied the matter so deeply as he would run that notion to extremes, and misapply it.

In sundry letters on the above subject, addressed to the Editor of the *Daily News*, he states that he is not opposed to technical education when properly directed, but that he is to that movement "which would lead the workman to suppose that any extraneous course of technical instruction can be a substitute for the functions of the workshop and the practical training of the eye and of the hand, and to the notion that a knowledge of the sciences is calculated to improve the workman's skill in handicraft, the fact being that excellence in workmanship is dependent upon quite other qualifications than those which the knowledge of the sciences can confer.

"Good workmanship comes of natural aptitude developed by long training of the mind, the eye, and the hand in a special groove. *Labor et ingenium* is the principle of excellence in the humbler forms of workmanship, as it is in the highest form of workmanship—the Fine Arts. Excellence in handicraft depends on the mechanism of the humanity being perfectly developed, and not upon scientific knowledge, or how could the finest workmanship have been produced in past times, and before the physical sciences were propounded? It is not the workman who requires an intimate acquaintance with the sciences, but the master, the director of labour, the inventor." Mr. Thomas does not say that it would be a disadvantage to the workman, that "his intelligence would not be improved by a general acquaintance with the sciences, and by some degree of insight into the physical constitution of nature; but that general knowledge, and that degree of insight, could be obtained from popular lectures."

Mr. Thomas says, "It may at first sight appear somewhat ungracious to suggest that any class should not acquire the knowledge of all that it is possible to know. But we have to recollect that our mental as well as our bodily powers are limited, and that if we diffuse our intellectual force over too large an area, attempt to acquire the knowledge of too many subjects, it will be at the expense of that power of concentration which is so necessary for the successful prosecution of a speciality. The aim of education, therefore, should not be to make men omniscient, but to teach them how to use their mental powers with the greatest advantage, in the most economical way. We require a science of educational economy as well as of political economy. Now as good workmanship depends upon the perfection of the human being as a piece of vital mechanism, the aim of education should not be to cram with scientific knowledge, but to afford that kind of mental and physical training which tends to perfect, to fully develop the man.* This should be, beyond all other considerations, the primary object of education, and more especially of the education of the workman; for such an education aims at perfecting that mechanism, that instrument which is to effect all kinds of work, and which, it stands to reason, it will be unable to do well if it be left imperfect and out of gear. If, then, we were to steadfastly aim at establishing an education of this kind, we might safely leave technical education to take care of itself. It

is fallacious to suppose that a knowledge of the sciences adds any new faculty to the mind. There are precisely the same mental faculties now as there were before physical science loomed upon the world. In fact, physical science owes its being to these very faculties, which are a part of the constitution of our intellectual nature, and it may be affirmed that the possession of scientific knowledge has not, in the aggregate, improved human workmanship. Painting, sculpture, decoration, furniture, gold and silver work, &c., were finer before than since the era of physical science, and I attribute this result to the ascendancy of the notion that the acquisition of a quantity of knowledge is more important than a formative training." He holds, too, that professional or "technical education should not be provided by the State, but that its acquisition should be left to the discretion of the individual, and to be purchased by the individual. There is danger in providing too many go-carts for humanity; they are likely to leave it, as they do children, 'rickety.'" That institutions should be founded where special scientific knowledge could be obtained there is very little doubt, and it was under this conviction that his project for a central polytechnic college was put forward.

Mr. Thomas says, "I have over and over again attempted to show that the prevalence of technical institutions, of State workshops, on the continent is due to an endeavour to improvise, by a forcing process, special classes of artisans, in order to compete with English workmanship. They are, however, at best but poor substitutes for the well-organized English workshop; and if we desire to maintain the excellence of English workmanship we must take care not to interfere with the legitimate functions of that institution of which we may be so justly proud. It would, nevertheless, be well if the master and the workman would themselves watch over and guard it from decadence.

"What is the use of political economy to our technical educators, who have not yet learnt the first principles of that science, viz. that the nature of the production depends upon the nature of the demand? The finest manufactures and the finest Art were thus produced, and not by museums and technical institutions. We may pile up these *ad infinitum*; but without the discriminating demand and the liberal encouragement it will be all in vain. England must no longer tolerate fluffiness in thought and word, but revert to her ancient thoroughness. The Trades Guilds might in several ways perform very useful functions, by obtaining information on all that is being done abroad in the different crafts, by collecting books, engravings, sketches, &c., by arbitrating in trade disputes, by offering prizes, by combining to found an annual exhibition of fine specimens of workmanship, &c. These are clearly defined and useful objects, which it would be far better to aim at than some more ambitious scheme of which the aims and purposes are anything but clearly defined."

Some persons are apt to arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Thomas's views about demand and supply are invalidated by instancing Homer, Shakspere, Milton, Newton, &c. But even in a close examination of these instances we believe the economical law would be found to hold good. It may be true that great intellects have occasionally occurred "before their time," and the world has had to grow up to them. But it should be recollected that there is a *latent* as well as an active demand. Every great intellect knows that truth is demanded by the world, though the world may not be prepared to apprehend it, and may doom their prophets to death. But men of this order are not technical workers, but workers in pure intellect. When consummate thought has to be combined with consummate technical skill, as in the Fine Arts, we always find the greatest men at the culmination of the epochs, and as the result of demand and progressive development. The great artists of the Grecian and of the Italian epochs occupy precisely the same relative position in those epochs.

* Mr. Thomas's views in detail of what this should be are contained in his little book, "Symmetrical Education," Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—The Commissioners or Fine Art Committee of the Paris Universal Exposition had, with taste which does them infinite credit—although the feeling has not altogether been reciprocated by the Germans, seeing that their special Art Catalogue is the only one in the whole of the Exhibition not written in French—rejected certain battle pictures by French artists relating to the Franco-German war, lest they might give offence to their late foes; but Messrs. Goupil & Co. have very properly thought that master works by such men as Berne-Bellecour, Detaille, Dupray, Neuville, and Protais are not to be altogether set aside out of deference to any set of men or of sentiments. They accordingly threw open their gallery in the Rue Chaptal, and on the private view day of the works of these artists it was crowded from morn till night, and will doubtless continue a centre of attraction throughout the whole of the season. We have no space to enter into details, but we may name the following as more than ordinarily realistic and dramatic: a battalion of foot-soldiers 'Reconnoitring' in a village in the winter-time; 'The Retreat' of the French with bag and baggage through a snowed-up wood, in which lie thickly strewn the bodies of dead men and horses; and a 'Recollection of the Grand Manceuvres,' with some peasants on the top of a haystack watching the battle, and some officers and men behind it. These three are by Detaille. 'The Defence of Bourget' by the French, 'The Intercepted German Courier,' and a 'Surprise of a French Detachment at break of day by the Prussians,' are by Neuville, and are as full of stirring, warlike incident as those already named. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Goupil & Co. will send this splendid collection to their London gallery, that English stay-at-home people may have an opportunity of seeing works so full of life and energy at their grimmest, and death at its ghastliest.

Mr. Everard, whose noble collection of modern pictures in Coventry Street, Leicester Square, we have noticed on a former occasion with marked approval, has opened also a gallery in the Boulevard des Italiens, at one of the most central points in Paris. The collection consists of high-class works lately painted by such artists as the Spanish Domingo and Diaz, the French Meissonier and Roybet, the Italian Boldini and Palmaroli, the Belgian Willems, and the like. Meissonier's 'Sentinel,' in the cocked-hat and white leggings of the First Empire, keeping guard on a rocky height overlooking a calm sea in which the blue of a summer sky is reflected, is one of his latest and one of his most broadly

treated figures. Domingo is represented by a work more important still, depicting a 'Halt' of cavaliers before a red-tiled *auberge*, within the roughly curtained entrance of which some boors are seen drinking at a table. Beyond a wall which partly bounds the picture on the left is seen a willow-shaded river, and in the foreground a pool and some fowls. The manner in which the cavalier's dog eyes askance, with an accompanying snarl, the dog belonging to the peasant, is almost audibly represented, and the spirit as well as some of the details are suggestive of Wouverman and Teniers at their best, only we have here a breadth and a delicacy unknown to these great artists. The picture is about twenty-four inches by eighteen, and the Viscount D'Opia of Spain has just purchased it from Mr. Everard for 80,000ff., a sum equivalent in English money to £3,200.

CINCINNATI.—An institution under the title of the "Women's Art Museum Association of Cincinnati" was formed early last year in that city, having its respective committees of Finance, Entertainment, and Publication, each under the sole management of ladies: all the officers of the society, the president, vice-presidents, treasurer, and secretaries, are also ladies. The objects of the Association are, as we learn from a copy of its rules, which has been forwarded to us, "the cultivation and application of the principles of Art to industrial pursuits, and the establishment of an Art Museum in the city of Cincinnati." The first-fruits of this organization were an exhibition, on loan, of an extensive and very varied collection, "drawn exclusively," as the catalogue we have received informs us, "from the homes of Cincinnati and its suburbs, no public collection or museum having contributed to it." And certainly, as we glance over the objects named in the list, there seems to be no lack of objects of Art and industry among the citizens of the place, in porcelain and the ceramic arts generally, jewellery ancient and modern, metal-work, rich textile fabrics, engravings, a few paintings, early manuscripts, printed books, &c. The money raised by the Association, by subscription and otherwise, will go to forward an "Art Museum Fund."

NUREMBERG.—Herr F. Fraenkel, of this place, has just completed a large engraving on steel of Van Dyck's famous altarpiece in the Church of St. Giles, Nuremberg, representing the two Marys and St. John mourning over the dead body of Christ: the painter's monogram appears in the picture between the feet of our Saviour.

ON THE LLUGY, NORTH WALES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

B. W. LEADER, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

THE works of this painter are, for the most part, so closely identified with the beauties of pastoral scenery at home, that we care not, comparatively, when he shows us, as he has occasionally done of late years, pictures of the mountainous regions of Switzerland, or the fertile valleys and the pleasant villages of the same country. Mr. Leader is certainly one of the most acceptable landscape artists—we are speaking of his oil pictures—now among us, and his representation of scenes in his native county, Worcestershire, or in those parts of North Wales which lie contiguous to it, are, from his happy yet perfectly natural method of treatment, works that commend themselves most highly to every admirer of English landscape.

The picture here engraved has never been exhibited: it was purchased off the artist's easel for the purpose of being introduced into the *Art Journal*, and a more picturesque combination of

natural objects, mountain, wood, and river, could rarely be met with on a comparatively small yet most comprehensive scale. The view is taken from the banks of the Llугy, about a mile below Capel Curig, showing prominently Moel Siabod, nearly two thousand feet in height. There is a small island, covered with birch-trees, in the river, and some venturesome persons have managed to reach it, and appear to be enjoying a kind of picnic by the waterside. The Vale of the Llугy extends about six miles in length, the banks on each side are richly wooded, while the magnificent mountains of the Snowdon range are full in view, adding grandeur and sublimity to the view. Not very far from the scene here represented is Bettws-y-Coed, the favourite haunt and paradise of landscape artists. We may remark that Mr. Leader painted his picture on the spot, making it thereby a complete portrait scene.





MINOR TOPICS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—It is stated that the late Mr. George Mitchell, of Bolton Street, Piccadilly, has bequeathed to this institution twenty oil paintings, twenty pieces of old plate, his collection of snuff-boxes, and several drawings in crayon by Polish artists.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—A marble bust of the late Earl Stanhope has been presented to this gallery by his son, the present earl. It is a copy, by H. H. Armstead, A.R.A., from the original at the family mansion, Chevening, near Sevenoaks, executed at Rome in 1854 by Lawrence Macdonald.

THE STUDY OF ANCIENT ART.—A memorial, signed by the head masters and many of the professors of our chief public schools, has been presented to the Earl of Beaconsfield with reference to the importance of giving increased prominence to the study of ancient Art as a branch of classical training. The memorial states, "As we believe that a museum of casts from the antique would be of very great service for this purpose, especially if provision were made for the delivery of lectures upon the history of Greek sculpture, to be illustrated from the casts and from the collections in the British Museum, we earnestly hope that your lordship may see fit to give your assent to some such scheme as that which we understand has been submitted to you by Mr. Walter Perry and others for the formation of a museum of this nature." Among the signatures to the document are those of the head masters of Eton, Harrow, Westminster, City of London School, Merchant Taylors, Dulwich College, the Principal of King's College, the Principal of Queen's College, the head masters of Christ's Hospital, of St. Paul's School, of University College School, and many others. We shall recur to the subject hereafter.

CRYSTAL PALACE ART SCHOOLS.—The silver medal for water-colour painting has been awarded to Miss E. K. Hitchcock, of South Norwood, and a certificate to Miss E. M. Jennings, of Penge: these ladies are pupils in the class of Mr. Goodall. Of the students under Mr. Smallfield, the silver medal was awarded to Miss M. Robinson, of Norwood, and a certificate to Miss J. M. Bethune, of Penge. A certificate for modelling was given to Miss Marion Redale, of Streatham, to whom also was awarded the scholarship for Art: the modelling class is under the direction of M. Constant Vioelst. The judges at the examination were Mr. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., Mr. A. D. Fripp, and Mr. W. F. Woodington, A.R.A.

'PEACE AND THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.'—In the praiseworthy efforts of the London Corporation to follow the Art tendencies of the age, it is rather amusing to note that sculpture, rather than painting, is the art affected by the City fathers. Daily visual contact, however, with the subtleties and beauty of form is no bad preparation for a proper appreciation of the witchery of colour; and by-and-by we shall, no doubt, hear of grand mural works commissioned by the Corporation. In the meantime the City continues its patronage of sculpture, and a fine alto-relievo from the chisel of Mr. John Bell has been fixed in the wall of the large central lobby leading to the Council Chamber, Guildhall. In this hall are ranged in appropriate niches the busts of Earl Canning, first Viceroy of India, Earl Derby, and Lord Palmerston. In the middle of the left-hand wall above two of these busts—only, unfortunately, more than a foot too high—is placed the relievo in which Mr. Bell sets forth 'Peace and the Soldier's Return.' The Great Duke, mounted on his war-horse, and resting his bâton on his right thigh, advances full front on the spectator. On one side of him walks an allegorical figure of Peace, and on the other of Victory, while Fame, with her trumpet, and Plenty, with her cornucopia, float behind him. By the way, ought not Fame to have been in front? The crowd on each hand, old and young, mothers and children, welcome with loud acclaim the return of the great

captain, while his soldiers, as they march, recognise and embrace their wives and little ones, and all to the waving of banners and the hearty huzzas of a joyous people. A work of such importance, we should have thought, deserved all the honour the purse of the City could confer on it, but, with an economy not always characteristic of the conscript fathers, they have framed it in painted wood instead of in polished marble.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK, the famous circumnavigator, the discoverer of New South Wales, has been temporarily erected in the open space nearly opposite the Athenæum Club, in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. It is the work of Mr. Woolner, R.A., to whom the commission was given by the Government of the country for which it is intended, Australia, and it is proposed to erect it at Sydney, on a site commanding a view of the harbour, and where it will serve as a beacon to mariners, for which it is admirably suited, as the figure stands sixteen feet in height, and will be placed on a pedestal twenty-two feet high. The sculptor has represented Captain Cook bare-headed, with a telescope in his left hand, his right hand being uplifted, as in a moment of excitement on the sudden appearance of the country he had sighted. The action of this arm, which has a dramatic effect, throws back the lappets of his coat, exposing the deep-cut waistcoat of the period; knee-breeches and high-quartered shoes complete the costume. The figure is cast in bronze by Messrs. Cox and Son, of the Thames Ditton Foundry: it is unquestionably a work designed with a force and spirit that raise it to the character of sensational.

THE 'POMPEIAN SENTINEL,' BY MISS HOSMER.—Miss Hosmer, an American sculptor, whose works we have had repeated occasion to praise in the pages of this Journal, and who, like her distinguished countryman, Story, resides in Rome, has just sent to this country a colossal statue of that famous Pompeian sentinel who, eighteen centuries ago, stood to his post by the city gate till relieved by Death and the overwhelming ashes of Vesuvius. That happened on the 23rd of November, in the year of our Lord 79, and the world never knew how true a sentinel he had been till the 20th of April, 1794, when his bones and armour were found during the excavation of the city. Those bones and armour are still preserved, and occupy an appropriate place near the door of No. II. Gallery in the Bourbon Museum at Naples. Miss Hosmer's figure is about eight feet high, and represents a Roman soldier of powerful build leaning with both hands upon his spear. There is a slight inclination of the head, which, at first glance, does not altogether accord with the manly proportions and muscular development of the figure, but which, on closer inspection, will be found in perfect harmony with the expression of the face. The moment chosen, indeed, is that immediately before the poor sentinel is choked by the sulphurous air and ashes of the terrible eruption. His eyes are calmly closed, and his whole face has about it the grand, unflinching "consent to death." The profile view from either side, but especially from the right of the figure, brings this out very impressively. But, in fact, no one can approach it from any side without feeling that the man before him is passing through a supreme moment of his life, and, on stepping still nearer, that that moment is closing in everlasting stillness. We congratulate Miss Hosmer on a triumph so palpable and complete, and hope yet to see this admirable work executed in imperishable bronze. This reminds us that the 'Pompeian Sentinel' is modelled in wax, which, in the event of reproduction, saves the necessity of casting in plaster, a process which is always accompanied with more or less of risk to the original model. The work will add to the already high fame of the accomplished lady—an artist of whom her country may be justly and rightly proud.

THE TURNERS' COMPANY has issued its annual scheme of competition for "Turning in Wood, Throwing and Turning in

Pottery, and Diamond Cutting and Polishing." All details or particulars of the competition may be ascertained on application to the Hon. Secretary to the Competition Committee, Mr. R. L. Loveland, 4, Hare Court, Temple. The prizes will be presented on October 10th.

MARBLE STATUE OF HERCULES.—A marble statue of Hercules, from the museum formed by M. Mario Guarnacci, the secretary of Pope Benedict XIII., at Volterra, in Tuscany, has been brought to England, and is on view at 22, Wigmore Street. We understand that Signor Monti is preparing an account of the statue, and we only say now that apparently it is a sort of reverse of the Farnese Hercules, leaning to the right instead of to the left. The figure is attributed by the Comte de Clarac, in his "History of Ancient Sculpture," to Glycon, the sculptor of the Farnese Hercules. The statue has been much broken, and the restoration, though skilful, includes more than the original fragment. It may be noted, as bearing on the well-known quotation, "Ex pede Herculem," that while the length of the foot of the Venus de' Medici is $\frac{1}{10}$ ths of the whole height of the figure, if standing erect, the length of the foot of Hercules is $\frac{1}{10}$ ths of the height. The foot, in the sculpture of the best period of Greek Art, is the unit of girth in measurement of all the horizontal proportions.

MR. GEFLOWSKI'S STATUE OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, BART.—This noble statue to the memory of Sir William Fairbairn, one of the greatest of our British engineers, who in death shares the renown, as in life he shared the labours, of George Stephenson, has found its fitting home in the town-hall of his adopted city, Manchester. Mr. Geflowski is the sculptor who restored the incomparable reredos of All Souls Chapel, Oxford, which commemorates those who fought at Agincourt; and we have no hesitation in saying that the present statue will extend and enhance his reputation. The figure, which is of pure statuary marble, is about seven feet high; in his left hand Sir William grasps a mass of loose papers, and in his right he holds his eyeglass in a manner at once characteristic and easy. The air of his head is peculiarly dignified and happy, and the Scottish seriousness—almost ruggedness—of his countenance is made gentle and nearly tender by the magnanimity of its expression. Mr. Geflowski has also in hand a bust of Grote, the historian, which we believe will adorn the hall of London University; another of Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet; and a third of Colonel Bousfield, M.P. for Bath, all of which are remarkable for their lifelike air and truth of portraiture.

THE collection of water-colour drawings on view at No. 7, Percy Street, Rathbone Place, well repays a visit, comprising as it does, among more well-known subjects, some very interesting and graphic views taken in the Channel Islands and Corsica. Among the former are two views of Noirmont and a 'Coast View on a Sunny Morning.' Two others, in black and white, one of Elizabeth Castle (showing a fine and original effect of morning sunlight), the other entitled 'The Rock and the Wave,' are specially to be noted. But even more interesting, on account of their greater rarity, are the views of Corsica, ground less constantly traversed by the artist—overshadowed, perhaps, by proximity to the inexhaustible beauty and varied charms of Italy. Mr. Tidey's subjects are well selected, and illustrate not only the scenery of the island under various phases, but also some of the habits and modes of life of its inhabitants, transporting the spectator from wild and desolate mountain landscapes, rocks, rapids, and storm-blasted pine-trees, to spots rendered famous through association with some great names, such as the ilex-tree under which Napoleon loved to meditate in his youth. Other scenes, again, bring vividly before the imagination the village life of the people; we are shown the miserable huts formed of stones rudely piled together and covered with wooden roofs, retained in their places by heavy stones, to prevent their being blown away during the furious storms which sometimes visit the island. These huts are situated on high land, and in them the inhabitants of the villages take refuge when driven by excessive heat and the fear of

malaria to the pure air of the mountains, awaiting in these summer residences the time of the grape vintage, when they may once more venture in safety to return to the valleys. Some of the views taken in the Pass of Barella—one especially, with Monte Christo visible in the distance—are very beautiful, and deserving of attention.

WE have been afforded the opportunity of examining, at Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Pall Mall, a bust in terra-cotta of the late Earl Russell, modelled by Mr. C. Birch. It represents the deceased statesman as he was familiar to the public a few years ago, before old age had attenuated his person and laid deep furrows in his cheeks. The likeness has been testified to by those who knew his lordship the longest and most intimately.

THE GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART is the name given to an institution at 16, North Audley Street, W., established by Miss Digby Williams. The appliances of Art education have been gradually accumulated as the need of them has been felt; and it may now be seen, at a glance, that every requirement, from the most simple geometrical figure to the most approved casts of the antique, and the life model, are there present for the use of the pupils. It is no slight advantage to the studio, moreover, that it possesses as good a system of lighting, both natural and artificial, as exists in or about the metropolis. Situated as it is in the aristocratic quarter of London, its *clientèle* consists principally of amateurs in that class of society.

MR. J. CHELTENHAM WAKE'S two paintings of 'Night' and 'Morning,' exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Darnley & Co., 59, Regent Street, illustrate two scenes of London life. 'Night' represents the interior of one of the demoralising dancing saloons, in which a number of gay, careless pleasure-seekers are effectively grouped. 'Morning' depicts a coroner's inquest held in the room of a house on the banks of the Thames, on the body of a young woman, easily recognised as the same who, in the former picture, is the most prominent and interesting figure. The view of the river through the open window is admirably effective, affording in the sunshine a cheerfulness visible without, a striking contrast to the sad scene taking place within. Mr. Wake deserves great praise for the care he has bestowed upon the figures, whose strongly marked individuality is distinctly seen, the expression of the different faces showing great powers of observation and insight into character. These two subjects, naturally repulsive and painful, have been treated by the artist with rare delicacy, yet with accurate attention to detail and fidelity to nature; and so graphically do they tell their own tale, that no further explanation is needed. The associations awakened by such sensational subjects must, however, be always painful, and we fear the ideas conveyed or suggested by them are too often widely different from the lessons they are intended to give. Art is a most powerful teacher, and should be used to illustrate those subjects only whose influence can be of no doubtful character, whatever may be the capacity for appreciation or susceptibility of the spectator. Attractive and beautiful subjects afford at least as much opportunity for masterly execution and truth to nature as those which repel and distress, often without any adequate benefit being derived therefrom; while the highest aim of all true Art—to ennoble, improve, and elevate—is more surely attained in proportion as we choose our subjects and models from the loftiest ideals of beauty, purity, and truth.

DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S.—It has long been the desire of the Dean and Chapter of our metropolitan cathedral to *line*, if we may adopt such an expression, the dome with mosaic decoration, and the subject has undergone much discussion of late in many of the daily journals. But the various plans proposed have quite recently been set aside by the discovery of a design by the late Mr. Stevens, the sculptor of the Wellington monument, sketched by him on a large model, and this design the committee seem inclined to adopt. The model, which is in the Chapter-room at St. Paul's, according to the *Builder*—for we ourselves have had no opportunity of examining it—is of "half the dome and the drum, taking the section in the diameter of

the dome so as to show the interior face; the model, which stands several feet in height, takes in also the heads of the arches carrying the dome." Our contemporary gives a description of the design, upon which we also may offer an opinion hereafter, and he goes on to say, "One cannot but recur to an old fear on our own part, that it is hardly wise to spend so much"—the cost is, we understand, estimated at some thousands of pounds—"in decoration of a high class where it will be so little seen, and where, if it should turn out a mistake, the mistake would be so very serious. Immediately after studying Stevens's sketch, we walked from it into the cathedral, and, standing under the dome, endeavoured to realise how it would appear if executed; the result to the mind's eye was not satisfactory. . . . Our impression is that pictures on ceilings are generally a mistake, and more particularly so in very lofty buildings; that they can never be properly seen; and that they and the architecture mutually injure each other." As a rule, we are inclined to share the opinion of the *Builder*, but in this special case we must know somewhat more of the projected work before condemning it absolutely.

GLOUCESTER GATE BRIDGE.—On the four principal buttresses of this bridge, which has recently been opened, are massive wrought lamps of real bronze. The pedestals are angulated and tapering, with sunk panels, almost concealed, however, by a profusion of leaves and blossoms in cast and wrought bronze, modelled from the lily and acanthus. The leaves and flowers, although treated with considerable freedom, are sufficiently conventional to harmonize with the ornamental paneling of the bridge. At each angle are very boldly modelled acanthus stems, technically known as "vines," and clasping leaves which climb and thread in and out of the mouldings from top to bottom, terminating in long, deeply cleft leaves that support the lanterns. To these "vines" the outline of the lamp is due, and the light which everywhere is seen

through them gives to the design the rich and elaborate appearance that is its characteristic, whilst removing any heaviness which might appear to arise from the abundance of ornament. They were modelled and carried out to the architect's design by Messrs. Gardner, of the Strand, at their new branch works in St. Martin's Lane. It is believed that they are by far the largest and most elaborate lamps ever produced in bronze in this country. It seems very desirable that a material at once so ductile and imperishable, and so adapted to ornamentation, should more frequently be used. With a photograph of the lamp we have also received through the same channel, the St. Pancras Board of Works, one of a Fountain erected by the same authorities. The leading feature of this work is a draped figure, suggested by a semi-nude one called 'Sunshine,' by the late J. Durham, A.R.A., and which was engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1856. The figure stands upon a granite mound of boulders, brought with all the natural weathering and moss and lichen upon them from a far-distant moor. The Fountain is at the top of Albany Street.

THE HOLMESDALE FINE ART CLUB, under the presidency of Dr. Pawle, recently held its fifteenth annual sketching day among the groves and glades of Penshurst Park, where, by the kind courtesy of Lord de L'Isle, a considerable number of artists and amateurs assembled for the enjoyment and delineation of the sylvan beauties of that charming demesne. After luncheon the sketches, in oil and water colour, were exhibited, comment and criticism freely passing on the respective results of the morning's work. Such gatherings cannot but tend to the cultivation of a genuine love for Nature and Art, and we are glad to know this club is well supported by resident and honorary members. Among the artists present were Messrs. Frank Holl, A.R.A., E. Hayes, R.H.A., W. Collingwood Smith, R. Beavis, J. H. Mole, Sidney Percy, A. W. Williams, G. F. Teniswood, W. W. May, W. Harding Smith, C. Jones, &c.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

AMONG the very many books that have issued from the press concerning the ever-fascinating, ever-mysterious Arctic regions, we have now before us one that may lay claim to being, *par excellence*, the edition *de luxe*. It is got up in first-class style as to elegance of binding, and has sixteen chromo-lithographs and many excellent engravings, all "from drawings made on the spot by the author." This is a volume essentially for the tables of millionaires and geographical societies, for we fear its price (five guineas) is a prohibitive one to the general public. Dr. Edward Moss gives personal descriptive letterpress to his book, and though the subject has been somewhat exhausted by the narratives of Sir George Nares and Captain Albert Markham, yet the experiences of men who have navigated the icy seas and lived among its solitudes of snow and ice must be ever an interesting study to stay-at-home readers. The chromo-lithographs are charming—indeed, so warm and sunny is their colouring, that one hardly realises that the picture before us is an Arctic representation. 'Lunar Haloes' (page 44), indeed, carries one into the regions of ice and the eternal solitudes; and the 'Most Northern Grave'—a little mound of ice on the side of a floe-hill, with a rough cross made of a sledge batten and a paddle, marks our shipmates—the most northern of any race or time, is a pictorial poem. These sketches, as Dr. Moss truly says, "illustrate rather the scenery of our expedition than its leading events; the latter are the prerogative of the historian, and do not come within the scope of a sketch-book, in which the letterpress is subordinate, and intended merely to connect and describe the pictures." But Dr. Moss takes an unduly modest view of his authorship, and has given to the public a graphic account of his Arctic travels, illustrated with the pencil of a

true artist, and published in a chaste and handsome style, alike creditable to publishers and author.*

THIS valuable work, comprising an account of Central America, the West Indies, and South America, is another volume of Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel.† It is based on Van Hellwald's survey of those countries, and translated by A. H. Keane, B.A., who has added an Ethnological Appendix, most invaluable to the student and interesting to the general reader. Mr. Bates, the editor, has contributed much information to the original work, and altered descriptions of those parts of South America with which he has lately become personally familiar, thereby adding greatly to its accuracy and utility. The experiences of many British travellers, overlooked by the German author, having been collected, make the work most complete. It contains, besides nearly eighty capital illustrations, eleven special maps of the countries, and two ethnological and philological maps. Although the editor has been so modest as to his own contributions, one cannot fail to see how very much of the interest of the work is due to his private knowledge and editorial skill, and to the valuable information from the pen of his talented colleague, Mr. A. H. Keane. Such a book will be a prize in any library—so perfect in information, so ably written, and adapted alike to the requirements of the man of letters and the man of leisure.

* "Shores of the Polar Sea. A Narrative of the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6." By Dr. Edward L. Moss, H.M.S. *Alert*. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

† "Central America, the West Indies, and South America." Edited and extended by H. W. Bates. With Ethnological Appendix by A. H. Keane, B.A. Published by Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross.

CAPTAIN ALEX. CLARK KENNEDY'S "Summer Tour to Lapland and Norway" * has evidently been a success in his own eyes, and most assuredly the account he gives of his travels in the land of "fjeld and fjord" will make many a wavering mind decide at once to take a summer's trip northward instead of southward. The book is charmingly written, with an ease and a buoyancy of style that are quite exhilarating. Captain Kennedy's love and knowledge of natural history make the recital of his adventures and discoveries as instructive as amusing. In 1868, aged sixteen, he wrote on "The Birds of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire," and his book then earned for him just praise. The promise of his youth has been fulfilled, and in 1878 he is one of our leading authorities on bird history. Like a good husband, he takes his wife as his companion, and thereby gives a hint that in the season of migration ladies need not fear too arduous or fatiguing an autumn trip if they accompany their husbands and brothers to a land which our author describes as "the most glorious country in Europe." His account of railway travelling in 1871, on the line between Stockholm and Christiania, is amusing:—"When the train arrived at a bridge these old gentlemen (officers of state) took great care of themselves, stopping the train and getting out, when we all would walk leisurely over the bridge, and the train slowly followed." A very calm sea passage is not one of the inducements Captain Kennedy holds out to travellers, for he says the voyage to or from Norway is seldom calm, the North Sea being so shallow that in a short time a rough sea is stirred up from as it were "the very bottom." Ladies will admire the way a baby Lap is wrapped in a tiny deerskin blanket and sewn up. It is then hung by a leathern strap upon the branches of a convenient tree, where it remains until its mother thinks fit to "take it down." The babies are quiet in behaviour and grave in countenance.

Music and dancing are unknown among the fjeld Laps, nor are they ever heard to sing—the only vocal accomplishment the Lap possesses is the ability to groan in a most dismal manner. The sepulchre of the native is no other than an old sledge, which is turned bottom upwards over the spot where the body lies buried. Before their later conversion to Christianity they placed an axe with a tinder-box beside the corpse, if that of a man, and a pair of scissors and needle beside that of a woman. They believed their beloved reindeer would partake of the bliss of heaven. All lovers of sport will be charmed with this book; and to all who read it Captain Kennedy will most certainly give pleasure, information, and a longing desire to be able to visit "Gamle Norge," as the peasants love to call their native land.

MR. J. C. ROBINSON has published privately two pamphlets on the subject of the authenticity of a picture in his possession assumed to be by Raffaele, bearing the title of 'The Madonna dei Candelabri,' viewed relatively to that having the same name which was sold a short time since in the Novar collection, and had long been known to be the property of Mr. Hugh Munro, and is so reported in Kugler's "Handbook of Painting," edited by Sir C. L. Eastlake. Mr. Robinson's theory, as we understand what he says, is, that the two pictures had their origin in a cartoon by the great painter, as a common source, but are the works of different hands, and were produced at different times. It is remarkable, as he intimates, that though Raffaele's three great pictures of Madonnas, the 'Della Lezziola' at Florence, the 'Pesce' at Madrid, and the 'San Sisto' at Dresden, "have been universally known and celebrated almost from the time of their production," the 'Madonna dei Candelabri,' which Mr. Robinson considers to be the first executed of this series, seems to have

fallen into almost complete oblivion; in fact, it appears to have had no special celebrity in the Art world till towards the close of the last century. He is of opinion that the Novar picture was painted some time after his own, and probably by a pupil of Raffaele, and grounds his belief on the *technique* of the two works, the different methods of painting practised at the respective periods, the master's productions showing to the very last clear traces of his early training, while in those of his immediate followers there is no evidence of the same technical qualities. The writer enters at considerable length into details very ingeniously and carefully worked out, and showing much knowledge and diligent research in support of his theory; but we fear that the matter will still remain a disputed point.

THOSE who wish to freshen up their minds by a true and graphic book of lively adventure among the wild men and wild beasts of Northern and Central America, from Colorado to Acapulco, full of the most thrilling interest about perils among bears and buffaloes, grey mountain wolves and Apache warriors, should set themselves alongside Major Campion's "On the Frontier." * Very recently published, it is already in a new edition, and bids fair to be as popular in its way as Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva." The two gallant officers, one American and the other British, are verily *par nobile fratrum*; for courage and resource, for good-natured humour and indomitable pluck, each of these is only to be paralleled by the other. We have almost fortunately no space for quotations, for, in common justice both to the author and his readers, "On the Frontier" ought to be read throughout, as it is sure to be when once it is begun; but we may draw special attention to the glowing accounts of the charge of the buffalo bull (p. 50), of the phantom horseman (p. 61), of the exquisitely portrayed Chácha (p. 268) and Mariposa (p. 285), of the wild orgies of the Mojave harvest-moon dance (p. 275), and the perilous fight with the Apaches (p. 345). The ready humour of replying to an Indian chief (p. 219) "by the speech, 'My name is Norval,' with appropriate gestures, as taught at school by the master of elocution," was a great success, as it deserved to be. So of the whole book: let any critic read it and judge.

THIS charming story,† that has delighted and instructed three, if not four, generations of children, appears once more among Messrs. Griffith and Farran's ever-interesting series. It has the advantage this time of having a prince of artists as illustrator—one who loves his subject as Mrs. Trimmer loved the birds and creatures to which she gave voice and history, and who, by her sympathy with the songsters of the grove, has enlisted the care of many a youngster in their behalf, and so taught the "divine principles of general benevolence." Would that more of our literature for children was as simple in recital, as tender and childlike in thought, and as sympathetic with child life! Of the illustrations what can we say but that, being Harrison Weir's, they are perfect?

MESSRS. PILGERAM AND LEFEVRE have issued an exceedingly pleasant print: it is engraved by Arthur Turrell, from a drawing by E. K. Johnson, and is entitled 'The Anxious Mother.' The mother is a hen whose nestlings a fair young girl is nursing—an armful of little ones concerning which the mother is anxious. In their struggles they may fall, but there can be no wilful danger; for, although in a different way, the self-made will be as careful as the natural guardian. It is a pretty picture, on which few will look without experiencing a sensation of pleasure.

* "To the Arctic Regions and Back in Six Weeks." By Captain Alex. W. M. Clark Kennedy. Published by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

* "On the Frontier: Reminiscences of Wild Sports, Personal Adventure, and Strange Scenes." By J. S. Campion, late Major U.S.A. Chapman and Hall. Second Edition. 1878.

† "The History of the Robins." By Mrs. Trimmer. With Twenty-four Illustrations from Drawings by Harrison Weir. Published by Griffith and Farran.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXII.



HERE is a great charm about the freedom of driving one's own pony and carriage, or *stol-kjær*, for a long run, or even for a short excursion; it conduces to the peaceful rest we are all longing for, and saves one from reminders that at the next station the horses will be charged for if we do not hurry on. This is rather tantalising when one is "drinking in nature," and realising the fact that each moment is revealing fresh beauties and developing lifelong impressions—the very time when we want to be left to nature and ourselves. In the excursion now before us we had our own ponies part of the way, and pedestrianism for cross country. Our route was from Romsdal, the weird valley where, on the previous evening, the "Trols" had been playing pranks in the following manner:—About 8.30 a tremendously heavy roll as of thunder, lasting forty seconds,

brought us suddenly to the window. The mist was hanging round the peaks, with cirri-strati across them; down came the "steen skreed," or slip, with a mighty rush; the cloud was driven out by the shower of rocks and stone as they came madly down. It was unusually grand. The sheep boy with his horn ran in, and Anna rushed to the door to see it, and as she came the dust rose up in a cloud as incense after Nature's work. Ole remarked that it was a fine shower, and very impressive it certainly was; still Anna said she did not like it. In some cases in the winter-time the peasants go on to the ice to avoid the possibility of these erratic masses reaching them. We were soon off to Gudbrandsdalen, calling as usual at Fladmark—that lovely spot, beautiful to a degree if you have provisions. Should such be the case, you certainly must have brought them, for the station is not one of refreshment, as Mrs. Brassey testified by her anxiety to regain her yacht, the *Sunbeam*, which is truly a sunbeam to her friends. Long may it be so to her and her husband!

We must leave the hurly-burly of rocks through which the Rauma dashes in this part. Rocks the size of detached villas seem to have been "chucked" about—this is the only term



The Friendly Toilette.

for such higgledy-piggledy positions. One can only realise the idea by imagining one's self a minute insect in a basin of lump sugar, with a great rushing river beneath. Arriving at Molmen, we found it a most healthy spot, and worth staying at for a time, as the people are so kind, and the whole surroundings inviting. Being on a high plateau, the air is perfect, and the place seems

to be more than usually fortunate in its weather. The following morning, there being no service at kirk, we availed ourselves of the perfect weather for enjoyment on the hillside. Striking off from the houses, we sauntered up through the stunted birch and the heather till the grey rocks became more prominent, the vegetation sparse, the plants closer to the ground, and then we lay down on the fjeld side. What a view there was beneath us! The whole scene was a rare combination of all the prismatic

* Continued from page 184.

colours so characteristic of Scotland in October. At our feet was the long Lesje Vand, beneath that the Dovre fjeld, and we fancied we could see Sneehatten; then, away to the right, were snow ranges to Storhættan, which is ascended from Ormem. How we basked in the sunlight and longed for more life on the fjeld! "Why should we not go to Eikesdal?" said Ole all at once. "That would be fine: why not?" The idea was caught at. "How long would it take to walk, Ole?" "Well, eighteen hours if there is no mist." "Very well, then; no mist, if you please, and we will do it." This was a new joy: eighteen hours' walk without a house to call at, carrying one's own nose-bag, and great doubts as to a bed on arriving—more delightful still! This is enjoyment indeed, though not to every one, perhaps. We therefore decided to start the next morning at three A.M., provided always that there was neither mist on the mountains nor the chance of it. How we revelled on the journey in anticipation, enhanced as our happiness was by the

beauty of the scene and the grandeur of the surroundings! All the way down we conversed on our coming walk, interrupted only by a visit to a farm, where we heard some of the good folk singing. It was hay-time; the weather fine, with a refreshing breeze that gently waved the new-cut grass as it hung from the frames, like huge towel-horses, which are used for drying it. We were invited to enter the farmhouse, where we found the room tidied up for Sunday, and the family singing a hymn in their customary devotional manner. There was the usual three-cornered cupboard; an old gun which had laid low many a good buck, the powder-flask, primer, and ball-bag were ready for August; the ivy was carefully trained up the windows inside; and the ale bowls and tankards were about the room. It was quite a Norwegian homestead. One thing was unusual—a musical instrument called a "Psalmodicum," which is a board painted green with red flowers, about one inch thick and thirty inches long, with three strings raised on a bridge like a violin.



Syltæbe (with Farm Implements).

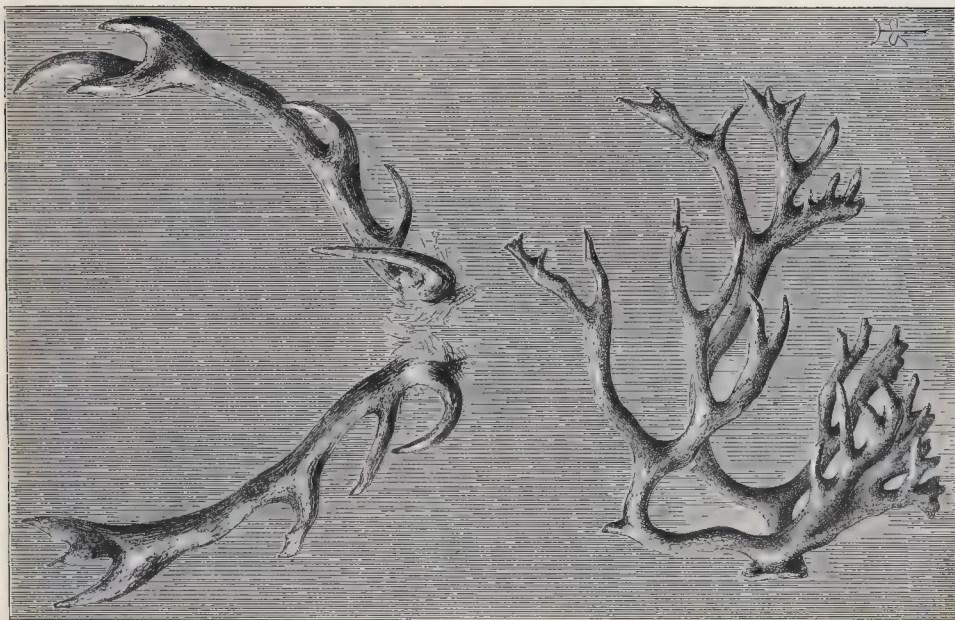
These strings are played with a bow, also of the violin class, but different in character. We regretted very much that we could not persuade any one to play upon it.

On our return we found the proposed trip emanated from the fact that a house-painter was going over to Eikesdal, and had been waiting for clear weather to carry out his object. By the next morning a farmer from Eikesdal proposed joining us: he knew the way. This completed our party, and at four o'clock we started, with every assurance of fine weather. Working up through the stunted birch-trees, we soon looked over the heights of the Vermer Foss to Storhættan. The Svart-hø rose behind us, and approaching the snow-line, we came upon the reindeer flower (*Ranunculus glacialis*), with its sharp-pointed leaves and beautiful white flower. Then the dreary Gravendal opened to us, wild, bleak, weird, and barren to a degree, with Amra Jura on our right, directly over Eikesdal, far, far away. About this time there was a grand

solar rainbow. We now got very rough rock tramping—regular *coulouir* climbing—and there was no vegetation, the moss being of the "crotle" tribe, a perfectly black lichen. As we ascended the peaks were grander. Many reindeer "spoor" were seen, but no reindeer. At the highest part we found the snow discoloured by a very fine dark gritty dust; and it is a remarkable fact that this discoloration of the snow was the result of volcanic eruption in Iceland. After the eruption a gale set in from the W.S.W., which on Easter Monday, 1875, positively carried the clouds of scoræ right across Norway. The line was followed even to Sweden, and corroborated by some peasants who were out when it fell. We soon began to descend a little to a vast plateau. Our provisions had been fallen back upon every few hours, and were now much reduced. The farmer looked forward to the plateau as being likely to afford some "molte-ber," a kind of raspberry with a hard skin, but juicy. A good and most useful man was the farmer.

Favoured by the weather, he steered well, and we soon came to an incline on the snow, where we could make a long and safe *glissade*. It was certainly a novelty to see us all flying down.

The farmer was the best man, and happily we reached the bottom in safety. Another hour and we lay down to rest and enjoy our "molte-ber." They were deliciously refreshing.



Red Deer Antlers.

The house-painter, or "maler," suggested that there was a sæter somewhere at the head of Eikesdal which we might try for. "That is just what we are making for," said our cheery chief, the farmer; "in about an hour we shall be there." On

we went, our fatigue forgotten in the grandeur of the scenery and the difficulty of picking one's way, for hopping from stone to stone absorbs the attention considerably. The time soon passed, and after we had completed our twelve hours' walk



The Gentle Reproof.

we had arrived at some weather-worn, storm-riven, dwarfed, gnarled, and twisted birches, beyond which, in a botten, lay our sæter. What an invasion! The two girls were astonished,

but when they heard the voice of the farmer all was well. Ole immediately ordered a "bunker," as it is called in Romsdal; in Gudbrandsdal it is termed "rummer collar." How we

enjoyed our rest after this simple food! A bunker should be described: it is a flat wooden tub of curds and whey, and is handed to two people. Each person is armed with a spoon, with which it is etiquette to draw a line across the centre for your *vis-à-vis* to eat up to, not beyond. Few Englishmen ever reach the line unless they are very old hands.

We were now at the head of the Eikesdal gorge, or valley; a roaring torrent rushed down the centre to Utigaard; on the left were steep precipices with a large fall; while the opposite side was perpendicular, and threatened showers of Troll stones. As we descended we saw many huge masses of rocks which had ploughed their way down, carrying all before them. To see one of these *lapsus nature* is a very impressive sight, and makes one hold his breath and think. Passing through the valley, we noticed some very curious snow-shoes, in form like the square frames on which sea-lines are wound, but with broader cross-pieces. Birch twigs on each side and over the foot fix them. On we trudged, having taken farewell of the farmer and thanked him for his good services, and had a "skaal for Gamle Norge." Finally, we left the "maler,"

or house-painter, at his destination, where the old lady told us all about the dust coming down upon her; and now Ole and myself were alone to finish the day. We had started at four A.M., and it was now ten P.M. We at length saw the spire of a church—the kirk at Utigaard—and we began to inquire for Torstin Utigaard of Utigaard, the hunter. At last we found his house, but he was on the fjeld. Could we get a bed anywhere? No, nothing. Ole persevered, and we presently found comfort. Torstin was expected down from the fjeld that night with an English gentleman, whose servant most kindly gave me his bed. After awhile down they came. Enter Torstin, a grand-looking fellow, drenched. They had killed a "semle ku," and had left two men behind to bring it down next day. In the morning they arrived with it, forming the wildest reunion of hunters. The Finnmark dog, quite black, was a beauty as he lay by the dead reindeer; "Blenk" was a good and trusty servant—neither biped nor quadruped would venture to interfere with him when he was on duty. It was a splendid group, worthy of the pencil of a Landseer; but of this more anon.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

NEW YORK.—The eighth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has reached us, and according to their view "furnishes abundant reason for congratulation." It refers primarily to the general receipts and expenditure, the former amounting to 37,795 dollars, and the latter to about 615 dollars less; an important item in the outgoing money account is 6,118 dollars, which appear to have been paid towards the purchase of a portion of the Cesnola collection. The exhibition of the Castellani collections proved to be less attractive to the public than was anticipated, and thereby a small deficit occurred; while the endeavour to purchase the works Signor Castellani had acquired utterly failed. The Museum has acquired a home in the Central Park; but "the institution," says the Report, "though rich in Art treasures, and rivalling in some respects the museums of the old world, has few visible means of support after accepting the home offered it, . . . and while some of its

expenses will be diminished, others will be greatly increased." An appeal to the public for support has therefore become a necessity, to place it "beyond danger of being compelled to shut up its treasures for lack of means to meet the necessary expenses of maintaining and exhibiting them."

CASSEL.—The sculptor Harzer has recently executed a statue of the distinguished composer, Ludwig Spohr, to be erected in one of the public places in Cassel, the town where Spohr was born.

PARIS.—The medals of honour awarded to the artists of France at the International Exhibition have fallen to the lot of MM. Meissonier, Gérôme, Cabanel, and Bouguereau.—The remains of the famous French painter, Jacques Louis David, who died at Brussels in 1826, and was buried there, are to be transferred to Paris, at the request of the French Government, which has been acceded to by the Government of Belgium.

HEAD OF A DEERHOUND.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

THIS is a portrait of Landseer's favourite deerhound, Hafed, painted in 1834, whose skeleton was, as we learn from Mr. Algernon Grave's comprehensive catalogue of the works of the artist, sold at the dispersion of Landseer's effects in 1874. Mr. Lewis, the friend of the painter, who engraved Hafed on a large scale in 1837, has kindly supplied us with some interesting facts concerning the original work. Landseer and the late Abraham Cooper, R.A., were in their younger days great friends; the latter was, about the year 1835, engaged in painting a series of dogs' heads of various kinds for a publisher, B. B. King, and he asked Landseer to paint for him a portrait of his favourite hound. Landseer agreed to do it, and when the work was finished he wrote to Cooper thus concisely:—"Dear Cooper,—The deerhound's head is ready for Mr. King whenever he likes to call for it: he can have it for £15, or the use of it for £10." King paid the former sum, and had the subject lithographed by T. Fairland, and it was published in the *Sportsman's Annual*; but Fairland altered the form of the picture in his print, making it upright by cutting

off the neck of the animal close behind the ear. King afterwards sold the copyright of the picture to Messrs. Ackermann, then of the Strand. Mr. Lewis had just finished, at Chatsworth, for Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, the etching of the plate of 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' which Mr. S. Cousins completed; and Lloyd, the printer, took him to Ackermann, who commissioned him, Mr. Lewis, to engrave the picture for the sum of 50 guineas, the price the latter asked. The etching being finished in 1856, Mr. Lewis sent a proof for approval to Landseer, who acknowledged the receipt of it in the following terms:—"Dear Charles,—I like your etching much; I think it a pity to *messy* tint it; it has been done before in lithography"—(the allusion is to Fairland's print).—"Give me a call tomorrow morning at 11. Yours, &c., E. L." So King acquired the picture for £5 only: it was sold subsequently, we believe, for 300 guineas. It needs no description or comment; the life-like and *speaking* portrait of the hound cannot fail of being recognised, and Mr. Lewis's facile graver has marvellously preserved its character.





INTERNATIONAL ART AT THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, PARIS.

PART I.—FRANCE.

THE Art treasures of the Paris Exposition fill a series of spacious galleries, which run down the centre of the building from end to end, occupying in breadth about a seventh of the great parallelogram, with the appearance of which many of our readers are by this time, it may be presumed, tolerably familiar. These galleries contain, more or less fully, whatever of Art expression the world in this year of grace 1878 has to show. Every state in Europe, from Portugal to Russia, from Norway to Italy, and every country under the sun which has any pretensions to æsthetic culture, from China to Japan, from Persia to Peru, has its appropriate place in the world's show. The Champ de Mars has been the scene of many a stirring event in the history of France, but never has it witnessed anything so bewitching, yet so beneficent and stimulating, as this. The creators of it all, to whom Europe owes so much, are to be congratulated on their achievement—an achievement which leaves firmly impressed on the mind how necessary a share the French people must ever take in the advancing civilisation of the world.

Of the space which we have described as being devoted to the Fine Arts, France—apart altogether from the manifestations of its decorative genius which pervade the building everywhere, and of which the colossal female figures along the river façade, emblematic of the various nationalities, are not the least imposing and appropriate features—occupies about one-sixth. The first great space on entering is devoted to French sculpture, varied in character as in quality, but not to be surpassed either in *technique* or imagination by any other country. Then come the rooms devoted to the British Fine Art Section, followed by those set apart for the display of the genius of the United States and of Italy. After this comes the series of splendid galleries, in which are displayed the pictorial works of Modern France.

In a scheme so vast, embracing claims so multifarious and varied, not altogether untinted with human jealousies, it was almost impossible to conciliate every one. Those interested in the Art reputation of the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and almost of every other country on the list, have complained loudly of some great artist having been left out, or, if accepted, unfairly hung; and those who would take French Art under their wings allege that what we see of it in the Great Exposition is not fairly and honestly representative. These allegations were expressed with so much bitterness, that M. de Chennevières, Director of the Fine Arts, resigned his post, and his place was given to M. Guillaume, Director of the École des Beaux Arts; and all because it was asserted that Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Fromentin, Roybet, Frère, Rosa Bonheur, Daubigny, Corbet, Puvion de Chavannes, and Fantin are inadequately represented, unfairly hung, or not hung at all. This discontent rests on a certain basis of truth, but neither so broad nor palpable as to warrant the clamour that was made about it; and if France be not adequately represented in the present Exposition, we can scarcely imagine under what circumstances she will ever be able to demonstrate more eloquently and convincingly that she is the greatest living Art School in the world.

The French Art Section, like most of the others, is divided into five classes. The first contains 861 works in oil, many of them of the very largest dimensions; the second, water colours, pastels, cartoons, and the like, 204; the third, sculptures and medal engraving, 389; the fourth, designs and models in architecture, 388; and the fifth, which consists of engravings and lithographs, 229; making a grand total of 2,071.

One of the most popular painters in France at the present time, from the circumstance, no doubt, of his addressing mainly the religious sentiment, is W. Bouguereau. He was a pupil of Picot, the painter under whom the English John Cross, author of

the 'Clemency of Richard Cœur de Lion,' studied, but he has departed considerably from the lines laid down by his master. His brush-work is sweet, smooth, and finished, like Mr. Leighton's, and the colouring equally harmonious and pleasing, only worked in a more brilliant key. He is represented by three portraits and seven subject pictures, all life size and all very lovely. 'Charity' (101), with two children at her feet and three in her arms; the 'Consoling Virgin' (99), holding up her hands with divine pity as she beholds a mother bewailing the death of her child; a 'Pieta' (97), in which the Virgin holds lovingly in her arms the dead Christ; and the Virgin on a marble seat holding the Divine Infant in her lap, that St. John may kiss him (95), are all very touchingly treated. M. Bouguereau is equally happy in his treatment of classic subjects, as his Nymphs and Goddesses (96 and 103) testify, and he can turn his hand with equal facility to *genre*.

The great contrast to this artist, both in subject and in style, is Jules Breton. His handling is vigorous, and sometimes almost rough, his colouring subdued and low toned, and he looks for his themes among the fisherfolk or the peasantry, and paints them as they are. At the same time he is very careful to preserve whatever of native dignity is to be found among these classes. The figure of his female gleaner (124), for example, bearing on her shoulder a wheatsheaf, is almost grand. A number of fishers, male and female, pulling in a net (130); some girls and an old peasant lying under a tree, resting from their labours in the hay-field (129); one peasant girl kneeling to fill her pitcher at the fountain, while another stands with hers on her shoulders, are examples of the themes he delights in; yet, in spite of their homeliness, M. Breton woos the spectator to see whatever poetry exists in such subjects, and to be delighted with his delineation of them.

H. Le Roux, who, like his brother L. E. Le Roux, painter of *genre*, was a pupil of Picot, delights in classical subjects, of which 'Les Danaïdes' (566) and 'La Vestal Tuccia' (567) are good examples. Delineators of lowly life in this room are C. Bernier, an old man ploughing, with a young girl leading the grey horse (59), and a sabot-maker in a wood (61); G. Jundt, a country damsel washing herself at a trough (47). Above G. Guillaumet's magnificent picture of the 'Halt of the Camel Drivers' (403), which occupies one of the places of honour in this room, hangs G. Doré's 'Neophyte' (272), among the finest pictures he has ever painted. Here also will be found a very noble design in monochromatic grey by A. Lafond. He calls it an 'Episode of the Deluge' (479), and it consists of a group of nude figures clinging to a wave-lashed rock. It is in the manner of Michael Angelo both in conception and execution, and as a design we scarcely think there is anything finer in the Exhibition. There is but one picture from the hand of Delacroix; but it is in his grandest manner. It represents the 'Rebel Angels' (242), in illustration on a very large scale of that passage in Milton's 'Paradise Lost' which describes Satan reanimating the courage of his infernal legions. Delacroix had certainly more than Etty's power in colouring, and much more than his power in drawing and modelling, not to mention the grand Miltonic character of his invention. It is rather to be regretted that, in the present Exhibition, the glory of so great a master should be confined to one work, even though that work be one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*.

Of the ten works contributed by E. A. Carolus Duran half are portraits of notable men and women. They are solidly and strongly painted, and stand out against opaque, green, or blue backgrounds. One little girl (305) is entirely in blue, and a very charming study it is. M. Duran is further notable for this fact, that he is one of the very few men—and they can be counted on the fingers of one hand—either in the Salon or the Exposition, who has produced a nude female figure perfectly pure and inno-

cent in expression and sentiment. The one before us is a life-sized nymph of exquisite simplicity and beauty, standing her height amidst a wealth of fresh boskerie, doing up her auburn hair. Were we to be hypercritical we might object to the intensity of the green in some of the leaves. Another very effective portrait painter is J. E. Delaunay. He is solid without any unnecessary impasto, and though his colour is rather low in tone, it is both varied and harmonious. Of the thirteen works by which he is represented, eight are portraits. P. A. Cot's portraits are also smooth and refined: they are four in number.

A. A. E. Herbert is another artist whose key is subdued. He paints thinly and smoothly, and his 'Nymph of the Woods' (425), a noble nude figure with her arms over her head, is a fair measure of his prowess. J. G. Jacquet has a very striking dark girl in a large red robe, nobly drawn and coloured. It is called 'La Réverie' in the catalogue, and numbered 474.

Still life is a walk which French artists are not above following, and following with enthusiasm. B. Desgoffe, for example, apparently devotes himself entirely to it, and it is astonishing with what glow and grandeur he invests antique objects and bric-à-brac generally. See 264, 265, and 266. A. Vollen is another painter who invests curiosities and the like with interest, and gives to still life almost the importance of high Art. To do anything, in fact, earnestly and well would, we should imagine, have this effect. M. Vollen's pencil, however, is as versatile as it is powerful; and, besides these magnificent pictures of still life, he presents us with a life-sized figure of Amazonian proportions, representing a Dieppe woman of the labouring kind (842), striding along with exposed bust, short petticoats, and bare legs, with a round basket slung carelessly on her back, and looking in her rags as self-possessed and unconsciously defiant as if the world were hers for the taking.

In the second gallery one of the first pictures which attracts the eye is a magnificent nude figure fronting the spectator, and holding aloft a globe of white light. Its author, J. J. Lefebvre, calls it 'La Vérité' (543), and the fine academic drawing and modelling, the smooth painting and refined colour, give ample satisfaction to the eye, and help out the abstract idea which he has embodied with such success. Besides two or three other subject pictures, among which is to be specially mentioned his lovely 'Le Rêve' (545), this accomplished artist is represented by five portraits, all of them lifelike and masterly. E. R. Thirion, a notable master of colour, sends, in addition to his representations of several Saints, a large canvas in which he shows Judith (800) being welcomed by the people, as she leans triumphant on her sword, with the severed head of Holofernes before her. There is an Oriental wealth of colour about the picture in remarkable harmony with the grand air of the Hebrew heroine. A. J. Benouville, who, like the last mentioned, was a pupil of Picot, sends a very beautifully modelled girl looking across a rocky lake. It is called in the catalogue 'Le Revin' (50). J. J. Henner, another of the many distinguished pupils of Picot, is represented by five sound portraits and several classic groups of nymphs and naiads in appropriate surroundings of wood and water.

P. A. P. Lehoux is represented by one large canvas, which he devotes to a sacred subject, viz. the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen' (551). The design is both grand and original, and the angel hovering over the martyr is treated with great boldness, and leaves on the mind of the spectator not the faintest suggestion of conventionality. Another religious subject equally daring in design is G. R. Boulanger's 'St. Sebastian appearing to the Emperor Maximianus Hercules.' The apparition of the saint on the canvas, in white robe and with extended arms, is almost as startling to the spectator as it was to the coarse tyrant in reality. P. P. L. Glaize has a large and impressive canvas, on which fugitives are seen being let down from the wall of a beleaguered city. 'Le Premier Duel' (385) is also a striking work, and the portrait of the artist's mother, 'Madame A. Glaize' (384), is worthy of his pencil. Of design on a grand scale and with a view to mural decoration there is a splendid example in the elder Glaize's 'Spectacle de la Folie Humaine' (382), executed in three compartments. An old man stands in

front playing the chorus as it were, and points to a sad scene of havoc, burning, and slaughter.

Another scene of terror adequately rendered is that of 'Orestes and the Furies' (562), by J. F. F. Lematte, one of the pupils of Cabanel; and the master himself stands revealed in four grand designs, mural in size and in treatment, illustrative of the 'Life of St. Louis' (160), which is intended for the decoration of the Church of St. Geneviève, better known to some of our readers as the Panthéon. This grand work is thinly painted, and kept remarkably quiet in colour throughout, as befits such designs; but the splendour of colour is by no means foreign to Cabanel's pencil, as may be seen in his brilliant treatment of the Old Testament theme of 'Thamar et Absalom' (154). He is peculiarly happy and refined, moreover, in female portraiture, as may be seen by the manner in which he has limned the five noble ladies (155 to 160, inclusive). L. E. Dubufe is another master in this walk, as the half-score portraits he exhibits amply testify: those of M. Gounod, M. Lezuel, and M. Alexandre Dumas strike us as being peculiarly felicitous.

Among P. Rousseau's dozen pictures we were most struck with 'Fleurs d'Été' (752) and 'Les Fromages' (758). 'Un Baptême Bressan' (703) is remarkable for the very bright key in which it is painted. G. Moreau, who delights in biblical and mythological subjects, has much of the brilliant colouring of the English Etty, with rather a heavy black element running through it. His 'Moses exposed on the Nile' (660) and 'Hercules and the Hydra' (656) afford indications of this tendency. Noble in design and subdued in colour are the figures of the four Gospel Saints depicted by X. A. Mouchablon. Notable also in this room for their artistic merit are 'Les Chênes de Kertrégonnée' (783), by A. Segé; 'Sylla chez Marius' (807), by B. Ulmann; and 'Le Moulin' (415), with pigs feeding under a great oak-tree in the foreground.

L. Bonnat's portraits of M. Thiers, M. Robert Fleury, Don Carlos, and other notabilities, hung in the fourth gallery, are all vigorously painted, and his old tendency to darkness comes out only here and there. To be seen at his grandest and best, however, one must enter La Ville de Paris, the building which breaks the continuity of the galleries, and which is set apart for the display of those matters in architecture, decoration, &c., more immediately connected with the city. Here is a series of four grand ideal designs illustrating the genius of Law and Justice; they are bright and almost glowing in colour. H. L. Levy has in the same place several richly coloured designs of subjects, both sacred and mythological. 'Herodias' (580), 'Sarpedon' (581), and 'St. Denis' (583), are among his themes. E. Levy, on the other hand, is bright rather than rich in colour, and all his canvases, which are classic in subject, have rather a painty look. F. Cormon, who is also one of those favoured by the city authorities, shows in his designs a prevailing tint of russet. All these works in La Ville de Paris, and several others of older date than those we have named, are part of the mural decoration of some or other of the public buildings of Paris. By the awkward arrangement of the great screens and partitions on which some of these noble works are exhibited the visitor runs great risk of missing them altogether.

Returning to No. 4 gallery, we would call attention to J. Goupil's famous lady in the chocolate dress and tremendous bonnet, showing what the fashions were 'In 1795.' The picture is manfully painted, and numbered in the catalogue 395. Feyen-Perrin shows in 332 a glorious group of fishermen and fisher-lasses coming towards the spectator from the sea, where they have been fishing for shrimps. The quality of this picture is fine indeed. A landscape worthy in every way of being classed with it is J. B. A. Guillemet's 'Bercy en Décembre' (406). C. Busson is another noble worker in this department. His 'Les Fossés du Château de Lavardin' (150) is a picture in which we think he excels himself and enhances his reputation. We desire to commend also the 'Family of Satyrs' (713), by L. Priou; 'Une Étape' (715), by P. A. Protais; and 'Les Sapeurs' (719), by feu G. Régamey. Miss N. Jacquemart—especially for her splendid portraits of 'M. Duruy' (458), 'M. Dufaure' (460), and of 'Marshal Canrobert' (459)—P. Huas (446), F. J. Barrias

(191), J. L. Machard (594), J. J. Veyrasset (825), are all in our notes for special mention, but we have only space to name them.

In this same room will be found sixteen examples of the inimicable pencil of J. L. Meissonier. Cuirassiers, philosophers, battle-pieces, portraits, and by whatever class of subject he has made himself famous, will be found represented. They vary in size from a few square inches to several feet. His 'Cuirassiers of 1805,' in line upon some ploughed land and grass, is perhaps the largest and most important picture he ever painted. It is seven or eight feet long, by about four feet high, and the figures of both horses and men are handled with all that breadth of force for which his pencil is so remarkable. This quality of largeness enters into his smallest subjects, even when the figures are not half-a-dozen inches in height. A more satisfying exhibition of his works we are not likely to see again in a hurry.

G. Becker's grand picture of 'Rizpah protecting from the Birds of Prey the hanging Bodies of her dead Sons' (33), which created such a sensation in the Salon of 1875, is certainly one of the pictures of the Exposition. With her left arm uplifted, and in the right hand the rough branch of a tree, with wild eyes and dilated nostrils, the concubine of Saul scares the eagles away from the bodies of his seven sons whom the Gibeonites had hanged on the hill before the Lord; for 'Rizpah suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.' There is something exceedingly grim and tragical in the seven bodies—two of them Rizpah's children and five of them the grandchildren of Saul—hanging up aloft in the gathering twilight, some by one hand and some by two, while the heroic woman stands guard before them. The artist must have been in a grand mood indeed when he first conceived a subject so weird and savage, yet so tender and sublime.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

IT remains for us to offer a few brief remarks on the sculptural works which were exhibited this year in the galleries of the Academy.

Among the portrait busts in the vestibule which attract attention by their capable modelling and lifelike realisation, and in which the artist makes most of the sitter without in any way compromising the art, are WILLIAM BRODIE'S 'David Livingstone' (1426), and 'The Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, C.B., M.P.' (1455), with his strong, noble, square head, so refined and thoughtful; J. E. BOEHM'S, A., 'Sir John Cowell, C.B.' (1418); HAMO THORNYCROFT'S 'Late Charles M'Garel, Esq.' (1428); J. EDWARDS'S 'James Walker, Esq., J.P.' (1421), bearded and manly, and his 'Late Thomas Stephens, Esq.' (1439), so dignified, and yet so natural; and especially the late J. DURHAM'S, A., marble bust of 'Thomas Webster, Esq., R.A.' (1456), with his ample brow and benign air. We like, too, the sweet, simple way in which J. A. RAEMACKERS has treated the marble bust of 'Ada' (1446); nothing could be more appropriate. This sense of the fitness of things doubtless impressed G. SIMONDS when he modelled 'Perseus, the Liberator' (1432); and yet the boldness and dash naturally belonging to the treatment of such a subject the artist has kept well under, and the result is an ideal bust of high quality. J. SHERWIN WESTMACOTT also understands the art of modifying his manner according to his subject, and his range is a very varied one. His alto-relievo 'Ecce Homo' (1434) is most impressive, and full of fine religious feeling and pathos. There are two busts of 'The late Admiral Rous' (1427 and 1442), and both are good. The former is by M. RAGGI, and must have been taken some time ago. It is full of character, both round the mouth and in the region of the puckered eyes. The other is by R. C. BELT, and is no less subtly modelled. It represents the Admiral as a much older man, and was doubtless taken quite recently.

In the Central Hall are several ideal subjects, and some of them of considerable merit. C. E. FUCIGNA, for example, gives a very capital idea of 'Spring' (1463) in the deftly modelled peasant girl holding out her lapful of flowers; and W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., is very suggestive in 'Early Troubles' (1472), in which we see an anxious mother trying to prevent strife between her two boys. The subject is treated classically and with fine feeling. We approve also of Mr. Marshall's maiden 'Whispering Vows to Pan' (1480). C. B. BIRCH'S 'Retaliation' (1483)—a shepherd defending himself with his crook from the supposed attack of the eagle, whose young ones he has

seized—is capably modelled, and was no doubt carefully studied from the life. But that it is slightly suggestive of Bell's 'Eagle Slayer,' we should call it original in conception, as it certainly is faultless in execution. 'Godiva' (1482), by T. WOOLNER, R.A., is by far too heavy. The body, but for its ponderosity, is capably modelled, yet there is no proper shape either in the hand or the arm, and the drapery, in some places, is niggling and bad. The idea of the spiritual and heroic Godiva is entirely missed; this sturdy Amazonian would ride anywhere and anyhow, without ever for a moment regarding it as an ordeal.

For a very happy realisation of sweetness of fancy in sculpture we turn to A. BRUCE JOY'S 'First Flight' (1477); and for ideality in the grand sense, to HAMO THORNYCROFT'S marble statue of 'Lot's Wife' (1468). This to our eyes is by far the noblest piece of sculpture in the whole exhibition. W. J. S. WEBBER'S 'Warrior and wounded Youth' (1471) is excellent; and so is T. S. LEE'S 'Hercules throwing Lichas into the Sea' (1485), only the trunk of the former is too broad and heavy. Very spirited also is the treatment of the same subject by Wm. TYLER (1473); but here the weight is overhung. Lichas, moreover, clutches firmly with his right hand the left thigh of Hercules, and what with this grip and the overbalancing, he could never be thrown. G. A. LAWSON'S athlete grasping the tiger 'In the Arena' (1501) is original in conception and very vigorously carried out. We are a little doubtful as to whether the man grasps the tiger in the right place, and are almost sure that he has made the anatomy of its leg too heavy. We approve, too, of the deft way in which CHARLOTTE DUBRAY has modelled 'Jephthah's Daughter' (1511), and the delicate manner in which E. B. STEPHENS, A., treats the subject of 'The Bathers' (1510), which occupies the place of honour in the centre of the room. The drapery is slightly conventional; but there is quality enough about the rest to outbalance any shortcomings on that score. We are pleased also with the ideal works of J. POLLAK, F. M. MILLER, G. CAMPOVERDE, and G. TINWORTH.

Much to be commended also are A. BRUCE JOY'S portraits, whether in bust or medallion, and those of J. ADAMS-ACTON are equally satisfactory: his portraits of 'P. H. Calderon, R.A.' (1500), and of 'George Routledge, Esq.' (1526), are admirable. C. B. BIRCH, T. BROCK, E. R. MULLINS, and Wm. TYLER—not to mention others—are all well represented. F. J. WILLIAMSON and J. E. BOEHM, A., are to be congratulated on their success with the Prince of Wales and his two sons. The latter Mr. Williamson represents in the simple and natural garb of the kilt; and the Prince of Wales Mr. Boehm shows us mounted on horseback, in such gallant guise as only the late John Foley could have equalled.

* Continued from page 180.

THE NOTTINGHAM FINE ARTS MUSEUM.

THIS noble temple of the Fine Arts, which the Prince and

Princess of Wales opened under such happy circumstances on the 3rd of July, crowns the commanding rock on which erst stood Nottingham Castle. When it came into the possession of the first Duke of Newcastle, William Cavendish, a scholarly and accomplished man, he had the old stronghold swept away, and the foundations laid of the present palatial edifice, which his son saw finished in 1679. On the 10th of October, 1831, during the Reform agitation, the demon of destruction took possession for a time of the congregated waifs and strays of Nottingham, and their fine castle was soon a blackened ruin. The then duke determined it should remain a lasting monument of Nottingham folly, and it was not restored till the Corporation leased it, for a period of five hundred years, from the present duke's trustees, and wisely, under the influence of their late worthy mayor, Mr. Ward, whose death was so widely deplored, determined to convert the palatial edifice into an Art Museum.

In the lower story a series of well-lit rooms is devoted to the display of all sorts of costly textures from India, Burmah, China, and Japan, from Moorish regions, from Turkey, and from Persia. Pottery of all kinds, and metal-work ancient and modern, European and Oriental, enamels, ivories, carvings in marble and crystal, Venetian glass, old miniatures of famous persons, old jewellery of cunning workmanship, and all those many odds and ends so dear to the archæologist, are set forth with such taste as we associate only with South Kensington. Indeed, the lace and other kindred collections were arranged under the special superintendence of the South Kensington authorities, and the manufacturers of Nottingham will, therefore, have an opportunity of studying those rare examples under the very best conditions. Among those to whom the town is indebted for contributions may be mentioned the Messrs. Joseph, Mr. Phené Spiers, the Dukes of Westminster and Newcastle, Mr. Andrew MacCallum, Mr. H. Farquhar, Mr. H. T. Hope, Mr. Soden Smith, M. Salviati of Venice, Messrs. Doulton and Copeland of London, and especially Major Walter, whose remarkable collection of Satsuma and Kioto ware attracted here, as it did at Wrexham, universal admiration. Nor must such lady contributors as Miss Wallace Dunlop, Mrs. Alfred Morrison, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess Brownlow, Lady Marian Alford, Mrs. Willmott, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, be forgotten.

The pictorial section fills the staircases and upper story of the

building; these are thrown into a series of half-a-dozen picture galleries, which are not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom for light and well-considered proportions. The walls of the entrance staircase are filled with the portraits of the heroes and heroines of the Civil War, and the royal Stuarts and the Cavaliers, and Cromwell and his Ironsides, will be recognised in some gallant man or devoted woman on all sides.

The first gallery is very properly devoted to the noble landscapes of Henry Dawson, a native of Nottingham, and a glory to the town. Some of those landscapes are worthy of Turner, and assuredly the authorities of the Queen of the Midlands did well to heap what honour they could on the head of one who had brought so much honour to them. Next comes a long gallery devoted to water colours, and so complete is the collection that the whole history of the practice, from the days of Thomas Girtin and John Varley, may be traced in regular sequence to our own time. Then comes a room hung entirely with the poetic landscapes of Clarence Whaite. He has several charming drawings in the water-colour gallery, but his forte really seems to lie in oil.

Entering the great gallery, it will be found that one side is occupied with pictures by the old masters, such as Holbein, Velasquez, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Cuypp, Claude, and the like, and in several instances by examples of the finest quality. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth may be seen at their very highest and best, and, so far as the first two are concerned, over and over again. The other side of the gallery is filled with the masterpieces of living men. Thomas Faed, R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., J. Israels, and L. J. Pott, A., were never seen to greater advantage. But besides these there are very fair examples of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Birket Foster, E. Ellis, Briton Riviere, E. Long, A., R. Ansdell, R.A., and many others, which the intelligent visitor will discover for himself. It is within his power, in short, if he cares to take the trouble, to get in the Nottingham Fine Arts Museum a very fair idea of the history of Art during the last three hundred years. Two rooms more complete the *suite*, and one of these is most unaccountably given up to the works of the late Mr. Niemann, whose landscapes are at once dexterous and depressing.

We have said enough to convince our readers that we regard the Nottingham Fine Arts Museum as a great affair, which in due time will make itself beneficially felt throughout the whole of the Midland Counties.

A TURKISH SCHOOL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM QUILTER, ESQ., NORWOOD.

J. F. LEWIS, R.A., Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

MANY years before Turkey absorbed almost the undivided attention of Europeans, as it has recently done—and to a certain degree still does—Mr. Lewis had given to it the utmost consideration, but for purposes widely differing from those which have lately fixed the eyes of nearly the whole civilised world upon the country—namely, to study it in its social and domestic picturesque character. As David Roberts explored it, and brought us the deserts and temples, the pyramids and sphinxes, &c., of Egypt and Syria, on canvas, for our delight and information, so J. Frederick Lewis, who lived on the banks of the Nile during many years, painted, with equal beauty and truth, latticed harems with their caged doves, and bazaars crowded with their cross-legged merchants, and much more relating to the social history of the modern followers of the prophet Mahomet. His picture here engraved was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1865, the first year after the artist's election to the grade of

Royal Academician: the scene, the catalogue of the year informed us, in the vicinity of Cairo, Egypt. In the room a group of Moslem children of both sexes, as we gather from their costumes, are assembled to receive instruction from a grave-looking Dominie, who, reclining behind a kind of low table or desk, holds a cane in his hand for the benefit of idlers or dunces. It is evident that corporal punishment is not banished from the Turkish school, while the presence of some pigeons in the room gives a domesticated appearance to it not usually associated with educational work. The furniture of the apartment includes several picturesque objects; the use of some of these is, to a European eye, somewhat equivocal, at least in such a place; but the picture altogether is perfect after its kind; in it the artist has adopted a favourite method of treatment with him, by pouring a flood of sunlight through the barred window in sparkling rays and chequered forms upon the party-coloured floor.





TURNER AND RUSKIN.

A COLLECTION of one hundred and twenty-six drawings by Turner, accompanied by nearly eighty sketches, drawings, and photographs, executed or collected by Mr. Ruskin, has been on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries, No. 148, New Bond Street. The exhibition is illustrated by a little volume, which, under the title "Notes by Mr. Ruskin," contains a *catalogue raisonné* of the pictures, together with a great deal of the charming Art and other gossip in which the writer is so prone to indulge, not himself only, but also his readers.

A brief note of the main facts in the life of Turner is given by way of introduction. He was born on St. George's day, in 1775. He produced no work of importance till he was past twenty, though he worked constantly from the time that he could hold a pencil. His true master, Mr. Ruskin, says, was Dr. Munro, to whose practical teaching and wise simplicity of method the healthy development of the power of the artist is attributed. His first artistic journey seems to have been taken in 1797 into Yorkshire and Cumberland. In the following year he exhibited ten pictures at the Royal Academy, the subjects being 'Morning among the Coniston Fells,' 'Wensleydale,' 'Dunstanborough Castle,' 'Kirkstall Abbey,' 'Fountains Abbey,' 'Norham Castle,' 'Holy Island Cathedral,' 'Ambleside Mill,' 'Buttermere Lake,' and 'The Fern House, Mickleham, Surrey.' In 1800 he exhibited his first sacred and epic picture, 'The Fifth Plague of Egypt.' His Art life has been divided by his admirer into five periods. In the first, from 1800 to 1810, "his manner is stern, reserved, quiet, grave in colour, powerful in hand. His mind tranquil, fixed, in physical study, on maritime subjects; in moral study, on the mythology of Homer and the Law of the Old Testament." In the second period, 1810 to 1820, "his manner became gentle and refined in the extreme. He perceives the most subtle qualities of natural beauty in form and atmosphere, for the most part denying himself colour. His execution is unrivalled in precision and hue. His mind fixed chiefly on the loveliness of natural things." In the third period, or decade, a great change is said gradually to occur, owing to some evil chances in his life, in his moral temper. "He begins, after 1825, to exert and exhibit his power wantonly and irregularly; the power itself always increasing, and complete colour being now added to his scale in all conceptions. His handling becomes again more masculine, the refined work being reserved for particular passages. He forms, in this period, his own complete and individual manner as a painter." It may be remarked, as tending to explain a division of the artist's biographical course which may at first seem somewhat arbitrary, that Turner paid three visits to Italy, viz. in 1819, in 1829, and in 1839, or 1840. It is not in his works alone that the influence of the great mother school of mediæval and modern Art may be traced. If the dates may be relied on, the nine drawings which Mr. Ruskin brings together under the title 'Dreamland, Italy'—1810 to 1820—must date in the last two years of that decade. The subject is the more interesting from the consideration that a first visit to Italy is calculated so to increase the perception by an artist of the fulness and contrast of colour in nature, that the influence on his style and tone cannot fail to be great. But the beautiful drawings here brought together are more remarkable for the delicacy and precision of their delineation than for their bold dealing with colour. 'Rome from Monte Mario,' a little drawing of 8½ in. by 5½ in., represents every principal building in Rome so far as it would be seen from this point. Mr. Ruskin's further remark, "that if you take a lens of good power to it, you will find even the ruinous masonry of the arches of the Coliseum distinctly felt and indicated," suggests the very interesting inquiry, how far Turner's organs of vision resembled those of ordinary men. Of course the constant practice of graphic art gives to the eye a power and precision of which the uneducated vision is altogether incapable; but that is not what is here meant. It is well known that there is such an affection as

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colour blindness, and we may suppose that a sort of grey neutral tint presides over the landscapes pictured on the retina of persons thus affected. On the other hand, it may be stated as a no less positive fact that there is such a thing as a special colour sense of vision—a state in which the tints and hues of nature become more luminous and decided than they appear to the ordinary spectator. How far this hyper-æsthetic condition, when it does not attain to a positively painful sensitiveness, may be more affected by certain hues of the spectrum than by others, we are without data for suggesting. That something of this kind characterized Turner's physique there seems to be good reason to conclude, and the idea may explain much that is otherwise inexplicable as to the mode in which, more particularly in his later years, the artist made use of fierce and violent colours, which, however masterly was their effect in composition, are in themselves anything but true to nature, as appreciated by the ordinary observer. Bearing on this subject is the remark, cited by Mr. Ruskin, of the Rev. W. Kingsley, that he believed Turner had never seen an eruption of Vesuvius. The drawing (No. 24), 'Vesuvius Angry,' certainly bears the aspect rather of the reproduction of some of the Italian paintings, which are so abundant in Naples, than of actual familiarity with that most magnificent of telluric phenomena. But the want of verisimilitude is not so much in the absence of the falling ashes, the descent of which may almost be called capricious, and which certainly varies much from minute to minute, as in the general yellow tone of the landscape, and the absence of either red or white points of incandescence. It is rather a view of the Bay of Naples composed in a given key of colour than a real appreciation of the terrible anger of Vesuvius.

The third period of Turner's work divides, according to Mr. Ruskin, half-way. The fourth period, from 1830 to 1840, contains the two groups of the best French and best English drawings. The fifth period, 1840 to 1845—though the artist lived to 19th December, 1851—is illustrated by the best Alpine sketches, and by finished drawings from them. It is to be regretted that it is by such very un instructive adjectives as "wonderful," "marvellous," "insuperable," that Mr. Ruskin speaks of the chief works of Turner between 1830 and 1845, instead of pointing out the real Art characteristics. It is rather as a poet than as a draughtsman or colourist that the critic or avowed disciple allows himself to revel in his admiration of Turner; and we are all the poorer for this abandonment of the luminous severity of the professor of Art.

The collection under review gives a rare proof of the possession by the author of the Catalogue of an indispensable qualification for the thorough judge of Art, namely, the hand to create as well as the eye to see. It may not be true that none but a painter can truly judge of a painting. It may even be urged that a painter is not the most reliable judge or critic of the works of his brothers of the pencil. But we think it must be admitted that none but an artist in some field or branch of Art can be a thorough judge of Art in any of its branches. The education of the hand is needed, in order to give a reflected power and accuracy to the education of the eye. There is an unfinished pencil sketch of an 'Outline from the Fresco of the Sacrifice of Job' in the Campo Santo of Pisa, from the hand of Mr. Ruskin, which might have been placed without discredit in the exquisite collection of drawings by old masters exhibited last autumn in the Grosvenor Gallery. In refined delicacy and graceful truth of touch, combined with depth and tender sense of feeling, it almost leads us to echo the half-suppressed sigh of the draughtsman, "Had I been able to keep myself clear of literature!" Some of the architectural sketches, too, give a feeling of Gothic tracery akin to that which must have been possessed by the great artists of our cathedrals. A copy from Prout's 'Hôtel de Ville, Brussels,' shows how much skill of touch is to be sought, or rather to be cultivated when it comes

by instinct. There is something a little questionable as to the effect of the anthers of the 'Wild Strawberry Blossom' (45 R.); but the delicate tones of 'The Ducal Palace,' drawn in 1874, are indubitably "as near to the actual facts of the relation between dark and light in the architecture alone as attentive care can reach." The comment, "the moment sky is added to such a study as this all its detail becomes ghastly and useless," is most instructive. It shows how much more goes to make a truthful picture than fidelity of detail. The student should contrast this exquisite bit of water-colour drawing, which the artist feared to spoil by putting in the sky, with the composition, in colours, of 'Rouen, from St. Catherine's Hill,' by Turner (No. 56 in the Catalogue), in which patches of smalt in the sky are unlike anything ever witnessed by the ordinary vision in the skies

of Normandy, but are yet needful to the harmony of the picture. Mr. Ruskin has called attention to the fact that "Turner never after this time drew from nature without composing." He has given several very striking instances of subtle harmony in linear composition. He tells us how (in 'Flint Castle') the violent green and orange in the near figures are in themselves painful, but that the general effect would have been impossible without them. We should like to see an Academic paper devoted to a thorough discussion of the real principles of the chromatic composition of an artist of whom it can be said, "His dislike of fresh green is a curious idiosyncrasy in him."

The Turner and Ruskin collection is one that ought to have been visited by all those who wish not only to be pleased, but to be taught.
F. R. CONDER.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL: RESTORED AND UNRESTORED.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED RIMMER.

I.—THE EXTERIOR. PART I.

THE purpose of this paper, and of another which is to follow it, is to exhibit the general result of the recent restoration of Chester Cathedral, by pointing out the chief contrasts that subsist between this building as it was before 1868 and as it is now. It is evidently natural, in the arrangement of two papers written with this end in view, to devote one to the exterior and the other to the interior.

As regards the exterior, there is no difficulty in deciding on

the exact point from whence the best general impression of the characteristics of this Minster is obtained. It happens, too, that the same point is the best for appreciating the difference between the Cathedral restored and the Cathedral unrestored. Taking our stand on the City Wall, so as to look from the South-East, and with a drawing of an earlier date in our hands, so that we may see the building as it was and as it is, we shall be enabled to mark the great change that has been effected,



Chester Cathedral (unrestored) from the South-East.

while perceiving also what there is in the general structure of this Cathedral and the arrangement of its parts which causes it to be characteristically different from others.

This point has the further advantage of being that to which any stranger would be brought for the best general view, or at which he would instinctively pause if he were making investiga-

tions without a guide in the immediate neighbourhood of the church. He could not fail to mark and to regret the choking up of this church by buildings on the outside, and the absence of any proper "Cathedral Close"—a subject to be borne in mind, when we deal presently with the western and northern sides of the structure. Hardly any cathedral in England has been so un-

fortunately hidden by inferior buildings. From the point above indicated the view is far more free than from any other. And, while standing here, we should not fail to observe that the City Wall at this place has been recently widened, and the condition of the Churchyard very largely improved and embellished with trees. These changes, if not strictly parts of the restoration of Chester Cathedral, are to be regarded as elements in that contrast between its condition of old, and its condition now, which is the subject of these remarks.

When from this point the eye ranges freely over the whole building, three very remarkable features at once arrest our attention. These are the singular conical roof at the extremity of the South Aisle of the Choir, the immense size of the South Transept, and the roof which surmounts the Lady Chapel at the eastern end of the Choir. To each of these features separate attention must be carefully given; for each has a history of its own, and a history of considerable interest.

Comparing the general aspect of the Cathedral as it stands before us, with the engraving of its older condition which is supposed to be in our hand, and moving a little to the north to see the termination of the north aisle, we can easily repro-

duce, in imagination, the former appearance of the southern aisle and of its junction with the Lady Chapel. A few years ago it used to extend two bays farther to the east, with a turret of modern construction at the point where it passed beyond the Choir, and with a huge buttress on the south, near its eastern extremity. To record the fact of this extension, and at the same time to mark off the graves which were once in the interior of the church, the space occupied by these two bays is flagged, and thus separated from the rest of the Churchyard.

The history of the change effected in this part of the Cathedral, with the result which is now seen, can be told in a few words. That huge buttress which has just been mentioned was a vain attempt to arrest a perilous tendency to fall, that had long ago manifested itself in this prolongation of the aisle. This peril was caused by the absence of foundations, a point to which we shall recur more particularly afterwards. The structure here was, in fact, in so bad a condition, that it was necessary to pull it down in order to restore its safety. Upon this a remarkable and unexpected discovery was made. It had always been known, through evidence supplied by the vaulting, that the aisle, before the eastern addition was made,



Chester Cathedral (restored) from the South-East.

terminated in an apsidal form. But, in preparing for demolition, preparatory to reconstruction, we became aware that the extraordinary conical roof, which is now seen again after several centuries, had once existed here. The evidence was supplied, partly by the existence of three arches between the outward and inward roofs, which had manifestly at one time borne a very heavy weight, partly by a projecting mass of stonework at this point, on the southern face of the clerestory wall, of which no one was ever able before to give any explanation,* and partly by the discovery of certain worked stones that gave information regarding the angle at which this pyramidal roof formerly rose. At this point in the progress of the work of restoration the question was at once started, whether the eastern end of the aisle should be reinstated in the form which it presented in the early part of the thirteenth century, or in that into which it had been

transformed in the early part of the sixteenth. The decision was in favour of the earlier period, the termination of the northern aisle being left to represent the later.*

One great advantage, which has been secured by this arrangement, is that we have recovered an architectural link between this building and buildings in Normandy with which it was associated by personal intercourse. The Benedictine monks who founded this church came from Bec, in that part of France; and the best example of this kind of lateral pyramid in the chancel of a church is found at Norrey, in that neighbourhood.† It may be remarked by the way that another good result which indirectly followed from the plan adopted in restoring this part

* Attention should be called to the clever manner in which the architect has dealt with a difficulty inevitable in the reproduction of this pyramidal roof. A heavy weight was required in the buttress to the south of the pyramid; and this has been supplied in the form of a pinnacle, which adds much to the beauty of this singular termination of the aisle.

† In the late Dr. Whewell's "Architectural Notes" (p. 294) is an amusing account of his being apprehended here by the police authorities as a person dangerous to the public safety. Norrey is within easy walking distance of Caen.

* In old engravings this mass of stonework used to be represented in the form of a bee-hive, resting on the aisle-roof, close to the clerestory. These engravings are very inaccurate; but it seems clear that this relic of old masonry was formerly larger than within living memory.

of the Cathedral was that the whole of the south side of the Lady Chapel was set free, so that the true forms of its buttresses, windows, and cornice could be reproduced, and an opportunity for coloured glass obtained, to which reference will be made when the changes effected in the interior are described.

Before we return to the Lady Chapel, let us now look at the great South Transept, which is popularly called St. Oswald's Church—and indeed, in one sense, is quite properly so called; for the parishioners of St. Oswald's have had for some centuries, and still retain, the right to worship within these walls. A glance at the old view and the new will at once show how great a change has been accomplished in this part of the general fabric. Correct tracery has been introduced into the clerestory windows; pinnacles, parapets, and flying buttresses have been added; and the disintegrated masonry has been renewed. But the chief reason why careful notice of the Transept is urged at this point in our description is its immense relative size. Its length is as great as that of the Choir; and this fact is the more remarkable, because the North Transept is very short. The explanation of these circumstances is, no doubt, to be found in the extension of their church southwards by the monks of St. Werburgh's over the ground of St. Oswald's parish, any similar expansion northwards being prevented by the conventual buildings. We shall return to this point presently. Meanwhile this close juxtaposition of the names of St. Oswald and St. Werburgh is worthy of remark. Both are historical personages, whatever amount of legendary matter may have gathered round their names. The former was a heroic king, trained under the successors of St. Columba, and intimately associated with St. Aidan's evangelizing work in the north of England. The other was an abbess of royal birth, connected by domestic and ecclesiastical ties with St. Ethelreda of Ely. Thus we have here, architecturally represented, the meeting of those two streams of Missionary exertion—the Scottish and the Roman—to which the establishment of Christianity in this part of England is due.

We were to revert, however, to the Lady Chapel. Many points in this part of the fabric would require careful notice, if this description were at all complete. The small semi-octagonal buttresses, or pilasters, beneath the windows,* now correctly restored, are very peculiar: the recovery of the true form of the large general buttresses depended on an investigation of extreme interest: nor must we forget the underpinning, extended in this part of the Cathedral to a depth of more than twelve feet, which was necessary in order to make the building secure. But that to which special reference was made above is the Roof of this chapel. A building of this date must necessarily have had a roof of high pitch; but if one of high pitch had been carried continuously from end to end of the chapel, it would have blocked up the eastern window of the Choir. This problem

was very ingeniously solved by the architect through giving an apsidal termination to this roof at its western end, so that the light could be seen through the Choir window, while yet the general effect of a steep Early English roof was fully secured.

Standing at this point of the City Wall, we should not fail to observe the remarkably complete and instructive series of window-tracery which is full in view. Perhaps there is no place in England where the successive styles of window-tracery can be studied more conveniently and to greater advantage. Norman windows, indeed, do not exist in Chester Cathedral; but, to use the customary terms, Early English of a very fine form is to be now seen on the south side of the Lady Chapel; and this is followed by Decorated Geometrical tracery in the aisle and clerestory of the Choir; and this again is succeeded by Decorated Flowing tracery in the aisle of the South Transept; while the series is completed by the Perpendicular windows of the Clerestory of this Transept. As regards the Clerestory windows of the Choir, they have this peculiarity, that they are destitute of labels or hood-mouldings. The tracery of these windows, which is very light and elegant, was saved, by a narrow escape, from utter disappearance. Stone sticks (no other name would be appropriate) had been inserted on the south side; but on the north side two windows of the ancient form remained—so ruinous, however, that a violent storm might easily have shattered and destroyed them. From these two windows the whole series, both on the north and on the south, have been correctly reproduced. It ought to be added, that till the recent restoration the tracery of the windows of the aisles of the Choir and South Transept, though correct in form, was not really of stone, but of composite materials, which might correctly be described by the Yorkshire word "shoddy."

We must not leave this point without fixing our eyes on one thing more. This is the Central Tower of the Cathedral—a commanding feature, necessarily conspicuous in every general external view. When it is seen from a distance, there is an optical delusion which causes the restored turrets to appear to curve outwards; and this, of course, creates disappointment. But what we lose in one way we gain in another. There is no such disturbance of feeling when we see the Tower on a nearer view, as, for instance, from the City Wall, where we are supposed to be standing. Opinions will vary as to the propriety of placing a spire upon this Tower. There is no doubt that the ancient architects contemplated this addition; and the emphatic pinnacles which now rise on the eastern extremity of the Choir lead the mind up with complacency to this result. But, on the other hand, the Chester citizens never saw a spire on the summit of their Cathedral; and the general opinion is, probably, not in favour of such a change.

(To be continued.)

LA RÉVERIE.

J. AUBERT, Painter.

THIBAUT, Engraver.

IN the *Art Journal* for March in the current year will be found an engraving from a picture, 'The Broken Thread,' by M. Aubert, the author of 'La Réverie,' and at the same time we gave as much information about the painter as we could ascertain concerning him. Both pictures give evidence that he borrows his conceptions from classic history, or rather, that they are formed on the model of the subjects of ancient Art. Without attempting to institute a comparison between the two figures in these respective compositions, we give the preference, both for personal beauty and for general elegance of form, to the one here engraved, though the face has assumed an expression suggestive of thoughts more allied with sadness than with pleasure.

* Pilasters of this form are found in the Chapter House, and there run round the windows; and it has been suggested, as an explanation of their appearance in the Lady Chapel, which is of later date, that it was at first intended to follow the same plan here, but that this intention was abandoned during the progress of the work.

It would not be a forced idea to imagine that this is a maiden who has wandered pensively down to the seashore of one of the isles of ancient Greece, and is resting herself abstractedly on a mass of rock covered with seaweed, while she recalls scenes of past enjoyment or mourns over the absence of some loved one called away, it may be, to join the hosts of Greece in avenging the abduction of Helen by Paris of Troy. But whatever the especial *motif* the painter may have had in his design—if, indeed, he had any beyond that of transferring to his canvas an attractive model, notwithstanding its expression of melancholy—he has succeeded in presenting a female figure the upper portion of which leaves little to be desired; but it suffers as a whole from the inelegant attitude in which the lower limbs are placed. Still, M. Aubert must not be classed with that section of the modern school of French painters who sacrifice modesty at the altar of sensation, or, more correctly speaking, sensualism.





LA VERTU

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Royal Society of Artists has opened its autumn exhibition of pictures, which is, as usual, chiefly maintained by artists whose works have been already seen in the rooms of the Royal Academy and other London galleries. Conspicuous among these contributors are Messrs. Millais, R.A., Watts, R.A., J. Pettie, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., E. Armitage, R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., T. Faed, R.A., R. Ansdell, R.A., A. Elmore, R.A. Among the Associates of the Academy who have sent pictures that are known we observe the names of Messrs. V. Cole, E. Nicol, J. E. Hodgson, Briton Riviere, W. F. Yeames; and of popular artists who have not yet reached academical honours are Messrs. J. Brett, F. W. Topham, J. F. Dicksee, J. A. Houston, B. W. Leader, H. Dawson, H. B. Willis, G. Cole, H. B. Roberts, F. W. Hulme, H. Maccallum, and H. Moore. The Birmingham Society and local artists generally are strongly represented by the works of Messrs. Henshaw, H. T. Munns, E. H. Taylor, S. H. Baker, W. H. Hall, C. Radclyffe. The collection of pictures numbers upwards of eight hundred. We regret that our notice of the society's exhibition is necessarily so meagre; this, however, is of less importance as the principal contributions have passed the ordeal of our criticism at an earlier period of the season, and in other galleries.

DUBLIN.—A statue of the late Sir Alexander MacDonnell, Bart., the work of Mr. Thomas Farrell, R.H.A., has been erected in this city. Sir Alexander was for upwards of thirty years Resident Commissioner of National Education in Ireland.

EDINBURGH.—The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland has purchased, at the cost of 500 gs., the picture called 'The Legend,' considered one of the most successful works of the late G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A., whose premature and melancholy death was referred to in our Journal for May. The work will be added to the collection in the Edinburgh National Gallery. The sum of 1,000 gs. had been offered for the picture when "on view" with other works of the deceased artist, whose friends, however, refused to sell it even at that high price, willing rather to take half the sum in order that the painting might be added to the northern National Gallery.—A bronze statue of the eloquent divine, the late Dr. Chalmers, has been erected in Edinburgh: the idea originated so far back, we believe, as 1869, with the late Dean Ramsay. The statue, which is the work of Sir John Steell, R.S.A., is 12 feet in height, and stands on a pedestal of granite 15 feet high. The reverend doctor is attired in the costume of a Moderator of Assembly, supporting an open Bible in his left hand, the right being brought round over the top of the book. It stands in the intersection of George Street and Castle Street.

GLASGOW.—The Fine Art Loan Exhibition, which was opened in the summer months, and closed on August 31st, has been most successful. The exhibition, which contained numerous high-class pictures, was in aid of the funds of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, which, it is expected, will be largely benefited by the undertaking. About 100,000 persons visited it.

KILMARNOCK.—Statues of Burns are multiplying in his own country; Mr. Stevenson, the Scottish sculptor, has just completed a life-size model of the poet, to be placed in the public park of this town.

LIVERPOOL.—It is proposed by the Art Club of Liverpool to open during the next session an exhibition of the works of Josiah Wedgwood; and to make the display a useful representation of the great Art potter's productions, it is thought advisable to exhibit the specimens in the order in which they are described by Wedgwood himself "in the various editions of his catalogue;" mention is specially made of Miss Meteyard's edition. A committee has been appointed to carry out the plan, and the members of it will feel greatly obliged if those who are collectors or possessors of old Wedgwood ware would give them some general description of the works they hold, and which they would be willing to exhibit. Communications may be addressed to Mr. C. T. Gatty, at the Art Club, Myrtle Street.

MANCHESTER.—Eleven out of the twelve pictorial subjects intended for the mural decoration of the noble new Town Hall of this city have been made, and are as follows:—No. 1. The Romans in Britain: Agricola builds a fort at Mancunium, A.D. 79. No. 2. The Saxons: Baptism of Eadwine at Manchester, A.D. 627. No. 3. The Danes: After a hard fight they seize the town, A.D. 870. No. 4. Origin of Manufactures: Establishment of Flemish weavers in Manchester, A.D. 1330. No. 5. Early Reformation Movement: John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, defends Wickliffe before the Consistory Court, A.D. 1377. No. 6. Commercial Integrity: Weights and measures tested by municipal decree, A.D. 1566. No. 7. Science: William Crabtree on Kersall Moor (now part of Manchester) discovers the sun's parallax by observation of the transit of Venus over it, A.D. 1566. No. 8. First Blood drawn in the Civil War: Captain Bradshaw, with thirty musketeers, beats back Lord Strange's army, 4,500 strong, A.D. 1642. No. 9. Education: Humphrey Cheetham, merchant, establishes his free school for boys, A.D. 1650. No. 10. Jacobite Movement: Prince Charles Edward musters his troops in the Collegiate Churchyard, A.D. 1745. No. 11. Cotton: John Kay, inventor of the "fly shuttle," is saved from the fury of the mob in a wool sheet, A.D. 1753. The twelfth subject being of a strong modern party political character was objected to, and very properly so. It is quite right that our public civic buildings should be appropriately embellished; but inasmuch as the inhabitants of a town or city hold different political views and sentiments, nothing should be admitted calculated to give offence to either side. We hear that Mr. Ford Madox Brown, to whom some of the work has been confided, has already commenced his task; Mr. F. Shields is named as the other painter to be engaged on the paintings. The Corporation of London would do well to copy the example of Manchester in this matter of internal decoration.

OXFORD.—A portrait of the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, M.P., painted by G. F. Watts, R.A., has been placed in the hall of Christ Church, of which college Mr. Gladstone was formerly a student.

MINOR TOPICS.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—The twenty-fifth report of the Committee of Council on Education has been issued, though, from some cause or other, it has not reached us; but we learn from one of our contemporaries that it shows the number of persons who have, during the year 1877, attended the schools and classes of Science and Art in connection with the

Department is as follows, viz.:—55,927 attending science schools and classes, as against 57,988 in 1876, and 610,620 receiving instruction in Art, showing an increase upon the previous year of 80,208, or more than 15 per cent. The lectures delivered in the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum were attended by 8,481 persons. The evening lectures to working

men at the Royal School of Mines were attended by 1,227 persons; and 172 science teachers attended the special courses of lectures provided for their instruction in the new Science Schools at South Kensington. The various courses of lectures delivered in connection with the Department in Dublin were attended by about 4,300 persons. The total number of persons, therefore, who received direct instruction as students, or by means of lectures, in connection with the Science and Art Department in 1877, is 681,367, showing an increase, as compared with the number in the previous year, of 81,199. The attendance at the Art and Educational Libraries at South Kensington continues to increase; including those at the library of the Royal Dublin Society, the number of readers in 1877 was 74,333. The museums and collections under the superintendence of the Department in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh were last year visited by 2,548,766 persons, showing a decrease of 440,281 on the number in 1876. The returns received of the number of visitors at the local Art and Industrial Exhibitions to which objects were contributed from the South Kensington Museum show an attendance of 1,031,506. The total number of persons who during the year 1877 attended the different institutions and exhibitions in connection with the Department has been upwards of 4,261,639. This total, compared with that of the previous year, presents a decrease of 315,738. The expenditure of the Department during the financial year 1877-78, exclusive of the vote for the Geological Survey, amounted to £276,416 5s. 4d.

SCHOOLS OF ART PRIZE DRAWINGS.—These works, numbering no fewer than 1,400, collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, have lately been on view at South Kensington, and they give evidence of the vast *quantity* of work done by the pupils of the aggregated schools, whatever may be said of the *quality* of the drawings; for it must be stated that the number of works considered worthy of special notice in some way or other are selected out of a gross total of 138,045, contributed by 142 schools of Art. We have scarcely any room for particulars: it must suffice to state that gold medals have been won by Miss Dora Bradley, of Dublin, for a drawing of a head from the life; by Miss K. Benson, of the Female Art School, Bloomsbury, to whom was also awarded a scholarship; by Miss Elizabeth Grace, of the Brighton School, for a painting in oils of fruit and plate; by Mr. James A. Stamp, of Nottingham, for a design for a memorial church; by Annie Yeomans, Sheffield, for a handkerchief border; by J. M. Carr, Nottingham, for a design for a lace curtain; and by G. F. Catchpole, of Hyde Place, Westminster, for a set of eight designs for engraved glass vases. Mr. Catchpole also takes a silver medal for a design for a tea service; and Mary Denley for designs for china productions. Silver medals have been awarded to G. M. Winkles, of Birmingham; to Nathanael H. T. Baird, of Edinburgh, for objects of still life in oil; to Margaret Haseler, of Birmingham, for a similar work in water colours; to Arthur E. Moffat, Edinburgh, also for a drawing of the same class; to Miss McLeod, Manchester, for flower painting; to Samuel P. Pick, Leicester, for a design for a memorial church. An *honorary* silver medal was given to D. Anderson, of South Kensington, for a design for a half-timbered and red brick old English mansion; and an *honorary* gold medal to R. H. A. Willis, for a drawing of the interior of Wren's beautiful church, St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Silver medals have also been awarded to Walter Dunn, Nottingham, for tile designs; to F. Marriot, Coalbrookdale, for a majolica moulded panel; W. Scholar, for a design for bronze gates; E. Kerr, Dublin, for chintz patterns; and F. Baker, Nottingham, for a lace curtain. The bronze medals awarded were very numerous.

VAN DYCK.—M. A. Michiels is, we hear, in England for the purpose of collecting materials for a life of Van Dyck, to be published under the authority of the French Government. M. Michiels will, we understand, visit other European countries with the same object.

THE PLASTERERS' COMPANY.—The following is the result of the seventeenth annual competition for prizes offered by the

Plasterers' Company in connection with the Department of Science and Art, South Kensington. For an original design in monochrome for a ceiling of a room, with centre of chandelier:—First prize, C. E. Wilson, of the Sheffield School of Art; second prize, L. M. Benson, of the National Art Training School, South Kensington. For an original design, modelled in plaster, for a portion of a ceiling centre:—First prize, H. Harvey, of the National Art Training School, South Kensington; second prize, W. Wallen, of the Westminster Royal Architectural Museum School of Art. The competition drawings and models were on view at the annual exhibition of the National Art Students' work, South Kensington.

MR. E. B. STEPHENS, A.R.A., has received a valuable compliment from his native city, Exeter. A work in bronze (which many of our readers will remember as one of the graces of the Royal Academy in 1876) was presented to that city on the 30th of August, as the result of a public subscription to do honour to the artist, and add an interesting and valuable work of Art to the many attractions of venerable Exeter. The adage is not always borne out by fact—a prophet *is* sometimes honoured in his own country. Devonshire has given to the world a large number of worthies; it is a pleasant task to add another to the long list, and to record the gratifying recognition of an artist who has earned and gained renown as foremost among those who have attained eminence in the most arduous of all the professions. 'The Deer-stalker,' a bronze statue on a pedestal of granite, was presented to the city by a number of "friends of the sculptor," and was unveiled by the Earl of Devon, assisted by several eminent citizens of Exeter. We learn from *The Western Times*, a copy of which has been sent to us, that other men of mark, natives of the fairest of all the British shires, were prevented from attendance; the names specially mentioned are Samuel Cousins, R.A., and Mr. Edgar Bowring. At the banquet that followed the Earl of Devon presided.

M. BOUCHER, an artist-photographer, of Brighton, has sent to us some photographs of the cabinet and of a larger size, such as have not been surpassed by the produce of any atelier in France or in England. They show marvellous power in production; the lines are clear and distinct, yet harmonious; no passage in the original is lost in the translation; and, considered as mere portraits, they will assuredly take rank among the very best. But in several of these portraits there is full play given to fancy: living realities are made to seem imaginative creations, and we have often a very sweet and attractive picture of a young maiden who has, no doubt, been dressed and posed for the occasion. But in that we find evidence of the skill and knowledge of the artist. In some sense he works in trammels; but he can so select both his subject and the attitude in which he places it as to impart all the charm and value of fancy. That M. Boucher has done. Obviously he is a true artist.

THE AWARDS AT PARIS.—Our report of the award of medals would, if made now, be necessarily limited and imperfect, and had, therefore, better be postponed. At present it will suffice to say a fair proportion of them has been given to England. There will be some singular and unaccountable disappointments, while others will obtain what certainly they did not expect to receive. On the whole, however, we have reason to believe that justice will be satisfied, and the heart-burnings comparatively few.

'THE POLO MATCH AT HURLINGHAM,' BY GEORGE EARL. —The clever painter of 'Coming South' and 'Going North' has finished another sporting picture, which bids fair to become popular. It is a large painting, some 7 feet by 5, and represents a match at Polo being played in the grounds of Hurlingham before the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large assemblage of the fashionable world. On one side are five officers of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, attired in jerseys and caps striped red and blue, and on the other five members of the Monmouthshire Polo Club, in white shirts and red caps. All are mounted on stout, cob-looking ponies, whose animated and varied action has been most adequately rendered by the artist. The picture, which is on show at the Guardi Gallery, Hay-

market—where the public had an opportunity lately of viewing Miss Hosmer's noble statue of the 'Pompeian Sentinel,' which we have already noticed—has been very successfully reproduced in black and white; and, as many of the figures in the picture, as well as the players, are portraits, we doubt not the plate will have an extensive circulation.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—The obelisk known under this name has been raised on its pedestal on the Thames Embankment, where it will remain an enduring monument of scientific skill in its transmission from the shores of Egypt and its erection where it now stands, if it should add nothing to the æsthetic beauties of our metropolis.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STATUE AT BOMBAY.—Four panels intended to decorate the pedestal of the statue of the Prince at Bombay have been shipped for their destination: the

panels are designed by Mr. Boehm, A.R.A., and have been cast by Messrs. Elkington at their works in Clerkenwell. One represents the reception of the Prince at Bombay by native chiefs; a second the procession of native women bearing offerings of flowers and fruit; another the royal arms; and the fourth bears an inscription. The statue, it will be remembered, is the gift of Sir Albert Sassoon, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales, &c. Each panel weighs upwards of three tons.

THE LATE MR. T. DUCKETT.—A correspondent residing in the locality in which this sculptor lived asks us to correct an error we inadvertently made in the notice of him in a recent number of our Journal, where it is stated that a young sculptor of the same name, whose death in Australia we recorded ten years ago, was no relation of the more recently deceased, whereas we now learn that the latter was father of the former.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

THE exhaustion of the first edition of Lieutenant Conder's "Tent Work in Palestine" in an unusually short time, and before many periodicals have found opportunity to express opinions as to the character of the book, is a sign that this record of discovery and adventure has caught the attention of the reading public. In fact, the date of publication was singularly happy. At the moment when every eye is turned towards the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, whether insular, peninsular, or continental, the account of a three years' residence in Palestine, full of experience of the country, the climate, and the population, supplies much of that information which the public most anxiously demands. It supplies it, we may add, in adequate detail, with careful accuracy, and in readable form. The study has been threefold. "It includes," Lieutenant Conder remarks, "the minute investigation of the detailed topography of the Bible. Former explorers have done much in this respect; but it may be claimed for the Survey that the new discoveries are almost as numerous as those of former travellers put together. The second branch is that of archaeology. The Survey includes a complete examination of the ancient condition of the country. The old cultivation is traced by the wine-presses, olive-presses, ruined terraces, and rude garden watch-towers. The ancient sites are recognised by their tombs, cisterns, and rocky scarps. Thus we are enabled to draw conclusions as to the ancient cultivation, climate, and water supply of Palestine in Bible times. The third branch is the study of the people. To this I offer a contribution in the chapters devoted to the peasantry and to other inhabitants of Palestine." Under this head also ranks "the history of the rise and progress of the two German colonies which have obtained a footing in Palestine; for without some account of these enterprises, the sketch of the inhabitants of the Holy Land would be incomplete." The German colonists appear to have framed the entire scheme of their procedure on the belief of some prodigious change in the condition of the world, and of the human race, immediately at hand, in virtue of which Jerusalem would become the central point of human interest. For all with which they have had to struggle, those who take an interest in their hopes and their actions must refer to the book. "The colonists freely allow the difficulties which beset their path. Meanwhile, should European attention be ever generally turned to Syria, it may be a matter of no little importance that men acquainted with the language and people, and at the same time trustworthy and honest, are to be found who could render material assistance to new-comers, even though not attracted to the land by the belief that it is the natural inheritance of a true Israel, composed of any other nationality except the Jews."

The geography proper of Palestine will be discussed in a

separate Memoir, which is to accompany the map of the Survey of the Holy Land when published. The whole of this important work is completed in manuscript, and the reproduction and publication of the map are now engaging attention. The scale is one mile to an inch, which is that of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain. A sketch map of Palestine will be found at page 332 of the first volume of "Tent Work," which gives an idea of the manner in which the rocky platform is scored and crumpled by the geological disturbances of the past. But a little more depression to the south of the Dead Sea would be enough to allow the waters of the Red Sea to rush along the deep trough through which the Jordan formerly made its way to join its waters with those of the Nile, and Palestine would then appear as a narrow tongue of land dividing European from Asian seas. The actual level of the Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. The Lake of Galilee has been determined by Lieutenant Conder as lying 682 feet below the Mediterranean. The Jordan falls from its fount at Banias 1,682 feet in a course of 26½ miles, or at a rate of more than 60 feet per mile. In a country thus accentuated, the hill shading, as now executed by the officers of the Royal Engineers, has a wonderful sharpness and beauty.

The names given on the sketch map are but few; but on the map itself will be found some 9,000 Arabic names, the meanings of nine-tenths of which are descriptive. This has involved the labour of the construction of a series of indexes, giving the Arabic words and meanings, their relation, when ancient, to the Hebrew, and their origin when modern. Every ruin marked on the Survey sheets has received a notice; and full descriptions will be found in the Memoir of all the important places, with minute details of the architectural features, and a collection of partial plans and surveys on an enlarged scale. It is not too much to say that the untravelled Englishman who has never crossed the Channel will be able, from the present work, the map, and the Memoir, to form a more complete and correct idea of Palestine than he is likely to do from all the information accessible of France or of Italy.

The illustrations of "Tent Work in Palestine" are either from sketches or water-colour drawings by Lieutenant Conder, or from photographs taken by Lieutenant Kitchiner, R.E., the second officer of the expedition. Among the former, attention will be arrested by the tomb of Phineas, in the plain of Samaria; by a view of Tabor, seen from the top of Jebel Duhy; by a view of Carmel, from near the village of Mujeidil; by the remarkable peak of the Kurn Surtubeh, which it is proposed to identify with the site of the memorial raised by the two and a half trans-Jordanic tribes, on retiring to their district in the time of Joshua; and by views of Engedi, Gath, Haifa, and the Sea of Galilee.

With regard to Jerusalem itself, a contribution of more definite utility to the settlement of many of the most warmly debated topographical questions than has heretofore seen the light will be found at page 365 of the first volume. This is a plan of the

* "Tent Work in Palestine, a Record of Discovery and Adventure." By Claude Reignier Conder, R.E., Officer in command of the Survey Expedition. 2 vols. Illustrated by the Author. Published by Bentley and Son.

rocky site of Jerusalem, showing the natural surface of the ground by contour lines fifty feet apart. It must be understood that this is by no means the first survey of Jerusalem, or even the first survey that indicates the contours of the present surface of the ground. But the demolitions to which the city has been from time to time exposed have been so violent and so repeated, that 50, 70, and even as much as 120 feet of rubbish cover the original ground-level in various places. The characteristic valleys and ravines have been to a great extent thus choked and obliterated. Thus, although no reasonable doubt was possible as to certain unmistakable indications—such as the area of the Great Court of the Temple; the valley of the Kedron, on which the eastern cloister of the Temple looked down; or the South Hill, the upper market-place of Josephus—many important points were hitherto doubtful. Among these may be cited the position of the Akra of Josephus, which is the Mello of the Bible; that of the second and third walls of the same historian; and the solution of the question, dependent on the course of these walls, whether it was within the limits of possibility that the monkish site of the Holy Sepulchre, under the dome of the church of that name—a site selected by Constantine without any information as to the locality, except such as was of a mystic or imaginary order—could occupy the site of the new tomb in the garden mentioned by the evangelists.

On these and almost every other topographical question of great importance a flood of light is thrown by the recovery of the ancient surface of the rock. From Mr. Schick, an architect in Jerusalem, Lieutenant Conder procured the record of a number of sinkings of foundations down to the solid rock in different parts of that city, which amounted, together with the Engineer officer's own measurement, to nearly two hundred. With that positive information, Lieutenant Conder constructed a map showing the lay of the rock over the entire area of the city by contour lines ten feet apart, a reduced sketch of which map, indicating the position of each excavation, is now presented to the public.

This rock plan enables the English reader for the first time to follow the course of the Roman siege of Jerusalem. The large high hill, called Sion when that term was not extended to the whole city, on the south, rises 2,550 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Nearly due north of this, the Rock of Akra rises to the height of 2,490 feet, the two hills being divided by the deep Tyropæon valley (which sweeps round to the south, dividing Moriah from Sion), but connected by a ridge of rock on the west, which does not sink to a lower level than 2,500 feet above the sea. This hitherto unknown crest of rock, the existence of which the *débris* on either side veils from the visitor to the spot, is the key to the position of the walls. No city would have been defensible in which advantage had not been taken of such a natural bulwark, and the former course of the line of defence erected or strengthened by Solomon, to include Mello or Akra, is thus determined. It follows that the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was within the capital of the Jewish kings; and it is by no means unlikely that the tomb enclosed in the church is that of the high priest John Hyrcanus.

We must not go into the subject of the Temple, as to which such wild theories have been so confidently promulgated. On the main features of this subject, as well as on the non-authenticity of the monkish site of the Holy Sepulchre, little doubt can remain to an intelligent student of the rock survey of the city. In addition to other details Lieutenant Conder has published drawings of the capitals of the columns supporting the dome of the rock, out of twelve of which only three are alike. The columns have a Byzantine character, and appear to have been taken from some other buildings, probably from Christian churches. The shafts are of various heights and diameters, and one of them is upside down. Thus the account of the Arabic historians, and the great Cufic inscription on the arcade of the building itself, giving the date of its erection in 688 A.D., are confirmed beyond impeachment. The only objection to be raised to work of this kind is, that when the questions long disputed are thus set at rest by investigation of the controlling facts, the interest excited by the controversy flags. In this sense Lieutenant Conder's book

may diminish the attention so long and so anxiously turned towards the Holy Land; in all other respects it will do much, very much, both to intensify and to satisfy that attention.

MESSRS. PILGERAM AND LEFFVRE have sent to us another charming print, a very excellent engraving from a most pleasant picture by Alma-Tadema, an artist who has taken high place among favourite and favoured British artists; for though by birth a Dutchman, he is a naturalised Englishman, and one of whom his adopted country is justly proud. The print under special notice is entitled 'Pleading.' It is the plea of a youth to a maiden: it will surely take effect. The engraving, like the picture, is light and graceful. The one artist has been ably seconded by the other, Leopold Lowenstam.

ABOUT three years ago we reviewed a translation, by the Right Hon. Sir R. Phillimore, D.C.L., of Lessing's famous "Laocoon," probably one of the most popular learned works in German literature, and which undoubtedly has had no slight influence on both the Art and poetry of that country. We have now on our table a small volume of the original text, edited, with English notes, by Dr. Hamann, who considers such a book * called for by "the growing interest taken in Lessing by the students of German literature"—a sufficient justification, if such were needed, for its publication. Lessing's theory about Art has been open to much discussion, but the manner in which he set forth and supported his views has gained him hosts of admirers, even when they differ from him. Dr. Hamann says, "Few books stand more in need of explanatory notes, and few, I venture to add, deserve a commentary as much as this standard work on the limits of Art and poetry. For although many of the conclusions at which the author arrives may now appear obsolete, the Laocoon"—we adopt Dr. Hamann's orthography—"abounds with interesting and highly suggestive observations, and forms at the same time an excellent example of that close and convincing reasoning and of that fascinating style in which Lessing far surpasses all his countrymen." Dr. Hamann writes a long and comprehensive introduction on the origin, analysis of, and some critical observations on, Lessing's writings, which form an almost necessary opening to what follows, and which will be appreciated by all, but especially by those to whom the German language is an unknown tongue.

THE working of our postal system is such an important item in our public and social life, that there can scarcely be an individual in this vast empire to whom a history of its growth and development could prove a matter of entire indifference; and, indeed, as the example of England in establishing a uniform system of postage has been generally followed by almost every other civilised country throughout the world, the entire universe may be said to have an interest in the plan propounded and so well carried out by Sir Rowland Hill. In a comprehensive little book Mr. Tegg has given a detailed narrative of the Post Office † from the earliest period to the present time, preceding his story by some remarks on the method of individual and national epistolary intercommunication among the ancients, even as early as the records of Scripture, where we first read (2 Chronicles xxx. 6), "So the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah." Mr. Tegg's story branches out into a variety of ramifications all more or less identified with the subject, and all of much interest.

The later discoveries of Telegraphy—even more important than the foundation of the penny post—and, more recently, the experiments of Professor Graham Bell, which, under the name of the Telephone, have the capability of transmitting articulate sounds through long distances of space—certainly among the most marvellous of modern scientific inventions—are also well described and explained by Mr. Tegg in his amusing and interesting volume, which ought to meet with a very general welcome.

* Lessing's "Laocoon." Edited, with English Notes, by A. Hamann, Phil.D., M.A., Taylerian Teacher of German in the University of Oxford. Printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and Oxford.

† "Posts and Telegraphs, Past and Present: with an Account of the Telephone and Phonograph." By William Tegg, F.R.H.S., Author of "Meetings and Greetings," &c. Published by W. Tegg & Co.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL: RESTORED AND UNRESTORED.*

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED RIMMER.

I.—THE EXTERIOR. PART II.



OW, having devoted, as was inevitable, a considerable time to this view, and having in this way accomplished a large part of our purpose, we may proceed to take a rapid and general survey of the exterior of the Cathedral. Our choice lies between the circuit by the South towards the West, or by the North towards the West; but, starting from the point where we stand at the south-east, it will be our best plan to end with the north-east. Hence we descend the steps from the City Wall, which are to our left, and passing along the low ground that some years ago was hollowed out at the end of the churchyard, we pass at once to the south end of the great South Transept.

Here we immediately perceive that the restoration of Chester Cathedral is not yet complete. What has been done effectually on the eastern and western sides of the Transept remains still to be done at its southern extremity. We perceive also at this point the nature of the partial restoration that was effected in the early part of this century, under the fostering care of Bishop Law, in the two Transepts of this Cathedral. In the Northern Transept, as we shall see, this defective restoration has been fully rectified. Here, on the south, its results remain in the square unsightly structure, without relief of light and shade, which disappoints the visitor as he comes northward from Eastgate Street up St. Werburgh's Street. But though this criticism must be pronounced on what we see here, it ought to be remembered that the principles of mediæval architecture were not understood sixty years ago, that these parts of Chester Cathedral were then miserably dilapidated and required an immediate remedy, and that the work was done by Mr. Harrison, a very eminent architect, whose name is associated with a monument now about to be placed within this Transept.†

As to the ancient aspect of this southern front, it was once gorgeously covered with niches and statues, and had an enormous and magnificent window. It must have been one of the grandest objects among the architectural embellishments of the North of England: and it was a proud triumph of the Benedictine monks, when they had successfully extended their church over the parochial ground which lay near it. Here, too, we have before us the architectural proof that they did so invade parochial territory. Let the south door be carefully considered, in connection with the window above. It is clearly an insertion, at a period much later than the date of the construction of the window itself. Now this insertion could not have been made if there had previously been any mode of entering this Transept from the outside. The time came when a doorway was wanted

independent of the other parts of the church, and the doorway was made. Its mouldings, too, and the mouldings of the window, show the relative dates of the two openings. The architectural evidence is complete; and it is in harmony with existing documentary evidence. The proof, however, is made more decisive by what came to view in the process of restoring the western side of this Transept. There, while removing the crumbled masonry, we found a low temporary archway, evidently meant for bringing in materials, never intended for a general and permanent entrance from the outside, and closed up when its immediate purpose had been served.

We may now prepare to move westwards from this point, so as to gain a view of the western face of this Transept, now restored,



South Transept and Doorway of St. Oswald's.

which, with slight differences in detail, is similar to the east side. But, before we do this, it is desirable to pause a moment, so as to examine the buttresses at the angles of the Transept. One of them—the south-eastern—has been restored; the other, not. The former furnishes an additional proof of the ancient beauty and grandeur of this part of the church, while the latter is an admirable specimen of the condition in which the Cathedral was found in 1868, when the recent restorative work was undertaken. The disintegration of the stonework was like the results of a disease which had eaten into its very heart, or—to use a more pleasant comparison—like a sea-rock half washed away by the action of the waves. This south-western buttress remains

* Continued from page 204.

† This is a monument of his daughter, who was a great benefactor to Chester. Mr. Harrison himself was distinguished in many ways. He received a high mark of honour from Pope Garganelli in connection with designs for the embellishment of the Piazza del Popolo in Rome. He designed the Grosvenor bridge over the Dee, which had a wider span than any other stone arch then in existence. From him, too, came the suggestion which led Lord Elgin to bring from Athens the marbles that are now in the British Museum.

for the present—and it might be well to retain it perpetually, but that, without restoration, it must decay to nothing—as an answer to captious criticism and as an illustration of the difference between the Cathedral as it was and the Cathedral as it is.

Now moving onwards by the street which—still bearing the name of St. Werburgh—winds towards the west, and passing along the open ground recently covered with blocks of stone and workmen's sheds and other apparatus for building, but which has been levelled and will presently be green with new grass, we have full in view before us the south side of the Nave, with the South Porch on the left,* and beyond it the large lower stage of a South-Western Tower, which was projected at the end of the fifteenth century, but never finished. All these parts of the Cathedral have been restored. Two features of this southern face of the Nave deserve attention. Its general appearance is somewhat monotonous and flat, notwithstanding the insertion of flying buttresses, which were projected by the original architects, though never placed before the recent restoration: and in this respect it is strongly contrasted with the Western face of the South Transept, which is more enriched and varied. The upper windows, too, of the Nave are similarly contrasted with the upper windows of the Transept; for the former are destitute of cusps. The same characteristic is to be observed in the Cloister: and there seems good reason for believing that it is a Cheshire provincialism; for the same feature appears in the Clerestory of Astbury Church in this county, which was closely connected with the Benedictine House of St. Werburgh.†

The West front is the meanest part of Chester Cathedral, though the large window in this place is fine and is well enriched by what may be termed a Transom of tracery. Amendments too have been effected in the turrets, and some dignity has been acquired by this front through the lowering of the ground outside to its proper level. The street also, which used to be very much contracted, has during late years been considerably widened; and preparation has been made for further improvements which, it is hoped, will, by the co-operation of the Municipal and Cathedral authorities, result in making this approach to the Minster far more attractive than it has hitherto been.

This part, however, of the Cathedral, and the approach to it,



Abbey Gate and part of the New King's School.

must be considered in combination with another building, to which very careful attention is required; for though not properly

a part of the Cathedral itself, it is a very important and indeed essential adjunct of this church. The fact is—and it is a fact either unknown to, or forgotten by, some impatient critics—that the North-Western corner of this Cathedral never had any exterior wall. In mediæval times the Abbot's house abutted here



North Transept and Chapter House.

upon the church; and when the monastic church was converted into a cathedral church, and the Abbot's house became the Episcopal Palace, this same state of things continued. The only question* which has arisen in the essentially combined history of these contiguous structures is this: whether the range of buildings to the north-west should be beautiful in itself and harmonious with the Cathedral, or whether it should be ugly and incongruous. Until lately there stood here a monotonous heavy structure, erected by Bishop Keene, in 1760, so as to hide all ancient features of interest. In order to make the contrast between the old and the new at this point complete, a view ought to have been given of this gloomy palace; but no artist could have made such a view tolerable. No part of the changes connected with Chester Cathedral is more remarkable than that which has been effected here: and though the new buildings of the King's School, retreating from the west end of the Cathedral, and running thence in varied outline to the old Abbey Gate, cannot be a precise reproduction of the architectural past, yet, in the recovery of buttresses, and of light and shade in consequence, there has been here a true restoration.

We hasten now to the old Abbey Gateway itself, which remains as the most conspicuous assertion of the ancient monastic character of this part of Chester. The view given at this point represents neither the old nor the new completely, but indicates the actual passing of the old into the new. The former Episcopal Palace, the dull square mass of which abutted on the gateway, had been removed; but the fine elevation which now fronts the Town Hall had as yet appeared only on paper. That which is represented here, running from east to west, is

* The beautiful groining of the South Porch is modern, from a design by Mr. Gilbert Scott, jun.

† This feature is found also in St. Peter's Church, Chester, which is of the same date. The Cloister of the Cathedral will come more particularly under notice in the paper which deals with the interior.

* For a time, indeed, when the Old Palace had been taken down, and when nothing had as yet been erected in its place, a very natural feeling was prevalent in Chester, that it would be wise to leave vacant the whole space thus made open at the N.W. of the Cathedral. But to have given beauty and dignity to this part of the church would have involved immense cost: and such a change would have been a novelty, and not a restoration.

the part of the King's School which was first built, and which is intended for the senior pupils. The open space, which was familiarly known for two years to the Chester citizens as "the ugly gap," has since been filled up by the portion destined for junior pupils, and running north and south.

Passing now under the dark and venerable gateway, we traverse Abbey Square, which, with its formal brick houses, is in appearance as unlike as possible to its ancient aspect—though we are in truth here within the old Abbey Court, of which a small postern gateway exists farther to the west. Moving a short distance down Abbey Street, we find ourselves in front of the North Transept of the Cathedral, the Chapter House intervening between the great north window and the position where we stand. Nothing now remains to show what it was a few years ago, in the square heavy form assumed—as in the extremity of the South Transept—during the restoration of 1818. A better change has recently been effected on the lines supplied by the evidence which still survived. The ancient form of this Transept has now, on the whole, been recovered; and in combination with the Tower it forms a very grand feature of the Cathedral.* It is worth while to add that this combination is seen to the greatest advantage from the bridge over the canal, on the approach from the principal railway station at Chester.

In this space, to the north of the Cathedral, there was recently, in consequence of the demolition of four houses belonging to the Chapter, a wilderness that appeared very discouraging. Now, however, the ground upon which they stood is levelled, and the grass is green; and in conjunction with the churchyard on the east, a beginning of a "Cathedral Close" is made, which, if completed, would mark a silent and charming revolution in Chester. Hardly any cathedral in England, as was remarked above, has been so choked as this by mean and crowded buildings. But a remedy could be applied to this state of things, at no very exorbitant cost, at least on the northern side of the church. If some brick houses, built rather more than half a century ago, so as to hide the beautiful front of the old Refectory on the west of the Chapter House,† could be purchased and taken down, and if this change were succeeded by the demolition of some old houses still farther to the west, the green surrounding of the Cathedral might be made to sweep continuously from the south to the Abbey Square on the north, where important improvements are contemplated in connection with the new King's School.

Our survey may now conclude with a visit to the Precentor's Garden, in the north-eastern angle of the Cathedral—a corner furnishing that view of the building which may quite correctly be termed the most picturesque. As we stand upon this little lawn, the Tower rises well and boldly above us: on our right is the east end of the Chapter House, now restored; nest-

ling behind it is the east end of what is termed the Canons' Vestry, also restored, which projects from the east side of the North Transept; while opposite to us, on the south, are the North Aisle and North Clerestory of the Choir. Two features in this aisle deserve particular notice. One is the peculiar form of the upper part of two of the windows, which, having been carried up by the architects at a breadth that would naturally have caused them to pierce the cornice, have been made to bend over with the apex downwards, or to "curtsey," as it has been prettily expressed. The other fact which marks this aisle as so peculiar is the doorway running up into one of the windows, so as, in fact, to be structurally one with it.* Here, again, is a



Choir and Chapter House from the North-East.

true restoration. This arrangement was for many years entirely concealed; and new glass had been put into the altered window, as though the original form of the doorway had never been seen. The old form, however, was shown in a drawing of the early part of this century: the evidence of its having existed was discovered during the progress of the recent works; and now it is reinstated. On the whole, few cathedrals in England present a better opportunity than this spot affords for the enjoyment of that kind of cathedral scenery which is made up by the combination of green lawn and garden with ancient architecture having a well-marked character of its own.

(To be continued.)

THE ART UNION EXHIBITION PALL MALL.

IN their annual report to the subscribers, Messrs. Pocock and Antrobus, the Honorary Secretaries of the Art Union of London, state that, in spite of the great depression of trade in most parts of the world, and the partial or total cessation of work in many places in England, the subscriptions for the year just closed amounted to £13,643 14s., and that the reserve fund has reached a total of £21,407 3s. 1d. These are figures that will delight every Art lover, and from the admirable manner in which the affairs of the society are administered, every advancing year will bring additional satisfaction.

The presentation work of next season will consist of a volume

of illustrations of Lord Byron's poem of "Lara," from the pencil of C. B. Birch, well known to members of the Art Union by his statuettes of 'A Wood Nymph' and 'Whittington.'

The pictures selected by the prize-holders for the current year are now being exhibited in the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, a society to which the Art Union of London has been indebted on like occasions for several years back. The pictures, exclusively of the beautiful line engraving by J. W. Robinson of Vandyck's 'Countess of Bedford,' the china tazza produced by Messrs. Copeland, John Bell's bronze group of 'America,' and W. Hamo Thornycroft's 'Warrior bearing from the Battle-field a Wounded Youth'—one of the most masterly

* Some promises have been received from the United States that part of this restored Transept will be adopted by American subscribers, as a memorial of friendly feeling between nations and churches separated by the Atlantic.

† The repairs of the Chapter House on its south side are as yet incomplete. The restoration of the Refectory—a very grand work—still remains to be undertaken.

* The doorway, in its original arrangement, ran up some distance into the two western lights. The old engraving, where, however, it is not quite correctly represented, is in Lysons' "Magna Britannia," vol. ii. p. 574.

bits of modelling the Royal Academy has produced for many years—are in number one hundred and fifty-six, viz. one hundred and twenty in oil, and thirty-six in water colours, selected by their owners from the leading picture galleries.

In glancing over the various works exhibited we were particularly struck with the high level of excellence which prevails: there is Art intention in every one of them, evidently showing that those who had the right of choice exercised that right with judgment and a sense of æsthetic responsibility. A quarter of a century ago this was far from being the case. The number of meretricious pictures chosen by the prize-holders would astonish the present generation. Gaudiness of colour, paltriness of motive, conventionality as to treatment, were the leading characteristics, and one often wondered at the ingenuity the prize-holders must have exercised to ferret out so much rubbish.

As most of the pictures have already been noticed by us when reviewing the respective galleries from which they emanate, we need only name a few of the more prominent works. The holder of the first prize, £200, Dr. M. Moore, has selected W. Holyoake's very admirable picture of 'Richard Savage' (91) lying in hopeless poverty under the piazza of Covent Garden, in illustration of a passage from Macaulay. The picture, our readers will remember, was exhibited at the Royal Academy. One of the

two £150 prizes hangs close beside it, and is from the pencil of J. Sant, R.A. It represents 'Little Zarah' (92) looking out of an opening sideways, with a remarkably sweet yet piquant expression of face. We congratulate Mrs. Hopkins on her choice. The other £150 prize is one of S. R. Percy's magnificent landscapes, showing 'Llanberis Pass, North Wales' (30), with a rush of peaty water in the foreground, and grand masses of mountain and cloud dominating the whole. This picture, like the two already mentioned, was selected from the walls of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Evans could scarcely possess a nobler souvenir of his native land.

B. Nordenberg's 'Washing Day' (49), E. Blair Leighton's 'Witness my Hand and Seal' (50), C. Thornely's 'Dort, Holland' (37), G. Oeder's 'Autumn' (47), Miss L. Watt's 'Meadow Sweet' (95), J. C. Waite's 'Legend of the Poignard' (98), D. W. Wynfield's 'Sunny Hours' (116), A. B. Collier's 'On the Conway' (114), J. C. Stannus's 'Pride of the Port' (11), Miss Helen Thornycroft's 'Portia Pleading' (156), and 'My Model's Opinion' (28), by Miss E. Conolly—to mention only a few—are all desirable works, which any one with a reputation for taste would be pleased to own. We notice that an unusually large number of pictures were selected from the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD DAVIS.

DIED, on the 14th of August last, at his residence, Norfolk Road, St. John's Wood, Mr. Edward Davis, a sculptor of considerable repute and of extensive practice, as his numerous works exhibited at the Royal Academy within the last few years show. He first appeared there in 1834, with a bust of his father, the late Professor D. Davis, M.D., of George Street, Hanover Square; and from that time forward his name rarely disappears from the annual catalogue of the Academy. Among his latest busts are those of Captain Fawke (1864); Sir S. Canning (1867); a son of Mr. J. Sant, R.A.; Field-Marshal Sir George Burgoyne; Sir W. Jenner, Bart., F.R.S (all three exhibited in 1868); Dr. Hampden, Bishop of Hereford, and Dr. Forbes Winslow (in 1869); Dr. Quain (1870); Sir F. Ronalds, F.R.S., and D. Macclise, R.A. (1871), executed at the request of the Royal Academy for

the Council Chamber of that institution; Dr. Williams, F.R.S., and Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. (1873); the late John Constable, R.A. (1874); Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's (1876). Among Mr. Davis's more recent ideal sculptures may be mentioned a St. John (1864); Madonna and Child, an *alto-relievo* (1865); 'Andromeda' (1866); 'The Widow,' a monumental sketch (1866); 'Love triumphant' (1867); 'Nymph and Cupid,' a group in marble (1870); 'The Swing,' an *alto-relievo*, and 'Cupid and Psyche,' also a group in marble, both in the Academy Exhibition of 1875. Many of these works have received very favourable notice from us; and of the last mentioned we remarked that "Mr. Davis, in his 'Cupid and Psyche'—one of the most ambitious groups in the exhibition—has managed, without having recourse to the equivocal *abandon* of the French school, to endow his figures with beauty and grace, and to give tender and pure expression to the sentiment of love."

RUTH AND NAOMI.

ARY SCHEFFER, Painter.

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

IT is now nearly ten years since we introduced into our Journal an engraving from a picture by Ary Scheffer, who, though born in Holland, has always been regarded as a French painter, inasmuch as he received his Art education in Paris under Pierre Guerin, his mother—who had lost her husband, also a painter—having removed with her family to that city in 1811. Ary made such great progress under his master, that in a very few years he painted some pictures which brought his name well before the public. In subjects of a religious tendency, as well as in those of a secular kind, and both relating to history, he was alike successful, and was not long before he achieved a high reputation. We know not when the picture here engraved was painted, but the subject treats of the departure of Orpah and Ruth from the land of Moab to return with Naomi to the land of Judah. "And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? . . . And she said, Behold, thy

sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go," &c. (Ruth i.) The two figures in the foreground are those of Ruth and her mother-in-law, engaged in this loving altercation; Orpah has turned back towards her own country, but Ruth animatedly expresses her determination to remain with Naomi, who, "when she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her." The depth of the mother's feelings is expressed in her saddened countenance and flowing tears, and Ruth's warm entreaties to be allowed to stay behind are sustained by her appealing eye and the action of the hands, one of which holds fast that of Naomi, as if resolved not to part from her. The scene is sufficiently pathetic in general expression, while the principal figures show much good drawing and modelling.





INTERNATIONAL ART AT THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, PARIS.

PART II.—SCANDINAVIA.

IN our rapid glance at the French Art section last month lack of space prevented our embracing several names of renown, and among these not the least famous is J. L. Gérôme. His works, ten in number, are shown in a small room to the right of the last great room in the main sweep. Among them are his 'L'Éminence Grise' (357), his 'Femmes au Caire' (359), and his 'Retour de la Chasse' (365), three of his choicest works. Whether as regards interior or open-air subjects he is very fairly represented, which can scarcely be said of every French artist who has gained a great reputation. Here also will be found A. Veley's very pleasing picture of 'Le Premier Pas' (816), with which engravings have made us so familiar, and four of the cabinet pictures of G. R. Boulanger, who stands on a similar level to that occupied by Gérôme. But of all the men who incline to the Gérôme method of thought and expression, none, we think, equals in breadth and intensity E. Berne-Bellecour. His group of officers in blue cloaks watching from the gabioned ramparts, just as the early morning dawns in the far-off level distance, the effect of the last shot—'Un Coup de Canon' (57)—is one of the most perfect bits of pictorial representation and expression in the whole Exhibition, and it was partly to say so that we have thus reverted to the French section.

Under the head of Scandinavia we include, of course, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Taking these in the order written, we feel, in leaving Belgium and entering DENMARK, that we are among a people who cultivate Art not less successfully, but on a less extended scale. Including engravings and sculpture, the works exhibited do not reach a hundred, and among the pictures the only one of gallery size is that by C. Bloch, representing the captive king, Christian II. of Denmark, leaning with his hand on the table with which his prison is mainly furnished, while an old servitor places his chair. The effect of the light on the arched wall is well managed. But although M. Bloch in his historical works fails to impress us very deeply, the same cannot be said when he turns his attention to domestic subjects. In these he is perfectly at home, and his small pictures are full of manipulative strength, which he combines with a Dutch-like finish, and a sentiment and humour entirely his own. The butcher wiping his hands after skinning a sheep (13), the fat fish-wife with ready knife in hand (12), the domestic polishing up the silver ware (14), and the monk plucking the fowl (11), are all examples of a kind of *genre* in which C. Bloch excels.

O. D. Ottesen's flower pictures are carefully drawn, but the general effect is hard. J. V. Sonne shows in 69 a very spirited cavalry action in the snow; but like 68, in which soldiers are seen asleep on the well-won battle-field, it is too equal throughout. Whether the uniforms are green or blue, they are all the same in intensity from one side of the picture to the other. There is no variety, and aerial perspective is in a great measure ignored.

Among the landscape painters there is a very noticeable predilection for bright pale green foliage. C. F. Aagaard's trees overshadowing a shallow stream have this quality. G. Rump's beeches have also the same bright sunny green, his 'Spring-time' (59) being very lovely. J. Exner shows similar brilliancy wherever he has an opportunity. V. Kyhn, compared with these, manages to get into his landscapes a little more depth and solidity, and works in a lower key: his 'Jour d'Été' (37) is a pleasing example of his manner. We would commend also the landscapes of P. C. Skovgaard; and for a bit of character painting on a small scale, we think the three student boys reading to the pastor, who is seated at a square open window commanding a long hill prospect, is worthy of all praise. We are pleased also with the palatial interiors of H. Hansen (27 and 28): they are bright and clear, but withal a little hard. F. Vermehren has a pretty Dutch manner (73), and C. Zahrt-

mann's historic picture (76) has both strength and character in it, especially in the details; but there is scarcely space enough beyond the two figures.

In the separating passage beyond this room will be found some admirable Danish works both in painting and sculpture. Among the former we would mention V. Rosenstand's three Italians playing the game of *mora* (54), and especially F. C. Lund's five Swiss guards (40), in the bright blue and yellow striped uniforms of the Pope, seated round a brasero in a party-coloured marble chamber, while an old official in red undress lectures them in a friendly way. Every figure is strongly individualised, and considering the scheme of colour with which the artist had necessarily to deal, he has been more than ordinarily successful. Among other clever realistic pictures we would name P. S. Kroeyer's 'Forge' (35), O. Bache's 'Miller' (5), and especially Exner's woman looking at her basket with red herrings, and counting up the money she has in hand. The Arab encampment by two pillars in the desert, with fine snow mountains beyond (32), and the modelled boulders at Capri (also 32), make the Art lover regret the loss of their author, H. Jerichau.

C. F. Sørensen, the famous marine painter of Denmark, and whose works we have frequently had occasion to praise in these pages, is represented by three capital pictures. Among the portraits the sweetest is that of a lady by J. F. Vermehren (74), and the strongest, perhaps, that of Constantine Hausen (43), by V. Marstrand. But the most European name in the Danish Art section is that of J. Ballin, the line engraver. He has worked most successfully after Tissot, Goodall, and Bloch and Portais, the battle painters. His style is mixed, rich, and effective.

In sculpture we would name the 'Ajax' (8) of C. Smith, the 'Kain' (7) of A. V. Saaby, the bust of Hejberg by Bissen, and the 'Diogenes' (6) of C. C. Peters.

NORWAY is less prolific than Denmark. The works of the latter reach a hundred; but in the case of the former the number, according to the official catalogue, is only sixty-eight. Norwegian artists get their inspiration mainly from Germany, and from such Art centres as Munich and Düsseldorf, the practice of the latter place fitting in well with their own proclivities. They are not at the same time altogether destitute of national individuality, but they are by no means anxious to assert it.

One of their chief figure painters is P. N. Arbo, and he sets a good example to his countrymen by finding a theme for his pencil in a Norwegian legend, and then devoting himself heart and soul to its illustration. The 'Asgaardreid' (3) are those warriors who have not done enough of good to merit heaven, nor enough of evil to deserve hell; as a punishment they are condemned to gallop wildly through the midnight air on their coal-black steeds, accompanied by croaking ravens and witch-like forms. The onward sweep of the warriors is vigorously conveyed, and the gleaming fire in the murky distance and the low-lying moon help to lend mystery to the storm-like tumult in the upper air. The artist has caught the spirit of the legend, and transferred it in its entirety to his canvas. H. Heyerdahl has not been so successful with his 'Expulsion of Adam and Eve' (21). The idea of our first parents walking into the gathering storm is excellent, but the figures themselves are too puny, and lack dignity. Our great progenitor looks almost boyish, and the expression of his face as he turns his head is almost spiteful and little. In other respects the picture is not without impressiveness. E. Pettersen, like the artist just noticed, has studied at Munich, and attracts our attention by his rather original treatment of the 'Betrayal of our Lord' (39). His face is lit up by the lamp of Judas, who approaches to bestow on Him the traitor's kiss. The work is necessarily, like the two already noticed, in a low key. A portrait (40), by the same artist, is very good.

The Norwegians are fairly successful in those pictures in which figures blend with the landscape. No. 4, for example, representing cows being taken across a lake in large flat boats 'En route pour le Châlet,' is lively and stirring, and A. Askevold deserves credit for choosing a local subject; nor is H. Dahl above finding material for his pencil in his native land: 'Trop tard' (14) shows a peasant lad in sabots standing on a stone by the edge of a lake, with a great load of new-mown hay on his shoulders, ready to pitch it into the boat, which he thought was waiting; but the youth in charge, much to the amusement of the girl who stands in the boat laughing heartily, pulls away from the shore, leaving the hay-laden lad puzzled at the joke. The picture is smoothly but broadly and effectively painted; and were it not for a little conventionality in the treatment of the background, we should look upon it as almost faultless.

In northern landscape the Norwegians are quite at home. 'The Pine Forest' (30), by M. Müller; the 'Norwegian Fjord' (37), by A. Normann; the sandy 'Beach of Lister' (55), by F. Thaulow, and a sunset at the end of an avenue (23), by S. Jacobsen, are all as meritorious as they are nationally characteristic. In this respect W. Peters comes prominently to the front with his 'Convoi Funèbre' (38): the coffin is being conveyed through the snow to the coble at the waterside, where the mourners assemble to take their friend to his last resting-place across the water. Another good snow picture is 52, in which L. Skramstad shows us a road ascending the top of a hill.

The two great masters of winter subjects, however, are F. Smith-Hald and L. Munthe, both of whom have studied at Düsseldorf. The former, if we may judge from his 'Southern Coast of Norway' (54), delights in rendering a crisp hard frost, whereas Munthe seeks solace in a thaw, when the roads are covered with black snowy slush, as we find in No. 33. In both cases the rendering is that of a master. We would name also with approval H. G. Schanche's 'Moonlight on the West Coast of Norway' (46); 'The Death of Dyveke' (58), by O. A. Werge; the young lady before and after her *début* (42 and 43), by C. M. Ross; and the splendid sweep of sandy beach with rocks cropping up and numerous fisher folk coming from the boats (56), by N. Ulfsten. 'Autumn Evening' (16), by J. M. Grime-lund; a grey rocky landscape (16), by A. E. Disen; a charming old-lady portrait (45), by O. Rusten; a stormy sea on a rocky shore (29), by N. B. Möller; three monks in a snug 'Refectory' (26), by V. S. Lerche, and a very capably painted interior with half-a-score of monks seated at a well-appointed table (26), by the same artist; the fruit and flower pictures by F. Bøe; the 'Midnight Wreck' (36), by A. Normann; and 'Scotch Coast' (20), by H. Gude.

In the Sculpture section, 'Raquar Lodbrok among the Serpents' (67), by M. Skeibrok, arrests the attention by its vigour and intensity, as C. D. Magelssen's 'Meleager' (63) challenges our admiration by its classic beauty.

In the number of works exhibited SWEDEN has a slight advantage over Denmark. The latter country, as we have seen, is represented by exactly one hundred works, and Sweden exceeds this number only by two. This of itself would scarcely entitle her to the first place in the Scandinavian group, but when we regard the quality of her work, whether in history, landscape, or *genre*, we are strongly inclined to think that were an impartial jury asked to select a representative of the three nationalities, Sweden would be the one chosen.

K. A. Lindman, W. De Gegerfelt, and H. Wahlberg are all landscape painters of mark. Wahlberg's impasto is strong and unhesitating, and his touch is at once broad and delicate: his landscapes possess the spring-like tenderness of Corot, with a strength entirely his own. How he can treat a woodland glade and its wild flowers may be seen in his 'Month of May'; and what splendid effects he can get out of a moonlight night his picture of 'Vaxholm' (76) readily testifies, with its vessels in the foreground, and windmill and houses on rocky heights to the right, while the moonlit clouds sail over all. His 'Summer Night in Sweden' (74) is another picture of a like impressive kind.

Gegerfelt, in No. 19, gives us one of those solemn landscapes, with a yellow moon rising above the low horizon of a rocky moorland, which Daubigny delighted to paint, and of which we have a very good example in No. 233. In No. 20 we have a fine reach of a reedy river, with a low-lying windmill-dotted horizon. In the foreground a girl gathers sticks at the foot of a green pollard-crowned bank. In the latter picture Gegerfelt uses plenty of strong, rough impasto, but always in a way to enhance the value of his work.

Lindman's landscape (38)—a shepherd leaning on his crook watching his sheep, village in the distance—is slighter in execution, but still full of nature and of summer sky and daylight. C. E. Skänberg is another artist who plies a slight, loose, intelligent brush. See especially his Dutch boats up a reedy creek (62). Lindström, like the rest, sees nature for himself. His birches on a marshy level, showing the approach of autumn, are very graceful, and might have been painted by our own MacWhirter. In those already mentioned as maintaining successfully the pretensions of Sweden to excellence in landscape Art must be added the names of O. Jernberg, C. P. Hill—who is not even mentioned in the catalogue, although he has a fine landscape, showing a girl riding on a chalky road under a lovely orange-flaked sky—Miss Christine Sundberg, and O'Törna. The last named is the author of one of the largest landscapes in the gallery, which shows a sedgy pool in the foreground bordered with wild flowers, and a cart beyond, on which will be piled the raked-up hay of the paddock, through whose envining trees we catch a glimpse of some cottages.

For decorative Art our Northern neighbours do not appear to care much, not from any incapacity, as A. Borg's 'Age of Innocence' (7)—a couple of nude figures watching the gambols of some tiger cubs—sufficiently shows, but from the simple circumstance that decorative and academic work is beyond their accustomed field. In *genre* subjects, on the other hand, Swedish artists are always at home. A. Jernberg's old cicerone with feather brush in hand, explaining to the gallery visitors the merits of Rembrandt's 'Night Watch' (29), is capably set forth. In a different way H. F. Salmson is equally happy. His peasant girl in blue apron and white cap and sleeves, sitting on a bank with basket on her back, leaning on her hoe, and looking towards the distant village, is conceived in the tender spirit of Jules Breton, only painted with a smoother and brighter brush. There is fine healthy sentiment also in Miss Agnes Börjesson's 'Moines jouant à la boccia' (8), and a rich full tone of colour pervades the whole canvas. B. Nordenberg, in No. 41, represents a scene of a rougher, but no less characteristic kind; and G. Pauli, in his 'Souvenir of the Seashore' (48)—four young girls in a row, knitting on a rocky slope commanding the sea, which sleeps quietly under a warm grey summer haze—exercises on the beholder quite a soothing influence. Miss M. Zetterström gives us an example of *genre* in a stricter sense, when in No. 82 she shows us a young Swedish father and mother playing with baby, who crows in its cradle suspended from the ceiling. Her two lovers courting (83) is another excellent bit of *genre*, though not mentioned in the catalogue. This lady plies a rough brush, but it is always ready and effective. Nor must we forget to mention with emphatic approval Hagborg's young Breton fisher mother (23), standing barefooted and scantily clad at the point of a jetty, with a fair-haired child in her arms. She faces the wind, and looks wistfully out to sea. The sentiment is so excellently conveyed that we find little fault with the artist for making the figures life size. N. Forsberg's tumbling boy (18) going through one of his contortionist feats in presence of a coarse Jew-looking showman, who is evidently bargaining with the trainer for the boy's services, is wonderfully clever in an artistic sense, but the subject is too painful to convey pleasure in any other. H. P. Birger is, in his 'Garden Party' (6), rather French in manner, as Baron T. Cederström is German. His two bits of *genre*, however (12 and 13), are exquisitely painted.

In portraiture we note with distinct approval Miss Christine Von Post's No. 50, and Miss Sophie de Ribbing's 'Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt and her Daughter.' The Baroness Emma Sparre (66) is another lady artist whose name ought to be

recorded. Count Von Rosen's 'Flower Market' (54), in front of an old cathedral, is full of interest, and deserves hearty commendation; and as a *tour de force* in the way of colour, C. Larsson's 'Amor Mercurius' (37), alighting with yellow wings in front of a yellow curtain, is one of the remarkable canvases in the section.

What, however, makes the Swedish gallery memorable, and in historic Art places it on a level with the highest, is Baron G. O. Cederström's grand work (11), representing the dead body of Charles XII. being borne shoulder high, and with solemn military pomp, across the Norwegian border. The snow lies thickly on the ground, and icicles hang from the rocks. A peasant boy and his father, who have been out shooting the capercaillie, stand bareheaded in the snow, and their dog howls as the sad cortège rounds the rock. An officer with a drawn sword, clad like all the rest in blue, and wearing a three-

cornered hat, immediately precedes the bier on which the King, accoutred as in life in the simple uniform of one of his own captains, lies his length, his bare head resting on a white pillow. The blue flag of Sweden is borne behind the warrior King, and a stern guard of fixed bayonets follows. The region through which the army winds its way is fierce in aspect, like the men who now invade its snowy solitudes. But we can see, as the lengthening line bends round the sun-kissed snow-slope in the far distance, that though the progress is slow, it is measured and sure, and that presently the whole array will have passed, and the dreary wilderness will become once more the possession of the moorcock and the peasant. This sentiment the artist brings out with rare impressiveness. His technical power is equal to his conception, and we have no hesitation in saying that Baron G. O. Cederström has produced one of the great pictures of the Exposition.

PROPOSED INSTRUCTION TO BE GIVEN TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS ON GREEK AND ROMAN ART.

THE student of Art has yet to become acquainted with the very alphabet of his study who is unaware that it is to Grecian, and in a secondary mode to Roman, works of Art that the sculptor, the architect, and the engraver have to look for their noblest models. And the omission of the painter from this list is entirely due—so far as the evidence of the frescoes of Pompeii, and of the wonderful painting in wax known as the 'Museum of Cortona' go—to the destructive effects of time. Canvas and panel have necessarily shorter life than bronze, or marble, or chalcidony. Our knowledge of the state of the art of painting in Greece is thus unfortunately imperfect. But there can be no doubt that a thorough command of draughtsmanship was possessed by artists who could model the Venus of Milo, or who could engrave that portrait of Alexander the Great which bears the signature of Pyrgoteles. It is no disrespect to the names of Correggio, Raffaele, Michel Angelo, Titian, and other great artists of the Renaissance, any more than to the memory of those less renowned but not less earnest men to whom Europe owes the glory of her Gothic cathedrals, abbeys, and minsters, to say that a short period of Grecian history covers the time during which the noblest works of human Art were, without question, produced.

We may go a step further without fear of contradiction. For the student of history, of manners and customs, or even of poetry and the drama, nothing can so vividly act on the imagination and raise the process of study from drudgery to a toil that is felt to be ennobling, as the presence of veritable examples of the work, or veritable portrayals of the likenesses of the times and of the persons whose fame is yet unabated on earth. What student would fail to read with greater delight and more abiding advantage the story of Alexander the Great, who has gazed upon his face as it looks out from the intaglio of Pyrgoteles? Who has not a new sense of the beautiful and the grand that reads the account given by Homer of the appearance of Helen on the walls of Troy, after his eyes have lingered on the matchless grandeur of the Venus of Milo in the Louvre? These are striking and signal examples. But as to the truth which they illustrate, there has been no recent edition of a classical work of any great importance or beauty which does not more or less admit the need of illustrating the literary remains of Greece and of Rome by those of the works of artists contemporary with the great epic, dramatic, historical, and philosophical writers of the noblest ages of antiquity.

Thus far, then, the views contained in the memorial which has been recently presented to the Earl of Beaconsfield by a number of gentlemen professionally engaged in the promotion of higher education, as to the importance of giving increased prominence to the study of ancient Art as a branch of classical

training, will meet the full sympathy and support of men who are interested in Art education. The Head Masters of Eton, Harrow, and Dulwich have united with those of Merchant Taylors, of the City of London School, and of Westminster, and with numerous professors (including one of Pastoral Theology) of the London colleges, in requesting the Prime Minister to give assent to an undefined scheme for the formation of a Museum of Casts from the Antique. We do not wish to undervalue the advantage which may be derived from the formation of any new museum. Still, when a body of instructors who, however eminent they may be in their respective lines, do not include a single name proper to Art in their list, ask for new facilities for study at the public expense, it is pertinent to put the question—How far have these gentlemen availed themselves of the resources actually open to their use?

The tie suggested by the memorial between the new museum and the educational establishments represented is that of forming a provision for the delivery of lectures upon the history of Greek sculpture. This is a worthy and a noble aim. It is not to the credit of our universities, colleges, and seats of high education that for what is required in this respect English teachers are almost wholly indebted to German writers. We can conceive nothing more adapted to quicken the study of the dead languages than such a series of lectures, if delivered by men of learning, of taste, and of genius equal to the task. But what need to intrude on the overtaxed time of the Prime Minister to ask for his aid in a matter so wholly within the competence of the memorialists? Why do the Head Masters of Eton and of Harrow follow the example of the rustic made immortal by Æsop, who cried to Hercules to get his cart out of the rut? Why do they not set their own shoulders to the wheel of their own cart? The memorial is said to come from London and its vicinity; and the London schools and colleges furnish most of the memorialists. But the two questions which we have to put are—What new museum would be so central or so superior in any respect to the institutions already existing as to serve for an extra lecture-room for Eton, Harrow, Dulwich, Westminster, Christ Church, Merchant Taylors, University College, and King's College, London? and secondly, supposing such a central position to be found, in what manner is it proposed to utilise it for the benefit of the pupils at these establishments?

The first thing required, in order to give any value to the scheme, would be the appointment of fit lecturers. The choice here, we fear, is extremely limited. A mere perfunctory discharge of such a duty would have the effect of disgusting students with the very name of classic Art, even as the cram examinations which are bearing such serious evils are now

disgusting our young men with every subject which they are compelled to cram. But if a man with the blood and fire of the artist, and with the learning of the classical scholar, be asked to give such lectures, he may be safely trusted with the care of the illustrations.

One of two modes must be followed in such a case. The lectures must either be given at the several schools, or the scholars must attend the lectures at the place selected. In neither case would the simultaneous presence of a number of models be required for the illustration of the subjects. Two or three examples would be as much as would be desirable for each lecture. That establishments like Eton and Harrow should go a-begging to Government to pay for twenty or thirty plaster casts which would adorn their libraries or halls, and be as much part of the machinery of education as grammars and dictionaries, is unheard of. And if anything like a peripatetic or roving lecture be contemplated, why should not use be made of materials ready to hand?

In the British Museum we have, with a great deal of Roman sculpture of secondary value, not a few fragments of unsurpassed beauty of the best Greek school; and we have fine examples of what is second only in artistic value to the sculpture of the time of Phidias and Praxiteles, the portrait sculpture of imperial times. We can cite, on a moment's reflection—besides the immortal Elgin Fates and the frieze and metopes from the Parthenon—the torso of a Cupid in Pentelican marble; the torso of a Nymph, unfortunately discoloured by fire; and the bronze mask of a female, possibly a Hypnos, which are equal to any fragments of antique sculpture known to exist in the world. In the latter instance, too (an exception to the almost universal practice in this country), the object is admirably illuminated. Then, for the second class of examples, the head of Julius Cæsar is a work of the very highest class. Several of the imperial portrait statues, if they were only properly lighted, would appear to be no unfit companions. Some of the later Greek sculpture is of great interest, even if illustrating a conventionalised and debased treatment. Why should not the Eton, Harrow, and other classes

attend lectures on sculpture in the Sculpture Hall of the British Museum, at times set apart for the service?

No study of any cast or reproduction is equal to the study of the real antique. This study, however, even in Rome or in any European capital, must be limited in its subjects; it will, therefore, very properly be aided by a collection of casts. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that this order should not be reversed; the casts, however perfectly executed, can but ill perform the function of the originals. Their subsidiary and imperfect nature must be carefully impressed on the student. Indeed, unless there be so much Art instinct within him as to lead him to feel this difference after a very few lessons, his æsthetic education will never be more than superficial.

As supplementary to the study of the veritable antique, then, there is no doubt that a noble, if not an unrivalled, collection of casts now awaits the scholar at Sydenham. The Crystal Palace Company are understood to have spent as much as £40,000 in forming this collection, and it is one of the first value and beauty. We may mention the head and fragmentary body of the Cupid of Centocelle, no doubt a faithful reproduction of the famous Cupid of Praxiteles. We may cite the cast of the Louvre Venus, and the careful illustrations given, by the care of Signor Monti, of the effect produced by restoring the true pose of this unrivalled figure. All that can be done in plaster to represent Grecian Art has been done by the company in question. What use could Drs. Abbott, Barry, Baker, Scott, Carver, and their co-memorialists make of a new museum, if Parliament paid the money for one, that they cannot make of the antique sculpture of the British Museum, and of the casts at the Crystal Palace?

We shall be very happy if these remarks lead to any practical counsel being taken with a view to the establishment of lectures on Greek and Roman sculpture, delivered to classes from our great public schools, and illustrated by class visits to the British Museum and to the Crystal Palace, under the direction of a competent judge of sculpture.

F. R. C.

THE LAST PRAYER.

J. L. E. MEISSONIER, H.R.A., Painter.

W. STEELINK, Engraver.

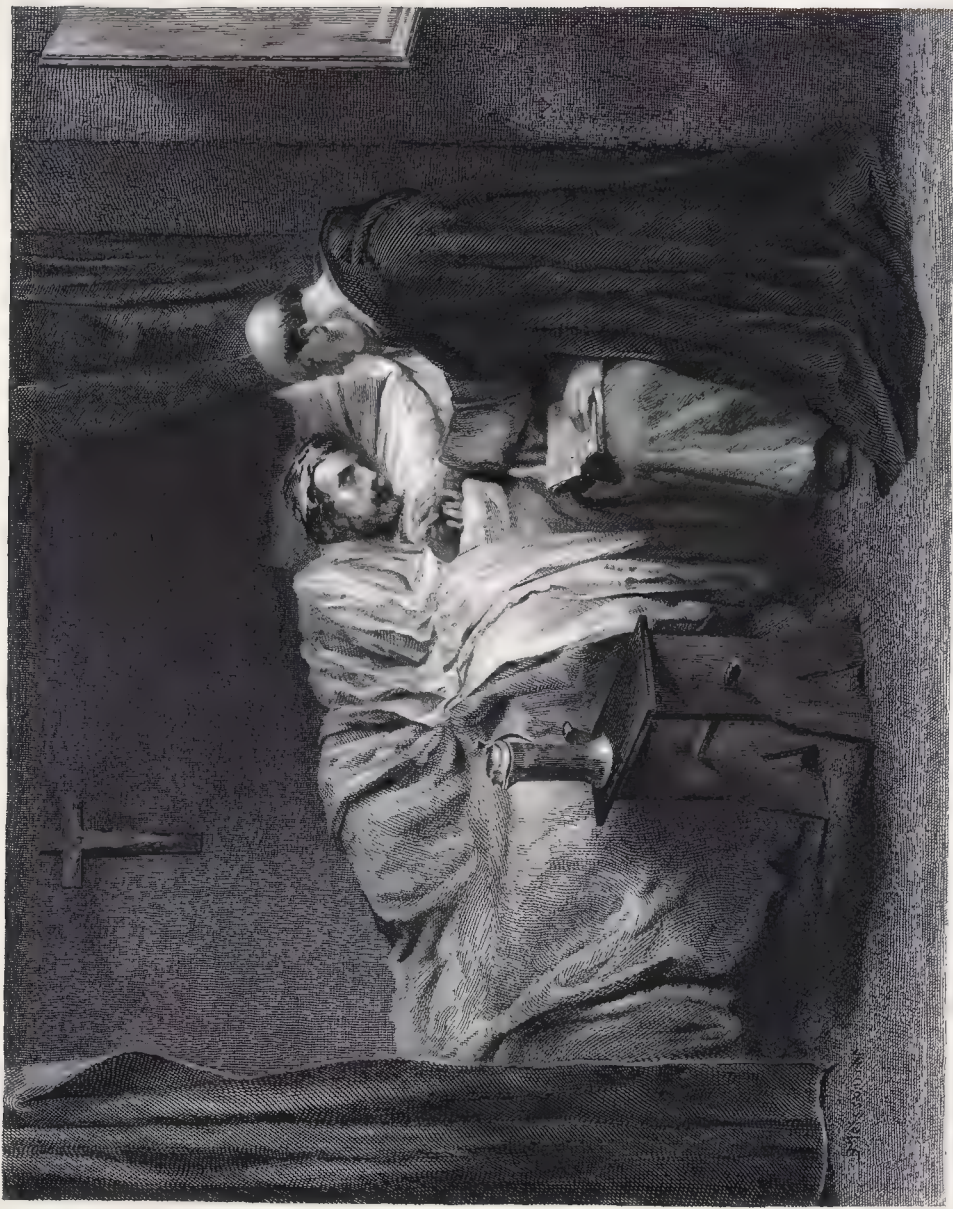
IT is a very rare occurrence indeed to meet M. Meissonier on such ground as he occupies in this picture; indeed, so far as our experience of his works testifies, it is a solitary example of his pencil having been engaged on a theme of solemn and sacred import: his more familiar subjects are the occupations of life when manhood is in its prime, and its actions are prompted by a love of amusement or interest in military matters, as 'Skittle Players,' or 'A Game at Chess,' in the former case; 'A Guard-house,' 'A Man choosing a Sword,' in the latter. He was a pupil of Léon Coignet, but it was scarcely in the studio of this master that Meissonier learned to paint with such microscopic art as he subsequently exhibited: when the earliest of these gems, 'The Little Messenger,' exhibited in 1836, made its appearance, it almost astonished the Art world, who were surprised to see so much precision allied with such delicacy of finish. His 'Le Petit Hallebardier,' painted in 1860, sold for £228, then considered a large sum, but it has since been quadrupled in several instances, owing to the great demand made for his works as well in England as in his own country.

The artist, however, seems to have adopted at one period of his early practice a kind of grave subject, for in 1839 he painted and exhibited in Paris a picture called 'A Priest attending a Sick Person,' and in the year immediately following another of a similar kind, entitled 'The English Doctor.' Now, though we have no absolute authority for saying the pic-

ture here engraved is the former of these two last-mentioned works, the inference is that they are really one and the same—a conclusion arrived at from the fact that the title undoubtedly supports it, and yet more because we can find in the list of Meissonier's leading productions no other that could possibly come under a title of this kind.

Whether the scene is one actually witnessed by the artist, or only an ideal composition, is of little importance as regards the Art it shows, though additional interest would be associated with it were the history of the dying man known, and were he recognised as some public character. There is nothing in the death-chamber to give any clue to its sick occupant, now rapidly passing away from the busy scenes of life. With eyes half closed in the sleep of death, he yet holds firmly in both hands one of the priest's who has offered the last prayer for him, and most probably has received his confession. On the wall by the side of the bed is a crucifix, and on a stool in the foreground is a covered jug, from which the poor sufferer has moistened his parched lips. These objects, with the curtains or hangings, constitute the only visible furniture, except the bedclothes, in the apartment, which throughout looks dreary enough—too much so almost for a hospital ward, or even a prison cell. But the story is pointedly and impressively told, with a Rembrandtish effect of light and shade, and a delicacy of finish only to be equalled by the great Dutch painter's brother artists, Terburg and Metz.





NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER the pouring rain of the previous evening, which had continued through the night, we all had hopes of fine weather for our trip, and still more did we desire to see, before leaving, Utigaard in the beauty of sunshine. But no; on arising at about five, we found dirtier weather than ever; the mist low down; "Blenk," the Finmark dog, still keeping watch by the reindeer which had been brought down; every kind of waterproof and oilskin being looked out; and a great demand for sou'westers. At last the "stolkjær" was packed, and everything ready to go down to the boats. The baggage on the "stolkjær" was surmounted by a reindeer head, Blenk ever in attendance, and Torstin Utigaard of Utigaard leading the pony as our chief. Then we were off, looking something between fishermen and smugglers. It was with much regret we took our last look at Utigaard as we settled down in the boats *en route* for Syltebø. The valley was grand indeed, the mist sometimes breaking up over the skyline with a sudden rush, as if thankful to get loose and range over the fjeld with freedom. Hardly were we under way, and the crew settled down to the steady-going pace which Norwegians can keep up for any length of time, when Utigaard burst out wondering who could have been the figures he telescoped on the snow on the previous day, the fellows who had nearly spoilt their sport and frightened their deer at the very moment when they thought they had the "rein" well in hand. What could people be doing up there? why should they go? who had ever seen any one in that part of the fjeld? At last the thought flashed across his mind that it might have been us. Was it? Yes, most undoubtedly it was, but happily we had unintentionally turned the deer; it was, however, the right way, so no harm had been done. The deer had been bagged, and we now all rejoiced together.

As the three boats rowed steadily in solemn procession down the Vaud we approached the Vika Pass on the starboard side.

At this point the whole lake is most imposing, its grandeur much enhanced by the mist, which is ever changing, ever beautiful in form and intensity. Soon some of the favourite old Norwegian songs were started, the chorus being echoed by the other boats. On the opposite side of the Vika Pass there had been a great "steen-skred," or landslip; and so immense are the surroundings that it was impossible to realise the extent of the devastation until we approached the base of it, as it had dashed and lumbered into the lake; then the huge masses revealed themselves in their unmistakable proportions, dwarfing our boats to mere insignificant specks by their side.



Eikesdal.

Near this spot bears have been seen, and one was tracked only lately. This led to the subject of bear-traps and "self-shooters," when the tent-master-general told of the *modus operandi* adopted by the post-master at Sundal. He knew there were bears, and having fully studied the spot, determined to lay a "self-shooter," if possible, or at all events a trap; and this he very ingeniously so arranged that when the trap caught Master Bruin a red flag should go up: this he could see with a telescope from the post-office as he sat sorting the letters. Some people had noticed that the latter operation took much longer than usual about this time; still no one attributed the delay to the post-master's love of bear-hunting, and they little thought that he sorted with one eye and watched for Bruin with the other. At last one day the post-master saw the red flag. This was too much; the letter eye immediately joined the fun. He was off at once to the bear, shot him, and brought him home; and during the year he managed to get four.

Hard as it rained, we were very sorry when our boat trip drew to a close, and we felt we should soon have to bid farewell to Torstin and Eikesdal Lake, with its many joys, rough life, and hearty welcomes. We had a glorious walk from the lake down to Syltebø, and were glad when we saw in the distance the white house which was to be our haven of rest, and to welcome us as friends. Soon after our arrival our host came in from the river with a good fish; and many a one has been taken from that stream, in spite of the change which has come over Norwegian rivers within the last few years. When

* Continued from page 196.

English sportsmen began fishing in Norway the bonders or farmers attached no value to salmon. They were surprised to see them caught with such slight rods and tackle; but as soon as it dawned upon them that salmon were worth so much per pound, they began to help themselves by netting them at the mouth of the river before they could ascend the stream which the enthusiastic Piscator had paid a good sum to rent. The natural consequence is that Norwegian rivers do not afford the sport they did.

Whilst shooting at Syltebo one of my friends found a beautiful

specimen of amethystic crystal of considerable size. From here a steamer runs to Molde, one of the northern sea-coast centres, and true to its time the little screw came off the landing-place with hardly any one on board, for the season was far advanced: most tourists and sportsmen had returned, and we enjoyed this all the more, as it afforded us a better opportunity of seeing the people themselves.

The variety in Norwegian travel adds greatly to one's enjoyment. In the present trip we started from a rich expansive valley; thence we ascended through woods of birch and alder



Folda.

by a torrent's side, vegetation became stunted and sparse, mosses gradually disappeared, and lichens preponderated; then came barren boulders, and, above all, the everlasting snow. Having attained this, our journey was varied by a descent to the wild gorge of Utigaard; the Lake of Eikesdal, a vast body of water, with its grand fall; then again, after the boating procession, through the valley of Syltebo, by the side of its salmon river, to the sea; and finally we were on the deck of the bustling little screw steamer. On stopping at the first place we were surprised

to see a large boat coming off, mushroomed with huge umbrellas, whence issued the music of Norwegian voices, and evidently those of ladies; but as they neared the steamer the soft strains ceased, and they came alongside in silence. Our array of oilskins, waterproofs, and sou'westers announced that foreigners were on board. We, however, considered that this treasure trove should not be a dead letter on a rainy day, and the Patriarch broached the subject of Norwegian music, which happily led to an encore of all the boat songs and many others,

reinforced with gusto by the chorus of oilskins, waterproofs, and sou'westers. They were a happy band—all ladies and no gentlemen—going to a party at the Præstegaard, some few miles down the fjord. They assured us the priest would be very pleased to see us, and give us a hearty welcome. It was with much regret we were compelled to decline the invitation, especially as it would have afforded a pleasing episode in our trip, and given us an opportunity of seeing the *vie intime* of a Norwegian minister's home *en fete*. As their boat left the

steamer they sang one of our favourite songs, and our modest chorus followed it at a gradually increasing distance until both faded away. After this cheerful but soaking morning we comforted ourselves with stories of the fjeld, salmon, and Norwegian life. Happily the tentmaster-general was in great force, and, when called upon for a yarn, responded with "muckle hilarity," giving us one of his reindeer experiences. Can we do better than repeat it here?

First scene, tent *abri* on the fjeld. Snow close above; in



Ramsdal Snow.

fact, too much snow for sport. The tentmaster-general telescoping, and he alone in the camp, if one may so call two tents. Having had a very hard and weary stalk on the previous day, he was resting whilst the major and Dan went up after deer. Soon after they had settled down to work, the Finmark dog "Passop" became very uneasy, and so fretted the string by which he was led that Dan thought he might break away, which would be sudden destruction to everything; he therefore carried the dog in his arms. Shortly afterwards, Dan, doubtlessly becoming slightly tired of carrying the dog, relaxed his hold a

little. At that moment Passop caught sight of a buck, sprang from Dan's arms, and bolted after the deer. Dan threw up his arms in despair, and made several Norwegian hunting quotations unfavourable to Passop's future happiness. One thing was certain—the dog would go till he died from sheer exhaustion, and Dan would never recover his favourite Finmarker. Dan soliloquised, watched long with his telescope, and finally gave way to grief. The next few hours were very blank and sad—deer and Passop both gone. In the afternoon, with melancholy thoughts and sluggish conversation, they began retracing their

steps to the camp, which was about six miles distant. As soon as they were in sight of their fjeld home the tentmaster-general came cheerfully to meet them, for he had seen seven deer steadily going down to a lake, and had anxiously awaited the return of Passop. No time, however, was to be lost. Off he went in pursuit alone, with the major's rifle. Hardly had he got away from the camp when he caught a glimpse of more deer—two this time, both going to the edge. He lay down to watch them, for patience as well as judgment is required in reindeer work. After some time a strange sound, like the bark of a dog, came down; but who ever heard the bark of a dog in the wilds of the fjeld and on the snow? Listening again, in a few minutes, from behind a huge boulder, came a stor-buck straight on, with a dog close behind. What a chance! Happily the tentmaster was equal to the occasion. In the twinkling of an eye the shot was fired, the buck was hit, but carried his bullet with him, and made for the water. The dog gaining on him a little, he dashed into the water to swim for it; but Passop dashed in too, for by this time our hunter had recovered from his astonishment at the strange dog, and recognised it as Passop. The ice-water of these lakes is, of course, intensely cold, and the dog was obliged to come back: he, however, did not do so until he had had a good tug at the deer, which by this time

had turned on his side, and was dead. A second time Passop tried to reach him, and was obliged to return; but the third time he got on his back, and sitting there, held the horns in his teeth. As the dog could not bring him ashore, what was to be done? By this time the major had come up, and determined to swim for him, and tow him on shore. The ice-water was too cold for him also, and he was obliged to turn back. The deer was too far out to lasso, even could they lead the line up from the camp. But *nil desperandum*. Hardly had their wondering got into full swing when a tremendous squall swept down the hillside, caught the deer and Passop, and they drifted in. The major made another attempt, and the deer was landed. They were soon off to the camp, where Dan, with a very sad heart, was preparing "speise." When the latter looked up and saw them coming, accompanied by his beloved Passop, his expression soon changed, and Passop was caught up into his arms as quickly as he had sprung from them in the morning, while Dan, with a radiant face, and his head a little on one side, turning round to the tentmaster-general, said, "Good man, Maget good man." Passop was made much of, Dan's happiness restored, and the one bottle of champagne was iced in the snow, to drink to "Rensdyr sagt paa Hoie Fjeld." It was a great day happily terminated, and long to be remembered.



Hilted Church.

THE SLEEPING FAUN.

Engraved by E. STODART, from the Sculpture by Miss HOSMER.

FROM the time when, in 1851, the distinguished American sculptor, Harriet Hosmer, produced her first girlish work, 'Hesper'—she was then but twenty years of age—till the appearance of her 'Pompeian Sentinel,' noticed in our last month's number, this lady has been gradually making such progress in her refined art that she has attained a very high position in it, both on the European and American continents. Trained in the studio of John Gibson, Miss Hosmer has shown her taste for, and skill in, poetic sculpture by her statues of 'Daphne' and 'Medusa,' 'Enone' and 'Puck;' while those of 'Beatrice Cenci' and 'Zenobia in Chains' testify to her skill in designing and modelling figures which are more associated in the mind with the world of humanity by which we are surrounded. The

master augured for her a brilliant future, and, as the Art world has long seen, was not wrong in his predictions, for each successive work from her hand has proved an additional leaf to her wreath of laurels; and certainly this 'Sleeping Faun' may be reckoned among the brightest, so poetically is it designed, and so naturally is it treated. The easy, *nonchalant*, drowsy attitude could scarcely be surpassed; every limb of the figure is in perfect repose, and the head resting on the left shoulder is expressive of sleepy weariness. Seated by the side of the stump of the tree on which the wood god reposes is a juvenile satyr amusing himself; and by his side a reed-pipe, bunches of grapes, and other attributes of sylvan life aid in the general interest of the group.





ART IN LIVERPOOL.

THE eighth Exhibition of Pictures under Corporation auspices is now open in the Walker Art Gallery, and attracting an attendance of visitors greater than any previous season. The exhibition is a fine one, numbering in all 1,061 exhibits of oil pictures, water-colour drawings, sculpture, &c. The oil pictures are very good, one of the best collections ever seen in the town; the water-colour drawings are, however, not equal to those of former exhibitions.

Among the principal contributions are many by Members and Associates of the Royal Academy which have already passed our critical ordeal, and they therefore need not to be noticed again. Reference is made to one only of pictures seen before in London, though it is not by an Academician, and that is Mr. H. Herkomer's 'Eventide, a Scene in the Westminster Union,' a work that commands much attention, the Corporation having purchased it for the permanent gallery.

Local artists appear in full force, and are well represented by able works. Mr. John Finnie shows three oil pictures and one drawing. His principal contribution, 'When the West with evening glows,' is an excellent landscape, and 'Glide gently thus for ever' a poetical transcript of river and foliage that deserves high praise. His drawing, 'The summer day was almost done,' is one of the best exhibited. Mr. J. Pedder shows his 'Bamborough Castle' and several drawings, 'Hastings' (734) being very clever. Mr. W. W. Laing exhibits two pictures: 'Spring,' clever, and excellent in colour and tone; and 'Do you take sugar?' which is more ambitious, and not so successful. Mr. W. Eden's 'By the Side of Onny Brook' is very good Art, and his drawing, 'By the Roadside—Formby,' is a clever transcript of nature. Mr. James Barnes is successful in 'A Rough Road through a Wood,' and is pleasing in his picture of 'Summer' (374). A spirited picture, 'Sounding the Charge,' by Mr. G. H. Garraway, will enhance his reputation, and his two Florentine drawings make his admirers wish for more at his hands. 'Her Story,' by Miss J. Macgregor, is a pleasant, bright picture, though the story being told is evidently a sad one; still we do not see the fruit of early promise in this work. 'The Old Lion,' by Mr. W. Huggins, in spite of its eccentricity of colour, is a grand specimen of good drawing. Mr. R. T. Minshull shows two good figure subjects. Mr. Thomas Huson maintains his character for fidelity to nature and breadth of imagination in his landscapes: 'A Quiet Stream' (213) is especially noticeable. Mr. W. B. Boadle is only represented by a small study of a head.

Amongst the water colours are many whose acquaintance we have made on previous occasions in some one or other of the London galleries; it would only be unnecessarily occupying valuable space to speak of them.

In the smaller rooms are to be found some excellent works in black and white, etchings, &c., and a few choice pictures. One of Mr. A. Legros's 'Heads,' painted before the students of the Slade School, and 'Old Woman's Head: Souvenir of Rembrandt,' by Mr. H. Herkomer—the two finest studies in the exhibition—are in Room No. VII.

The sculpture is not very extensive in quantity, nor rich in quality. 'The First Flight,' by Mr. A. Bruce Joy, is the principal and best example. 'A Boar Hunt,' bas-relief in metal, by Mr. R. Caldecott, is a spirited delineation. Mr. Warrington Wood shows a good portrait bust of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, and Mr. G. Fontana a pretty alto-relief in marble of 'Romeo.'

The hanging committee this year consisted of Messrs. P. H. Rathbone, A. Hornby Lewis, and J. A. Picton (town councillors), Messrs. Arthur Severn and F. R. Stock (metropolitan artists), and Messrs. W. Eden and W. B. Boadle (local artists). The hangers had considerable choice, some hundreds of pictures having been sent in for selection more than the galleries could hold. No doubt many excellent works were amongst those returned, but the general impression of outsiders is that the pictures have been fairly selected and hung. The exhibition closes on December 2nd.

With reference to the rejected pictures, we hear that a local dealer, having some amount of enterprise, has opened a large room for the exhibition of these works, so that the public will have the opportunity of comparing the accepted with the rejected, and so far to test the judgment of the hanging committee. The wisdom of the proceeding can scarcely be matter open to question.

The Liverpool Art Club has now on view a most interesting exhibition of snuff bottles, boxes, tobacco rasps, &c., lent by Mr. William Bragge, F.S.A., F.G.S., of Shirle Hall, Birmingham. They are for the most part Chinese. A small case of Japanese pipes is an interesting feature of the exhibition. A comprehensive and complete catalogue of the collection, containing an ably written preface by Mr. Bragge, describing the collection, has been issued by the club. The club intends shortly to open a special exhibition of Wedgwood ware.

THE UFFIZI AND PITTÌ GALLERIES, FLORENCE.

SO many long-cherished associations cluster around the Uffizi, Belle-Arti, Pitti, Bargello, and San Marco Galleries of Florence, as they now exist, that any threatened innovations fill one with apprehensions of intellectual losses of much that could never be replaced. The buildings which shelter them form an architectural and historical group of varied styles and epochs, in intimate keeping with their contents, such as no other city can rival. Whichever way we approach them, their presence is heralded by other edifices of equal grandeur and significance, so that merely to see them is a material revelation of the ancient power and progress of the fairest of mediæval cities, which has perhaps done more for the civilisation of mankind than any other, or at least whose roll-call of great names is second to none. Long before museums in their modern significance were thought of, the interiors of these structures were made the depositories of those objects of Art which have given to Florence its artistic renown, besides those masterpieces of antiquity that

form a record, not merely of the best thoughts, skill, and deeds of Florence, but of the genius of the world at large—in its entire assemblage and setting a unique Pantheon of Art. To dis sever these buildings from their contents would now be like separating body from soul. In no other arrangement can they have equal significance. Indeed, the Pitti, Uffizi, and Bargello are charmed names, belonging to all mankind, conjuring up visions of beauty that literally make their mention a perpetual joy to those capable of appreciating the transmutation into substance and colour of the deepest thoughts and subtlest imaginations of the greatest masters of every age. With their combined treasures they make an æsthetic solidarity and unity which the remotest suggestion of disturbing painfully shocks.

But we live in an age that in its passion for organization takes a practical or scientific view of æsthetics and Art, and is ever ready to sweep away all fine-spun webs of the imagination in its deference to mere utility and convenience. Following

the scholastic example of Germany in these matters, it is proposed to unite all the museums of Florence in one immense structure, which would form the richest collection in Europe. It is argued there would be greater security against fire and theft; improved lighting, warmth, and ventilation; and, chiefly, a better chronological and historical distribution of the various schools and nationalities of Art, giving a consecutive, concentrated view of the origin and progress of each, while bestowing on masterpieces that pre-eminence of position which should best display their highest qualities.

There is little doubt this radical change would be made were the Government in a condition to pay for it. We should then be doomed to see our old Art friends comfortably housed in a new building, with all the modern improvements, and the Pitti, Uffizi, Bargello, and other museums, like Rachel, mourning their lost offspring, and refusing to be comforted, especially as the chances, ten to one, would be that the new museum would be a frightful monument of the degenerate architectural taste and solecisms of the new-made Italy. Let us devoutly pray that this Art revolution be postponed until Italy gives birth again to a race of artists and architects equal to her old masters. If her masterpieces of painting and sculpture must change lodgings, by all means make it certain that they will not be ashamed of their new quarters and neighbourhood.

The committee appointed to report on this matter has, for the present, virtually shelved this scheme because of want of means to carry it out. At the same time it has recommended for the Uffizi certain important improvements, viz. new windows and better lights, a system of double roofing, and awnings as a protection against the sun's rays, equalising the temperature, and

giving freer ventilation; some mode of warming the galleries in winter, and sprinkling the roofs and skylights with water in the summer; the cleaning of the roofs and removing from them the accumulations of vegetable matter, which, if it should become ignited, would endanger the galleries, particularly as directly beneath them the archives and books of the National Library afford a vast store of combustible matter. The danger from fire is really greater than one likes to consider, and yet it seldom if ever occurs to the mind in thinking of the Uffizi. To enlarge its accommodation, the committee proposes to double the size of the present Venetian Gallery by adding to it the director's offices, to transform the Hall of the Ermaprodite into another tribune, to build a vast hall at the extremity of the corridor adjoining the Loggia del' Orgagna, and to annex to the Uffizi, by means of the present covered connecting gallery, the hall of the Gigli, the salon of the Salvati, the chapel of Ghirlandajo, and the stanze of Leonora of Toledo. These additional apartments would permit the exhibition of many objects for which there is at present no space, and unite the Palazzo Vecchio, Uffizi, and Pitti into virtually one great museum, that internally and externally need not bow its head to any other in Europe, provided these changes are made with wisdom, and there be at the same time a rehanging which shall bring together in a more harmonious and effective sequence and comparison the different schools and the works of the greatest masters, relegating the inferior and doubtful to the poorer positions, and introducing in the catalogue the corrections and emendations as to attributions which modern criticism positively requires.

Florence.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—It is to be hoped that when the gallery is reopened after the recess, the public will find that catalogues of the *foreign schools* are ready for use: these catalogues seem to have been out of print some time. We ourselves applied for a copy twice within a month prior to the closing, and were told by the attendants that they had none: this ought not to be. Several complaints have reached us to the same effect.

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—We are unable at present to give the names of those exhibitors to whom prizes have been awarded; the *official* list was not published at the date of our going to press. A meeting of British exhibitors and jurors has been held at the offices of Messrs. Gillow, for the purpose of promoting a subscription to present a testimonial to Mr. Cunliffe Owen, C.B., secretary to the Royal British Commission, as a recognition of the valuable services rendered by him in connection with the Paris Exhibition.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE LATE LORD GOUGH, for Dublin, has been successfully cast in bronze by Messrs. Mansfield. The commission for this work, originally placed in the hands of the late Mr. Foley, was, on his decease, transferred to his executor, Mr. G. F. Teniswood, and completed from Mr. Foley's small model by Mr. Brock and assistants. The horse is a duplicate of the charger in the famous Hardinge group.

THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY in Rathbone Place has recently published a photograph of Gabriel Max's wonderful head of our Saviour, exhibited some time since at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. It is printed in two sizes, both of them alike having that emotional and gloomy character which distinguished the original, as it does so many of the painter's pictures. Still Mr. Gerson has done well to perpetuate this very impressive head by the photographic art: it will be sure to find many admirers, especially among the religious world.

SIR JOHN STEELL'S STATUE OF DR. CHALMERS.—Though we noticed somewhat briefly last month this fine statue, we are enabled now to describe it more in detail. It is of bronze, and is a noble addition to the monumental glories of Edinburgh; moreover, it shows that the hand of the venerable artist has not yet lost its cunning. It was uncovered on the 27th of July last, amidst much *éclat*, in the presence of a large assemblage of the citizens, Lord Moncrieff presiding on the occasion. The project was started about ten years ago by the late Dean Ramsay, one of the most genial of Scotsmen, and was received with enthusiasm by men of all creeds and classes as a fitting memorial of one who had acquired a European reputation. Chalmers, who died on the 30th of May, 1847, was an honour to his country, and the greatest churchman since the days of Knox. He was the friend of celebrated statesmen, and the world of fashion and of learning hung in raptures on his oratory. The French Institute vied with the University of Oxford in conferring its honorary privileges upon him. His name, once obscured by the dust and contentions of lesser men, is now emerging gradually from the clouds of ecclesiastical controversy, and taking its rightful place in the impartial gallery of history. As a theologian and a preacher he won a pre-eminent position, and so universal was his genius, that he might have occupied with distinction almost any academic chair in the department of the arts or philosophy. The philanthropy of the Christian enthusiast crowned all his other gifts, and secured for him a lasting home in the affections of his countrymen. The statue recently erected is in every way worthy of the man. It is twelve feet high, or rather more than double life size, and rests on a beautifully polished pedestal of Peterhead granite, the elevation of which is fifteen feet. The situation in the noble expanse of George Street, at its intersection with Castle Street, is striking to a degree. The great churchman stands fronting the mighty rock which overhangs the city, his left hand supporting a large open Bible, which his right hand also grasps with impassioned energy. His face is raised in proud excitement, as

if at the climax of some lofty argument, revealing the magnificent head and brow as massive and indomitable as the bold castle which frowns in view. The Geneva gown gives classic grace and dignity to the attitude, but it has been thrown back partially through the vehemence of the orator, and you see, by a rare touch of Art, the eager hand and foot exposed. The whole figure is instinct with life and passion caught by the genius of the artist, and transferred to brass. It speaks of tremendous power arrested in the midst of action, and destined henceforward to a sublime repose. The likeness is admirable, as testified in every quarter, which we must attribute to the friendly relation that existed between the sculptor and Chalmers.

THE Christmas cards—winter flowers—are already putting in an appearance; they are not yet seen in the shops, but the producers in Germany, France, and England are submitting to competition their pattern books. These cards are welcome to our firesides: they cheer the hearths and gladden the hearts of homes, often teach lessons in Art, and always do their little or their much to cherish memories that are usually happy ones at Christmas-time and at the advent of the New Year. The first to greet us come from Germany; they are issued by Mr. Rothe, of King Street, Covent Garden, an active and enterprising agent

of German Art publishers. It would be hard to imagine a subject that does not receive treatment in one or other of these cards, either by figures that tell a pretty and pleasant story, or by flowers singly or in groups, which inculcate love of nature and appreciation of beauty. It is hardly necessary to say they are admirably drawn; we have groups in miniature as perfect as they would have been of "life size;" we might select many, each of which would justify a column of description. Some of them are grotesque, but equally good as works of Art—fancies suggesting fun. Others, again, are in neutral tints, and these will perhaps find most favour with veritable Art lovers. No doubt the floral groupings will have most buyers; they are attractions to all classes, for all can understand and feel them. Some are adapted to note paper, and will be found on envelopes, often twined and twisted into graceful monograms; while others commemorate various occasions of interest, such as birthday festivals and so forth. We bear testimony to the originality and beauty of these designs, of which Mr. Rothe issues so very large a collection. They are all good, and we doubt if English producers of Christmas cards will rival them: in some respects they certainly will not. We may express wonder at the small price at which they are issued; a "collection" will amount in money cost to no more than a common Christmas box.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

THE Autotype Company are large contributors and very valuable aids to the enjoyment that is to be derived from Art. More than that: they are important and impressive instructors, and much of existing progress must be attributed to their issues. Month after month they furnish to artists and Art lovers some copy of a picture so elaborate that if produced at all, it must be a work of time, the result of labour that, if adequately paid for, must render it costly, and consequently accessible not to the many, but the few. There are other reasons that make these autotype prints more desirable than engravings; and if the business of the engraver be, as it certainly is, dying out, it is fortunate that so well will these printed pictures take their place, that mourning for a dead art will be at all events materially lessened. The latest important issue of the company is a drawing (in black and white of course) from a painting by Mr. Richard Elmore, a landscape painter who has maintained his right to high rank. So impressed were we with the worth of the printed copy, that we sought means to consult the original, and thus ascertained the remarkable accuracy with which the picture was multiplied by skilfully and perseveringly encountering difficulties to overcome them. There are few who profess any acquaintance with Art who know nothing of regal Windsor. The view here is from the meadows; a few cows are knee deep in Thames water, chewing the cud; they add to the scene, but its value is derived from the palace on the hill slope, and the glorious sunrise that makes a brilliant background to a delicious picture. Mr. Elmore will add much to his reputation by this masterly work, and for its honourable representation he will be not a little indebted to the Autotype Company.

The Autotype Company has issued a large print of the picture that made Mr. Poynter famous—suddenly famous—for he had, previously to its exhibition, shown few signs of the rare intellectual power of which he has since given so many proofs. Our readers will call to memory the singularly grand work that made the attraction of a season at the Royal Academy. It is the picture of 'Israel in Egypt,' of which we have here an admirable copy, of size sufficiently large to preserve all its special incidents, and so accurate as to be a literal transcript of the original, into which, however, it should be remarked, some new figures have been introduced, and to which some touches have been added, in order better to prepare it for transfer to paper

by the process to which it has been subjected. It is a grand work of Art; too good, perhaps, for due appreciation by the general public; it will find patrons sufficient in those who love and comprehend Art in its loftier aims and aspirations.

In our comments on these two important issues of the Autotype Company we must not omit to impress on our readers the fact that, unlike photographs that supply their bases, they do not fade or change; they are indeed printed, and are as durable as any other productions of the printer's ink.

THE Green Vaults of Dresden have long been renowned. There is no treasure store in Europe that contains so much suggestive wealth for the artist, and especially the artist-manufacturer. It would be difficult to name a branch of Art industry that could find nothing useful here, while hundreds of the purest and best examples court the inquiring mind and eye in every portion of the miles and miles of beautiful things, the produce of many countries and many ages. The Art producer knows but a small portion of his business who has not resorted to those extensive, full, and powerful schools of teaching, of every style and of all periods. Some time ago we published in the *Art Journal* a series of wood engravings, accompanied by descriptions from the pen of Louis Gruner. They were necessarily small and incomplete. We have before us a selection of sufficiently large copies of the best works in the marvellous collection, photographs that do ample justice to the great originals. They are produced in the Saxon capital, and are examples of the resources at the command of one of the best photographers of Dresden, but they are issued to the world by Herr Paul Bette, of Berlin, the publisher in London being their representative—the representative also of other important houses—Herr O. Geissler, of Farringdon Street.

To describe even a few of the very beautiful and most attractive series would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject. Altogether there are one hundred: the selection has been judiciously made, with due care to variety as well as to interest and value. We turn over one after another, only to express admiration, and a hope that the abundantly wealthy store of the thought and labour of many gifted minds may be available for modern purposes. It may easily be so, for the art of photography has brought the finest copies of the finest works within the reach of all. The artisan as well as the manu-

facturer, the amateur as well as the artist, may thus obtain instructors of immense value. The photographs of Art treasures in the Green Vaults of Dresden are among the very best of recent contributions to Art and Art manufacture.

THE Religious Tract Society ranks among the most extensive of British publishers. It may surely claim to hold place with the best; for, although its main purpose is to circulate cheaply that which conveys instruction—religious, moral, social—it by no means loses sight of the high duty that all it sends out into the world shall be essentially good in literature and in Art. At the commencement, probably, its issues were intended for uneducated readers and humble homes. They are now fitted for the very highest classes; or rather, most of them are; for the valuable society by no means loses sight of its primary duty to cater for the cottagers and room-keepers of the country, who almost insensibly receive lessons of the loftiest order while deriving pleasure from charmingly illustrated books, sheets, and cards. We have before us examples of the various kinds of produce. A few lines of earnest and honest praise may recommend them as much as a page could do, and the many demands upon our space must induce brevity. The cards, if not competitive with the best, are pleasant, appropriate, graceful, and cheap. Of the books those before us are first class; no doubt there are others. No. 1 is entitled "French Pictures:" more than a hundred excellent woodcuts illustrate France. No. 2 is a coloured series, an *olla podrida* of subjects, each calculated to interest and amuse the young. No. 3, it is sufficient to say, is by our esteemed and valued friend, Harrison Weir, and of course concerns animals. There is but one of the assemblage to which we object: the almanac is not good; two evil-looking persons driving a cart do not express much for which to be "thankful;" the little gleaner gives to childhood much the same expression the artist has given to age; "Waiting for the Verdict" is a coarse absurdity; and the lady who heads some lines about "the humble" is not of the humble herself. This is the sole blot on a lot of beauties. Society at large has incurred another debt to the Religious Tract Society.

Now that the autumn months are rapidly stripping our woods, forests, and gardens of their beauty, and the falling leaves lie thickly under our feet as we take our country walk, a fitting opportunity may be found for the study of those objects which in the fulness of their growth and the plenitude of their perfection have supplied us with so much enjoyment during seasons now rapidly passing away; or, in other words, one, while sitting by the fireside in the wintry months, may, with such a book as that now in our hands,* resume in imagination our stroll among the trees of the woodlands, hills, and glades, and make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the structural growth and development of vegetable life in its grandest and most noble forms. Starting from first principles, the tree germ, Mr. Heath says, "It is not owing to adventitious circumstances, due to isolated though persistent exercises of creative power, that the small seed in time becomes a mighty tree. The vital principle of the tree is embodied in the seed. The Almighty power has been exercised once in the endowment of the germ with its marvellous power of development. All else—all that follows—is but the setting in motion of an organization already possessed—possessed indeed in the way which appeals most powerfully to the human eye—as in the expanded form of stem, leaf, and blossom—but in the minutest form of incipient life."

The author divides his subject into four parts. The first part, "The Life of a Tree," is subdivided into seven chapters, showing its growth from its birth to maturity; in the second part, "Some Woodland Rambles," occupying eleven chapters, we have poetic descriptions of rural walks in the New Forest, at Lyndhurst, &c.; the third part, "Trees at Home," advocates the planting of trees in towns and cities; and the fourth part, "British Woodland Trees," describes minutely nearly forty of the most familiar trees which adorn our English woods. The subject is illustrated by numerous well-executed wood engravings, and

* "Our Woodland Trees." By Francis George Heath, Author of "The Fern World," "The English Peasantry," &c. Published by S. Low, Marston & Co.

more especially by eight coloured plates, fac-similes of photographs of leaves collected chiefly at Kew Gardens: these are wonderfully true to nature, the minutest veining being delineated with singular accuracy.

That Mr. Heath is not only an enthusiastic lover of nature, but a diligent student of her charms, is evident in every line of this book; we quite believe him when he says that it has been to him "a labour of love, and has consequently proved not an arduous task, but a delightful occupation."

MESSRS. ROWNEY and SON continue to issue their admirable series of "Studies in Two Crayons." They are judicious selections from great masters, ancient and modern; each is a valuable teacher, a practical lesson in Art—for all the purposes of the learner as useful as the originals can be. Moreover, many of them are pretty pictures; such, for example, as the sweet children of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Messrs. Rowney supply the student also with coloured lessons; not elaborately coloured, for they are teachers, and are to be followed without over-toil. Here, too, sound judgment has been exercised to select. If painted "drawings" be needed, Messrs. Rowney supply them. This year they add to their store of the Art gifts of Birket Foster two gems—one a gardener's cottage, the other bird-nesting. They are specimens of the rural "bits" in which no artist has ever surpassed this most excellent painter—delightful to the eye and refreshing to the mind. They do not exaggerate, at all events they do not mislead, although in them nature is presented at her best. If there be sameness in the subjects Birket Foster selects, it is sameness that does not pall; he pictures simple truths that can no more weary than can the mellifluous verse of the poet Wordsworth.

MR. TOOTH, of the Haymarket, has published a brilliant engraving from a painting by J. E. Millais, R.A., a picture which will be well remembered; and we may thank the engraver, Zobel, for the refined skill with which it has been copied—in the "mixed style"—a combination of line, "dot," and mezzotint, that of late years has so largely displaced pure line and artistic mezzotint. "The White Cockade" is the title of the print under notice. A maiden, fair and young, is sewing on the hat of her lover the badge that indicates his party in the memorable "'45," and is a preparation for the fatal fight at Culloden, and surely was on the next day stained with the heart blood of her cavalier. But to-day she is all hope and no fear. There is consequently nothing of sadness in the story the artist tells. It is a touching episode in history, and a very charming work of Art, in which the accomplished painter has been ably seconded by the skilful engraver.

"OLD AND NEW LONDON," commenced about six years ago under the direction of the late Mr. Walter Thornbury, and continued after his decease by Mr. Edward Walford, has been at length brought to a conclusion by the appearance of the seventieth part, the whole intended to form six volumes.* We have noticed the work occasionally while it has been passing through the press, and now a word of congratulation is due to both author and publishers on the manner in which the undertaking has been carried out; nor must the artists who have lent such valuable aid be forgotten. This history of the great metropolis will find a welcome very far from the radius which it includes, for the annals of London are in a measure those also of the entire country; and inasmuch as it is the centre of the whole community of the United Kingdom, there can be few but feel some interest in what London has been and is. The numerous engravings show the vast changes which have been made, within the radius of the twelve miles constituting the metropolitan area, during the last century and a half, or thereabouts, till we see London proper and Westminster rapidly becoming cities of palaces. It is both curious and interesting to trace the gradual decay of the old, however much one may deplore it, and to notice the growth of that which has arisen to supersede the works of our forefathers. "Old and New London" is full of history and biographical and topographical information.

* "Old and New London." Part LXX. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXIV.



WE are drawing near to the end of our tether, and much as we love home, there is not the same buoyancy about the return, however happy or successful the trip may have been, as there is about the start; for the latter is an important event, teeming with hope and expectancy, from the *couleur-de-rose* descriptions of friends who have preceded us, and who have heartily enjoyed the recapitulation of their adventures, narrow escapes, and temporary deprivations. But it is very different with the end of a journey. There is something of the Ichabod in it; and yet we know not why there should be, for if it has been one of danger, we ought to be thankful that it is over; and if, on the contrary, it has been productive of pleasant associations, we should

still be thankful, inasmuch as it will prove a bright spot to fall back upon and refresh ourselves with when wearied in after-life. So we will not be depressed at the end of our trip to "Gamle Norge;" we would rather think of all the kindnesses of the people, the grand scenery of the coast, the combinations of sea-rock façade and snow, and learn a lesson of contentment and Christian love from the bonders and their happy families.

Having overcome this very natural feeling of regret that our holiday is over, let us, in conclusion, notice a few leading characteristics of the country which have been unnoted as we passed through it. Its geology is most characteristic, its wood-carving has great individuality, its old silver also, while in variety of climate it stands alone.

Let us, then, take a general view of the geological formation. Any one specially interested in this subject should study the "Geologisk oversigtskart over det Sydlige Norge," 1858 to 1865, by Theodore Kjerulf og Tellef Dahli; but for others a general idea will suffice.

1. Gneiss predominates in the Romsdal and Sneehøttan districts; also north and south of Sogne Fjord, running down to the entrance of Hardanger.

2. Granite predominates in the south in large areas up to the Vøring Foss, and in detached portions in Vestranden towards Trondhjem. Christiansand is granite.

3. Sparagmit fjeldets (Norsk) is found in Central Norway. This is a conglomerate of red sandstone, and sometimes called red and grey sparagmite.

4. Trondhjem quartz in the north, really hard schist; not found south of the Doore Fjeld.

5. Syenite and porphyry round Christiania.

6. Labrador stone occurs west of Lindernæs, in the south, at Ekersund on the west coast, below Stavanger, round the Galdhøpiggen (the highest point in Norway), and north-east of Fortun, in the Sogne Fjord.

The whole of this surface bears record of the immense extent and effect of the glacial period of Norway. The valleys show the glacial set as distinctly as does the tide in large rivers, the greatest attrition and scoriation being in the concaves going down. Huge bastions of rocks* have been rounded and ground down by constant attrition, and vast terraces of sand at the end of each valley are the result of this attrition accumulating for ages. It would be very interesting to analyze and find the component parts of these immense deposits. Certain it is there is no natural sandy soil above, and, as we have before mentioned, when reindeer-hunting we have found huge boulders of thirty or forty feet at an elevation of 5,000 feet, with smaller ones of a different formation resting on them. Now all this has been brought about by the influence of the gulf-stream: when the gulf-stream took this course the glacial period ceased in Norway. That epoch none can tell. It will be sufficient to notice the result, which is this: when the polar current from Spitzbergen runs down the west coast of the Atlantic, and produces the great fogs off Newfoundland, the gulf-stream, driven up from the Gulf of Florida by the force of the great caldron of the equator, strikes on to our west coast and the coast of Norway, running up to the North Cape; in fact, the only timber to be obtained there is the drift wood from the West Indies, and



Lutheran Priest, with the Frill as now worn.

at Hammerfest casks of palm oil have been washed up from Cape Lopez Point in Africa. In Iceland, too, as Professor Erickson

* Continued from page 220.

* See the rocks of Steinsund, on the west coast: these are conglomerate.

Magnussen informs us, the bridges are made of mahogany. Not that bridges are frequent in that country; but those which they have are made from the logs washed up there. This accounts for the variety of temperature which the two boundaries of Norway—the gulf-stream on the west, and Sweden on the east—present. For instance, though Bergen and Christiania are in about the same latitude, the average temperature at the former is $46^{\circ} 8'$, and at the latter $41^{\circ} 5'$; the summer average is about the same; but in the winter months Christiania is often 13° colder than Bergen. Hence there may be skating at Christiania, while

there is none at all at Bergen, where the average annual rainfall is 72 inches, which, by the way, is lower than that in our English lakes.

	Winter.	MEAN TEMPERATURE.		
		Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Christiania . . .	+ 25°	+ 38°	+ 60°	+ 42°
Bergen	+ 36	+ 45	+ 58	+ 48
Trondhjem . . .	+ 24	+ 35	+ 61	+ 40
North Cape . . .	+ 24	+ 30	+ 42	+ 32



The mean temperature at North Cape is 32° , the greatest cold



Stube and Wooden Tankards.

arising from north-east winds. Thunder-storms occur in winter, while west winds cause dense fogs.

At the conclusion of Forbes's "Norway" will be found a most interesting map, with isothermal lines passing through those places which have the same temperature in the months of January and July; and it is very striking to notice that the July temperature of the north of Ireland and Edinburgh is maintained through Norway as far as the Arctic Circle, when it begins to deflect to the eastward, where the gulf-stream's influence ceases.

Again, the waterfalls are a great feature of this country. Some one has depicted Norway thus , and the Alps thus . There is much truth in this. The valleys running down to the fjords produce immense precipices, down which rush the many waters of the high plateaux of 3,000 or 4,000 feet; and in some parts these falls are strengthened by the waters of the vast stretch of sneebræden, or snow-fields, of which the Justedal and the Folgefond are the most extensive.

The casual observer, looking at the map of Norway, would think it well populated, but a few years ago its inhabitants

numbered hardly more than one-fourth those of London and its suburbs.* The names on the map frequently represent mere



The St. Lege and Isat.

stations, farms, præste gaarden, or rectories, and villages are | seldom seen. As in Scotland, the farmer takes the name of his



Hitterdal Church: Sunday Morning.

land. In fact, Norway and Scotland are very closely allied to each other in many respects.

From the Runic downwards, the wood-carving of Norway

* Population of Norway, 1,150,000.

stands alone for distinctive characteristics, and is still carried on in every variety by means of the simple national *tolle-knife*, which is ready for everything.

The lintels and carvings of the "staburs," or store-houses, in Thelemarken have been already shown, but the most interesting specimens are found in churches, where the tortuous lines are full of originality and power of design. Serpents are ever-present and ever-varying, the museums being rich in specimens of this ecclesiastical class of work. Wood, and birch especially, is used for every kind of domestic utensil, and ornamentation is very generally introduced. Some of the old horse collars are beautiful, and are sometimes painted; tankards are richly carved; spoons profusely so; and on some occasions the bridegroom, if he be very expert, prepares a double spoon for the bride and bridegroom, wherewith to eat their porridge

simultaneously. Drinking bowls, salt-boxes, mangel stoks, are all carved; and this art is much encouraged by the long winter evenings.

The old silver of Norway is so large a subject that a series of illustrations would be necessary to do justice to the matter; but its day is fast passing away. The peasants and fishermen have found new outlets for their earnings, and the time has gone by when they wondered what new thing they could have made in the precious metal; in fact, electro-plate is now invading Gamle Norge. May the bonders select the blessings of civilisation and eschew its evils! May their home happiness and love be ever-increasing, and the kind welcome which we have so often experienced never decrease in heartiness! For a time farewell.

FARVEL, FARVEL!

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THIS Society opened its annual exhibition with a *soirée* on the 8th of October, in the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters in Pall Mall East. Mr. J. Glaisher, F.R.S., President of the Institution, and other members of the Council, received the invited guests as they arrived. The gallery is well supplied with photographic pictures of a most meritorious order and in great variety, the landscapes taking the lead both in number and excellence. The large landscapes produced by Mr. Vernon Heath, and those of the Autotype Company, rival each other in beauty of detail and forcible expression. The marine views of Mr. P. Jennings are remarkable for truth to nature and beauty of effect. The pictures of Mr. Bedford and Mr. England attracted much attention, as did the contributions, few in number as they are, of the School of Military Engineering. There is much in the gallery to interest visitors independently of the pictures, yet associated with the photographic art, as, for instance, Mr. Watson's application of it to ceramic ware, and some transparencies produced by the Sciapton Company.

This year the society has adopted the practice of giving prizes for the best objects exhibited, the adjudicators being Mr. Poynter, R.A., Mr. John Brett, Mr. Glaisher, Mr. F. Bedford,

and others. The medal for the best landscape was adjudged to the Military School of Engineering, Chatham, represented by Lieut. L. Darwin. Mr. Vernon Heath obtained another, principally for some admirable Scotch and Welsh landscapes. To Miss A.W. Wilson was adjudged another for a series of figure subjects illustrating Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man, all of which are most striking. Mr. George Nesbitt, of Bournemouth, obtained a medal for a wonderfully expressive picture called 'The Broken Leg,' representing a large dog with his leg bandaged up, attended and caressed by a young girl. Mr. Nesbitt exhibited a few other good specimens; and two pictures by Messrs. J. Chaffin and Sons, of Yeovil, 'Criticism' and 'Visiting the Studio,' are as amusing in subject as they are brilliant examples of the photographic art, though no medal was awarded to them. A large collection of Russian and Swedish photographs is shown by Warnercke, of Peckham Rye, to whom they were presented by the leading establishments of those countries on his last continental tour.

The exhibition remained open till about the middle of November, the general public having been admitted on the evenings of each Monday and Saturday, when the gallery was well lighted up.

THE DEATH-WARRANT—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

C. PILOTY, Painter.

D. RAAB, Engraver.

CHARLES PILOTY stands at the head of the modern school of realistic painters in Germany, a school in which he is supported by many eminent artists, among whom may be named Max, Liezenmayer, Folingsby, Baumgarter, Wagner, &c. He was born at Munich in 1824, where also he commenced his studies, chiefly under the superintendence of Charles Schorn. One of his earliest works was 'The Astrologer Seni contemplating the Dead Body of Wallenstein after his Assassination,' now in the Pinakothek at Munich, a work distinguished by mastery of execution and power over materials. Another important picture of a somewhat later date, if we remember aright, is 'A Scene before the Commencement of the Battle of Prague.' To our International Exhibition of 1862 Piloty sent his 'Nero after the Burning of Rome,' a grand and thrilling composition of life-size figures, wherein is prominently seen the fiend-like form of the Emperor, crowned with a rose-wreath, stalking majestically in almost the centre of the picture, surrounded by a crowd of his friends and parasites, and by slaves and torch-bearers.

In a well-known subject of British history—one which our own

artists have occasionally treated—Piloty has found a theme for his broad and effective pencil. On the 6th of February, 1587, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who for more than sixteen years had Mary under his charge at one or other of his country residences, arrived at Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, accompanied by the Earl of Kent; the two nobles, bearing the warrant signed by Queen Elizabeth, informed Mary that she must prepare for death the next morning: this is the point of the composition. The unhappy Queen of Scots received, we are told, the message with the utmost composure, though, on the impulse of the communication—one, however, she had long looked for—the brevity she had been reading drops from her hands. She remains quietly on her seat, with closed eyes, as if meditating for a few moments on the fearful ordeal awaiting her, while her faithful attendants hear the intelligence with unfeigned distress. Shrewsbury and Kent, the sheriff of the county who bears the warrant, and Sir A. Melville, it may be presumed, long Mary's Master of the Household, make up the group of male figures on the left of this most effective composition, the right being occupied by the unfortunate Queen and her attendants.





ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



THE "Ballad hero," Robin Hood, with his wondrous doings in "Merric Sherwood," was, of all others, the most prolific source of inspiration to the ballad writer, and none in the whole range of "folk-song" were more popular than those which recounted his strange adventures.

These, too, were so stirring in their circumstances, and in many instances so startling in their character, that the designer of the "cuts" had no lack of subjects from which to design his pictures. That Robin Hood was a veritable personage I have not in my own mind even the remotest shadow of a doubt, and, indeed, both Hunter and Gutch,† the two most reliable authorities on Robin Hood lore, have satisfactorily proved such to be the case. This, however, is a matter on which in this chapter it is not necessary to enter; the woodcuts of some of the ballads relating to the noble outlaw are all I have to do with, and these are "plenty as blackberries."

Some of the Robin Hood ballads are of a general nature; others relate to his prowess in the field, others to his success in the chase; and others again, with his "merry, merry men," to the robbery from some and the giving to others of "needful gold." The localities chiefly commemorated in these ballads are Sherwood Forest and adjoining parts of Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire,

with a part of Yorkshire. In Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire numerous places are named after the hero, and numbers of localities have been, according to tradition, the scenes of his exploits. In the latter county also some of the relatives of his family resided, and of its soil his faithful friend and follower "Little John" is said not only to have been a worthy son, but to have died and been buried at Hathersage, the place of his birth. A very curious ballad, in many respects equally curious in its allusions to localities as the "Lytell Geste" printed by Wynken de Worde, is the one entitled *A New Ballad of Robin Hood, showing his Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage, at Tibbury Bull-running: Calculated for the Meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent*. Of this ballad copies exist in the Roxburghe and Pepys collections, as well as in my own, the woodcuts naturally varying. In the copy in the Roxburghe collection the woodcut (Fig. 20, p. 44 *ante*) occurs; while my own broadsheet bears a far more appropriate design, on which are represented Robin Hood with buckler and quarter-staff, and Clorinda, another name for "Maid Marian," wearing a tall hat, somewhat after the Welsh fashion, and holding a bow in her hand; the entrance to the church in the background. The ballad, which is written as though told by the king of the fiddlers, who played at the wedding, recounts the birth,



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

parentage, and family connections of the hero; his introduction to his uncle, Squire Gamwell; his prowess at games while there; his meeting with Little John; his visit to Sherwood Forest, and there meeting Clorinda, "the Queen of the Shepherds," whose—

"... gown was of Velvet as green as the Grass,
and her Buskin did reach to her Knee,
Her Gate it was graceful, her Body was strait
and her Countenance free from Pride:
A Bow in her Hand, and Quiver and Arrows,
hung dangling by her sweet Side;
Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her Hair,
and her Chin was as smooth as Glass;
Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too,
sets with Robin Hood such a Lass.
Said Robin Hood, 'Lady fair, whether away,
oh whither fair Lady away?'
And she made him Answer, 'to kill a fat Buck,
for to-morrow is Tibbury Day.'"

The outlaw, smitten with the maiden, invited her to his "green bower" to rest awhile, and she should have of good

running" and other wild amusements, was held. The Minstrels' Court at Tutbury, to which all minstrels living in the counties of Stafford and Derby did service, was presided over by a "King of the Minstrels," who was selected yearly by the four stewards, two of whom were chosen from the minstrels of Derbyshire, and the other two from those of Staffordshire. The court was held before the Stewards of the honour of Tutbury, on the morrow after the Assumption. A deed of "John of Gaunt, King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster," dated in the fourth of Richard II., confers certain powers on the "King of the Minstrels in our honour of Tutbury," and speaks of service and homage which even then had been performed by the Minstrels "from ancient times." By a later instrument it was ordered "that no person shall use or exercise the art and science of music within the said counties, as a common musician or minstrel, for benefit or gains, except he have served and been brought up in the same art and science by the space of seven years, and be allowed and admitted so to do at the said court by the jury thereof," under certain fines; that he shall not teach or instruct any one for a less time than seven years; and that he shall, under pain of forfeit, appear yearly at the "Minstrels' Court." On the day of holding the court,—"Tutbury Day," as it is called in the ballad,—all the minstrels within the honour came to the Bailiff of the Manor, and proceeded in procession to the parish church, the "King" walking between the Bailiff of the Manor and the Steward of the Minstrels' Court, and attended by his own four Stewards, bearing white wands. From church they proceeded in the same order to the Castle hall, where the "King"

* Continued from page 44.

† For an admirable paper on Robin Hood, by Mr. Gutch, see *The Reliquary*, vol. I. pp. 136—143.

‡ "Tutbury Day" was the day on which the "Minstrels' Court," with its "Bull-

bucks "a brace or a lease in an hour," but on the way there, seeing a number of bucks—

"She chose out the fattest that was in the Herd
and she shot him through side and side."



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.

"But she said, 'It may not be so, gentle Sir,
for I must be at Tutbury Feast:
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me
I'll make him the most welcome guest.'"

Accordingly they went to Tutbury, had adventures by the way,

much to the astonishment of "bold Robin," who declared "by the faith of my body," he never saw woman like her. He immediately after proposed to her, was accepted, and offered to "send for Priest" that they might be married off-hand:—

met the Minstrels' procession, with the bull and the Morris dancers and singers, "singing Arthur a Bradley" (a ballad whose hero probably takes his origin from Bradley in the same neighbourhood), had a jolly dinner, and then—



Fig. 28.—Robin Hood and the Bishop.

"When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the Parson
of Dubbridge * was sent for in haste;
He brought his Mass-Book, and he bid them take hands,
and he join'd them in Marriage full fast."

took his seat, with the Bailiff and Steward on either side. The court was then opened by proclamation ordering that every minstrel dwelling within the honour of Tutbury, either in the counties of Derby, Stafford, Nottingham, Warwick, or Lancaster, should draw near and give his attendance, and that all pleas would be heard, and fines and amercements made. The musicians having been called over by court roll, two juries were empanelled and charged. The jurors then proceeded to the selection of officers for the ensuing year. The jurors having left the court for the purpose, the King and Stewards partook of a banquet, while the musicians played their best on their respective instruments. On the return of the jurors they presented the new King whom they had chosen from the four Stewards, upon which the old King, rising, delivered to him his wand of office, and drank a cup of wine to his health and prosperity. In like manner the old Stewards saluted, and resigned their offices to their successors. This ended, the court rose, and adjourned to a general banquet in another part of the castle. The sports of the day then commenced by a wild and infuriated bull being turned loose for the minstrels to catch. The bull was thus prepared: his horns were sawn off close to the head; his tail cut off to the stump; his ears cropped; his body

The forester and his bride then returned to his "green bower" in merry Sherwood, when his "merry men" brought garlands and had the inevitable dance and feast.

rubbed all over with grease; and his nostrils, to madden him still further, blown full of pepper. While these preparations were being made, the Steward made proclamation that all manner of persons should give way to the bull, no person coming nearer to it than forty feet, except the minstrels, but that all should attend to their own safety, every one at his peril. The bull being then turned out, was to be caught by some one of the minstrels, and no one else, between that hour and sunset on the same day, within the county of Stafford. If he escaped, he remained the property of the person who gave it (formerly the Prior of Tutbury); but if any of the minstrels could lay hold of him so as to cut off a portion of his hair and bring it to the Market Cross, he was caught and taken to the Bailiff, by whom he was fastened with a rope, &c., and then brought to the bull-ring in the High Street, where he was baited by dogs. After this the minstrels could either sell him or divide him amongst themselves. This custom appears to have prevailed from 1377 to 1778, when it was very properly discontinued. The day was one of feasting, revelry, and great excitement for the whole district.

* This was the village of Doveridge close at hand.

A characteristic Robin Hood woodcut is Fig. 1 (p. 17). It is taken from a black-letter ballad, "Renowned Robin Hood," and also from a curious "Robin Hood Garland." The centre figure is the hero himself, the other two probably being Little John and Will Scathlock (or Scarlet). This ballad, says Mr. Chappell, "is indeed a strange invention; it brings Robin Hood down to the reign of Henry VIII., presumably because that king was a great patron of archery. It makes Queen Katharine an accomplice in his robberies, by sharing in the plunder, and to employ this outlaw and his fellows as instruments to win a wager of three hundred tuns of wine, three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest deer, from the unsuspecting king. The bet was, indeed, a right royal one, and no doubt it was thought to be very appropriate, as between a king and a queen." Another cut on the same ballad is Fig. 22, which probably did duty as a representation of Queen Katharine; it is a more than usually interesting example of costume.

Fig. 23, an admirable woodcut, boldly drawn, clearly engraved, and excellent in all its details, is from a black-letter ballad entitled "Robin Hood newly reviv'd, or Robin Hood and the Stranger," which originally formed the first part of "Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John." The "stranger," whose "doublet was of silk," and whose "stockings like scarlet

shone," turned out to be no other than "young Gamwell," "cousen of Robin Hood," being "his own dear sister's son," and the result of the meeting and fray was this discovery, and Robin's taking him into his retinue—a resolution he thus made known to his chief man, Little John:—

" . . . he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next unto thee;
And I, Robin Hood, and thou, Little John,
And Scarlet, he shall be."

The woodcut evidently represents this redoubtable trio. The same cut occurs at the head of another curious black-letter broadsheet entitled *Robin Hood, Will Scadlock [Scarlet], and Little John; or, A Narrative of their Victory obtained against the Prince of Aragon and the two Giants; and how Will Scadlock married the Princess.* It recounts the defeat of "the Proud Prince of Aragon" and his two attendant giants, at "London upon the Thames," by this trio; and the Princess's choice of "Will Scadlock," as the one of her deliverers on whom her hand was to be bestowed; the *dénouement* being that Scadlock ["young Gamwell"] was recognised by his father, "a noble lord," "of Maxfield [Macclesfield], Earl was he," who had thought him "gone, or rather dead," and the whole ending with the wedding and much merriment.



Fig. 29.



Fig. 30.



Fig. 31.

The cut (Fig. 26), of a 'Wild Man of the Woods,' was evidently in this ballad intended to convey to the popular mind an idea of the terrible "Goliaths that stood on either side" Aragon's prince.

Figs. 3 (p. 18) and 28 belong to, and are strictly correct illustrations of, the curious early ballad of *Robin Hood and the Bishop; showing how Robin Hood went to an Old Woman and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the Bishop; and how he robb'd him of all his gold, and made him sing a Mass.* The first shows the outlaw standing at the "little house" talking to the "old wife" with whom he changed clothes, to avoid being seized by the Bishop and his retinue, who are seen riding in the distance:—

"Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
and take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
and take thou my arrows so keen."

The second cut shows the Bishop, after Robin Hood's stratagem had succeeded, tied "fast to a tree" while Robin himself does the robbing by taking the prelate's

" mantle from 's back,
and spread it upon the ground,
And out of the Bishop's portmante he
soon told five hundred pound."

And here let me point out not only the costume of the Bishop, but the fact that each piece of money is marked with the cross, the same as on the pennies of the earlier reigns, which enabled them to be divided by breaking into "four things," or farthings. The cross continued in one form or other to be used on the reverses of coins down to Queen Elizabeth's issues. These are not a tithe of the woodcuts that might be cited as "adorning" the metrical accounts of the "ballad hero's" stirring adventures, but they are characteristic examples, and as such are enough for my present chapter.

Fig. 21 (p. 44) I have selected from many others as showing two shepherds with their "crooks" and flocks at sunrise or sunset. The crook, it is pleasant to see, is of precisely the same form as still used by shepherds in our own day, and reminds one of the spiritual crook or crosier of prelates, emblematic of their care of the human "flocks" committed to their charge.

Two remarkable cuts specially designed, it will be seen, for illustration of the ballad they adorn, are Figs. 11 and 12 (p. 41). The original title of the ballad (of which no other copy is known) is missing in the Roxburghe collection, but the gist of it is the old, old story of the father hoarding wealth for his successors, and his spendthrift son wasting it.—"What the Father gathereth by the Rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the Forke." In the first cut we have the Father's mansion, and in the foreground him-

self—an old man represented as literally having "one foot in the grave," which the artist has depicted ready dug. He is shown actively raking gold together in heaps, and literally, as the old maxim has it, getting his ill-gotten wealth "over the devil's back," while bags of coin, jewellery, and plate are also garnered. Beneath the engraving is the descriptive couplet—

"Come, worldlings, see what pains I here do take,
To gather gold while here on earth I rake."

The companion cut, beneath which is the equally trite couplet—

"Come, Prodigals, your selves that loves to flatter,
Behold my fall, that with the Forke doth scatter,"

shows in the distance the family mansion in ruins, and in the foreground the spendthrift son, hatted and feathered and cloaked, spurred and sword-begirt, scattering the gold abroad with a "dung fork" broadcast over the ground like manure.

"Roome, roome, for a friend
That his money will spend,
old Flatcap is laid in his grave;
He kept me full poore,
But now I will roare,—
his lands and his livings I have.
The tide of gold flowes,
And wealth on me growes,
hee's dead, and for that 'tis no matter;
Great use he did take,
And for mee did rake,
which now with the forke I will scatter."

This ballad was printed by Henry Gosson, who flourished between 1607 and 1631, and was probably written by Martin Parker.

The way in which the devil in the first of these cuts is so picturesquely represented was the usual conventional form in which, on ballad cuts, he was drawn. He was a favourite personage both with the writers and engravers of "broad

sheets" and "garlands," and was generally printed in solid black. The draughtsmen evidently felt that it was impolitic or impossible to paint his sooty majesty too black, and therefore they drew him "dark as ebon night." Another excellent illustration of the way in which Satan with an attendant fiend is drawn will be found in Fig. 16 (p. 43), which originally forms the second cut to a remarkable ballad entitled "Saint Bernard's Vision; or, A briefe Discourse (Dialogue-wise) between the Soule and the Body of a damned man newly deceased, laying open the faults of each other; with a speech of the Diuel's in Hell." A very usual mode of representing the lower regions—the "mouth" of the "bottomless pit"—is the one which I have selected as an example, Fig. 15 (p. 42). This is taken from a ballad entitled *The Dead Man's Song. Whose dwelling was neere unto Basing's Hall, in London*, a "vision," in two parts. Fig. 14 (p. 42) is the vision of Heaven; and Fig. 15 (p. 42) is thus described:—

"With that I saw a coal-black den,
all tan'd with soot and smoake,
Where stinking Brimstone burning
which made me like to choake.

A spotted person by each one
stood gnawing at their hearts
And this was Conscience, I was to
that plagu'd their envious parts.

And ladles full of melted gold
were pour'd downe their throats
And these were set (it seem'd to me)
in midst of burning boats."

And so on with a long string of horrors through which it would neither be a pleasure to me to wade nor to drag my reader. There is another cut in this ballad which, from its peculiar unpleasantness, we care not to introduce.

(To be continued.)

THE POSTILLION.

R. GOUNIE, Painter.

A. LALAUZE, Engraver.

THIS print is the result of the combined labours of two French artists of the modern school, but whose works are not known to us, except as revealed in this clever and rather humorous composition, a reminiscence of the old method of highway travelling in France in the days when one Laurence Sterne made his "Sentimental Journey," and left on record some, at least, of the adventures of himself and his driver. But in France, as in England, the railway has driven the post-chaise off the road, as it has done, except in particular places, the well-horsed stage-coach and the lumbering, heavy diligence; while the skilful "whip," having four swift horses under his control, and the picturesque postboy, with his three-cornered hat and pigtail, have alike been "turned into milestones," as Charles Dickens, we believe, ventured to suggest.

Certainly the occupants of this *calèche* cannot be enjoying their ride: the road is rough, and runs too near the edge of the precipitous coast to render their journey altogether free from anxiety; moreover, the two horses are not pulling together har-

moniously, in spite of the driver's efforts to make each do its proper share of the work. A capital study is the old postillion striving to keep both himself and the carriage "on the perpendicular"—no easy task. The riders in the latter, who appear by their costume to be Government officials of some kind, seem disturbed by the position of affairs, uncertain whether their ultimate fate is to be capsized over the cliff, or to have their necks broken by the fall of the horses and the upsetting of their conveyance: one of the men threatens with clenched fist him of the jack-boots and pigtail. Upon what mission he and his companion are engaged that compels them to travel along so dangerous a road is not readily to be determined; but there is evidently a desire to reach the sea-coast as speedily as possible, probably for some political purpose, considering the period to which the group of objects may be presumed to belong. But whatever the story represented, both the artist and the engraver have done their work most effectively: the etching needle has been used with equal power and delicacy.

OBITUARY.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

THE death of the President of the Royal Academy, on the 5th of October, was an event not unexpected by his friends, though it came suddenly at the last, for Sir Francis Grant had long suffered from declining health, and had passed considerably more than the allotted life of man, three score and ten years.

The fourth son of a Scottish gentleman, Mr. Francis Grant, of Kilgraston, Perthshire, he was born in 1803; his next younger brother being Sir James Hope Grant, G.C.B., whose military services, especially in India during the Indian mutiny, gained for him much distinction. Sir Francis acquired a knowledge of his art in Edinburgh, but eventually came to London, not only to perfect himself in his studies, but also that he might find a wider





Gruber
1876

THE STAGECOACH

range of practice in that department of Art he had determined to make his own—portrait painting. An artist, well born and of courtly manners, with sufficient talent to maintain a good position among his fellow-workers, he possessed those qualities which rendered him acceptable to a class of Art patrons who admire the realistic rather than the ideal and poetic—the country gentlemen of England, who delight in field sports. Francis Grant set up his easel at Melton Mowbray, the centre of a famous hunting country, and the first pictures he exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1834, were an 'Equestrian Portrait of Captain Vandeleur, of the Enniskillen Dragoons,' and a 'Breakfast Scene at Melton,' containing portraits of the Earl of Wilton, Count Matsucivic, and ten other noblemen and gentlemen. Sir Francis soon removed his studio to London, though he retained his establishment at Melton Mowbray, where he died. In 1837 he painted for the Earl of Chesterfield another picture similar to the last, 'Meet of his Majesty's Staghouids,' containing portraits of celebrated sportsmen to the number of forty-six; and still later, 'The Melton Hunt,' purchased by the Duke of Wellington: both of these works have been engraved.

Thenceforward Mr. Grant's career was a most successful one; Lawrence had died in 1830, and there was no artist to share with Grant the honour which seemed to be rightfully his, of painting "society," both male and female. Portraits of this kind were almost every year contributed to the exhibitions of the Academy;

warriors, statesmen, noble lords, and gentle ladies were brought before the public; and if they did not show the highest characteristics of portraiture, they were pleasing pictures, and valuable for correctness. Many of these portraits are equestrian, for the artist knew well the points of a good horse, from long association with the animal in the hunting-field and elsewhere.

He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1842, and Academician in 1851. On the death of Sir Charles L. Eastlake in 1866, Mr. Grant was elected to succeed him as President of the Academy; and perhaps, under all circumstances, no better choice could have been made, considering the qualifications absolutely necessary for the post, which are rather personal and social than artistic. He was very popular with the great body of artists, and filled the office with good taste, tact, and dignity. In Sir Francis's presidentship—for, as is usual, he received the honour of Knighthood on his election—the Academy opened its doors, during the winter, to an exhibition of the works of deceased painters of all ages and countries—a plan that had lapsed or died out with the decay of the British Institution, but which the public were pleased to see revived under the auspices of the President and the Academy in general.

He was buried at Melton on the 12th of October, quite privately, according to his expressed wish; but a numerous body of members of the Academy and many personal friends were present at the funeral ceremony.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—At a general assembly of Royal Academicians, held at Burlington House on the 13th of November, 1878, Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., was elected President. This election takes no one by surprise; it was, in fact, a foregone conclusion. No other of the members was so thoroughly qualified for the high and honourable position: not only as an artist of the highest rank, but as a gentleman and a scholar, of "good presence"—a matter of by no means small moment: one who will do honour to the great institution from which he receives honour.

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The following are the awards made to British artists at the Paris Exposition:—For *Painting*:—To L. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., gold medal; P. H. Calderon, R.A., *rappel* of gold medal; Sir John Gilbert, R.A., bronze medal; the late Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., *rappel* of gold medal; C. Green, honourable mention; Hubert Herkomer, medal of honour; the late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., diploma to the memory of deceased artists; G. D. Leslie, R.A., honourable mention; the late G. H. Mason, A.R.A., diploma to the memory of deceased artists; J. E. Millais, R.A., medal of honour; W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., bronze medal; W. W. Ouless, A.R.A., silver medal; J. Pettie, R.A., honourable mention; the late J. Phillip, R.A., diploma to the memory of deceased artists; Briton Riviere, A.R.A., bronze medal; the late F. Walker, A.R.A., diploma to the memory of deceased artists; G. F. Watts, R.A., gold medal. The British jurors in this section were E. Armitage, R.A., F. Leighton, R.A., and W. C. T. Dobson, R.A. For *Sculpture*:—To J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., silver medal; F. Leighton, R.A., silver medal, and also a gold medal. W. C. Marshall, R.A., was the only British jurymen in this division. For *Architecture*:—To E. M. Barry, R.A., for models, medal of honour; T. G. Jackson, honourable mention; Horace Jones, bronze medal; J. L. Pearson, A.R.A., gold medal; J. P. Seddon, bronze medal; Norman Shaw, A.R.A., silver medal; G. E. Street, R.A., gold medal; A. Waterhouse, *rappel* of medal of honour; T. W. Wyatt, silver medal. To those who, like ourselves, look on from afar at these doings, and assume to know something of what these several prizemen have done in their time, a few certainly of the awards seem "out of joint."

1878.

SCHOOLS OF ART SKETCHING CLUBS.—The fifth annual competition between these clubs within the metropolitan area was held on the 22nd of October, at the Dudley Gallery. The clubs competing were South Kensington (Female), South Kensington (Male), Gilbert, West London, and Lambeth; the judges being Mr. J. Pettie, R.A., and Mr. Peter Graham, A.R.A. The prizes were awarded to Mr. W. O. Cornish (Gilbert Club), for Figure; to Mr. Nightingale (Lambeth), for Landscape; to Mrs. E. R. Breach (West London), for Animals. A prize of £1 for Design was given respectively to Mr. C. S. Reich and Mr. L. V. Reich (both of the West London Club), to Miss E. Harrison (Lambeth); and for Sculpture, to Miss E. C. Billows (West London).

THE PLAYING CARDS of Messrs. Delarue have long been regarded as the best; whist players prefer them to any other—why it would be difficult to say, but so it certainly is. Our business, however, is with the decoration they receive from Art. The designs that ornament the backs are of exceeding beauty, much varied, but all good: without taking too much attention from play: simple and graceful, but not elaborate. They are objects to admire, indeed may teach, as well as give pleasure.

THE ART CLUB OF LIVERPOOL announces its intention to give two prizes, in competition, for painting on porcelain and pottery: one prize is to be a Venetian glass mirror, the other a jar in all probability, but it is not yet determined. The competition is open to all amateurs, and does not include those who are professional artists as porcelain painters. All particulars may be known on application to P. H. Rathbone, Esq., President of the Art Club, Liverpool.

EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS.—Professor T. C. Archer, F.R.S.E., Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, has been in London during the past month, making arrangements to hold during the winter, at the Museum, an exhibition of engravings, showing the history of the art from the earliest recognised period down to about the last half century. The examples are not to include specimens of etchings nor of woodcuts, it being proposed to hold at some subsequent time an exhibition of these arts.

THE POIKILOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—This new process, patented by Messrs. Lunbardi & Co.—specimens of which are now on view at the Photographic Exhibition, Pall Mall, and at Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.'s gallery opposite—ought properly to be named the Poikilophotographic process; but the word, like our own "telegrapheme," which business exigencies have shortened into "telegram," was found too cumbersome for daily use, and, at the sacrifice of a portion of its meaning, the inventors have very wisely shortened it to "Poikilographic." We need scarcely remind our readers that it comes from the Greek adjective *ποικίλος*, which signifies primarily "many coloured," and which is the name given to the Royal Academy at Athens. The process is applicable to the reproduction of the works of old or modern masters in history, in *genre*, sea-pieces, landscapes, animals, or still life; and the reproduction, or rather replica, is of such a kind that an expert will be hardly able to distinguish the copy from the original, however near he may stand, or at whatever angle. The consequence of this, in an educational point of view, is, that every small town may have at a trifling cost authentic copies of the masterpieces of Art, not in any of the lifeless processes of black and white, but in all the glory of colour and mystery of chiaroscuro. The poikilograph, in short, is to painting what the plaster cast is to sculpture. This is the process so far as it may be explained:—A photographic negative is taken by a mathematically correct instrument, and enlarged with equally mathematical accuracy in the ordinary way. The paper on which the enlargement is taken is then dipped in a chemical solution, which enters into combination with the print, and with the paper itself, impregnating its very pores and fibres, till the solution and the print become part and parcel of the same thing. Latterly, indeed, the paper has been dispensed with, and the photograph has been transferred to the canvas direct. A translucency is thus obtained the moment the paper is stretched and dried. On the back of the paper the colours are applied by a process which at present is a secret. When the pigments are dry, the paper is superposed on canvas, or rather on a textile fabric which is not so thick as canvas, but is nevertheless of sufficient consistency to serve the purpose. The colours are all transparent and permanent. Further, any photographic negative can be enlarged and "poikilographed" so as to be indistinguishable from a life-sized portrait in oil. Examples of the process after such masters as Raffaele, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Jordaens, Vandyck, and others, are on show at the places we have named, and at the inventor's agency, Chancery Lane.

"SOCIAL NOTES."—Our readers will, we are sure, let us in few words recommend a periodical work under this title, although its editor is also editor of the *Art Journal*. It is designed to fill a hitherto vacant space in serial literature: its second title will sufficiently indicate its purpose—"Social Reforms, Social

Requirements, Social Progress." It is published at the price of one penny, weekly, in order to obtain a large circulation. The literary aids are eminent social advocates: good men who work to advance the best interests of humanity. The list of able and popular authors numbers more than fifty. The subjects already treated comprise a large proportion of the topics that occupy, and ought to occupy, public attention. Neither religious nor political, according to the ordinary sense of the term, the principles advocated are those that inculcate duty to God and neighbour; it is of no party; both sides are heard upon all matters that exercise public opinion. In short, we repeat, the little weekly work (which, by the way, is well aided by Art) is sufficiently described by its title—"Social Reforms, Social Requirements, Social Progress."

SIR NOEL PATON'S PICTURE OF 'THE MUCK-RAKE.'—Among the "Significant Rooms" of the Interpreter's House was one wherein was shown to Christiana and her company "a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand; there stood also one over his head with a Celestial Crown in his hand, and proffered him that Crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor." Such is one of the most suggestive and telling of all the allegorical episodes in the grand work of him whom we call the Bedford tinker; and this significant incident Sir Noel Paton, the most imaginative of all our living painters, has placed upon the canvas. The old man with the muck-rake, who is painted life size and bodied forth with great artistic power, fills the immediate foreground of a sordid apartment, whose gloom is brightened by the appearance of two celestial figures. Heedless of their presence, he leans on his muck-rake, and kneeling on one knee, he bends eagerly forward, and reaches forth his hand swiftly to grasp the iridescent bubbles which rise above the rose-covered garbage whose worthless possession is the passion of his life. A peacock's feather flaunts in his battered hat, his legs and arms are bare, and on his back is slung a wallet overfull of rags and straws. Unconscious of their utter worthlessness, we see him straining eagerly after more, and the anticipated joy of possession gives intensity to his action, and a fatuous light to his starting eyes. We see at a glance that the whole soul of the bearded old man is absorbed; that he feels not the divine hand so gently laid on his shoulder, regards not for a moment the presence of his celestial visitants, and will never lift his eyes from the muck in which he wallows to the glorified crown of thorns proffered by the Saviour. Well may the poor man's own guardian angel hover over him with folded hands and countenance of exceeding sorrow, watching and waiting the issue. Such is one of the latest outcomes of Sir Noel Paton's genius. None but a poet could have painted such a picture, given such strength and force to the embodiment of human weakness, and yet thrown over the moral chiffonnier such ineffable pity.

WEAVING THE MAY CORONET.

L. POHLE, Painter.

TH. LANGER, Engraver.

THIS is the production of a German painter whose works are quite unknown in this country, for we do not remember to have met with his name in any catalogue of pictures that has come under our notice; but there cannot be a doubt of Herr Pohle enjoying a good reputation at home, judging by the specimen of his pencil that is the subject of the annexed engraving. It may not be a novel theme in pictorial Art, but the idea is very agreeably worked out, and with much feeling for the graceful in nature. Seated on a moss-covered stone beside a stream, and surrounded by a mass of luxuriously growing dock-leaves and wild plants, a comely young girl is fitting on a coronet of flowers she has woven, and is, as it seems, surveying herself in the water, which she makes her looking-glass. She is possibly anticipating being elected by her young companions "Queen of the May"—

"For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May;"

and she is making her toilette for the occasion with the flowers culled from wood, field, and hedge, rather than the cultivated growth of the garden.

The picture is a pleasing example of that naturalistic style of Art which has within the last few years penetrated into, and diffused itself over, the German school of painting, even to the works of the most eminent of her artists. The figure is carefully drawn, well modelled, and picturesquely posed: a soft misty light is cast over, and renders somewhat obscure, the background of the picture, bringing the figure into sufficient relief, which is heightened by the gleams of sunshine in the upper portions of her person and dress. The lights are, perhaps, too much scattered over the foreground objects to give that repose suggested by the subject and the locality, but these objects are well selected, and introduced with much freedom of arrangement.





WOMAN IN THE MAY CROWN.

—JAMES H. HARRIS.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

THE long-looked-for Life of Mrs. Jameson comes to us at last,* and is very welcome to our table as a happy reminder of one we esteemed, respected, and honoured; to whom we were also largely indebted, for many of her valuable lessons in Art were given in the pages of earlier numbers of the *Art Journal*. The Appendix consists of articles published originally in that work. The volume reaches us at a time when our table is covered with books of "the season," notices of which we may not postpone: it must, therefore, for the present, suffice to say that although the niece has been nearly twenty years considering how she might honour the memory of the aunt, she has done it—"better late than never." It is not often in books of this class that we complain of brevity; but a single and not closely printed volume is not enough. The career of Mrs. Jameson might have occupied with advantage much larger space.

She was born in Dublin in 1794. Her maiden name was Murphy; she changed it, but not to obtain happiness by the change. Hers was a full and busy life: more than enough came of it to place her name high in the list of women who have achieved great things for the world. Her contemporaries, many of whom were her personal friends, esteemed her, and by their successors she is largely honoured. We regret that we can devote no greater space to a theme in which we cannot but take deep interest. She was, when in life, perhaps more respected than loved; the book of her niece does not remove from our minds the impression that though a just woman, she was of a cold nature; that she was neither happy herself nor the cause of happiness in others.

A MORE perfect book has never been issued from the press of England than this which Birket Foster has given to us, the result of a holiday tour into picturesque Brittany.† Art has rarely supplied us with so rich a treat. The work has been a work of love, a thorough joy to the artist; it will delight all who see it. The pictures are called "sketches," but they are so highly finished that it would seem as if they could not be carried further. There are but few positive landscapes, although of the scenery prominent in Brittany there are many striking examples. The value of the beautiful book is derived mainly from groups "proper to the place," seen at fairs, markets, churches, by the wayside, in shops, and in family circles—at home and abroad. They are delicious for their freshness: each one of the assemblage has some pleasant story to tell. The letterpress consists merely of a few descriptive lines sufficient to explain the purpose of the prints—the "prints" we call this charming, effective, and attractive collection; but by some peculiar process, which we hope hereafter to describe, Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald have, as Mr. Birket Foster states, "transferred the sketches to stone, so that the pictures in the volume may seem to be printed from the actual drawings." Birket Foster has in this very beautiful book added—unassuming and unpretending though it be—to the renown he has so honourably achieved, and given new delights to those who love and appreciate pure and true Art.

A REPRINT of Bewick's Fables, with the original woodcuts, is a boon of magnitude: ‡ we thank Messrs. Longman for so valuable a contribution to the home pleasures of Christmas, and also so important an addition to the library. The cuts, our readers know, are vigorous and very effective, although coarse; if produced instead of reproduced to-day, the commonest publications would decline to own them. They manifest, however, true Art—Art of

the best order, and are not to be by any means regarded as only curiosities. They may not, in their roughness, suit the refined taste of to-day: possibly they must be regarded as the precursors of greater Art excellence; but they are great little gems of delicacy, force and beauty, and are fertile of true enjoyment to all Art lovers.

If there be any of its readers who knew Mary Russell Mitford, this book* will sadly disappoint them. It is well printed on fine paper, and abundantly illustrated by two good artists, Messrs. Murray and Boote, while the engravings are all by one of the best of our engravers, Mr. J. D. Cooper. That is all we can say in its praise. The selection of stories and sketches is not judiciously made; the least, and not the more, interesting have been taken. Among the one hundred and fifty charming woodcuts, there is no one of them to picture the cottage at "Three Mile Cross;" in short, there is nothing to bring us to acquaintance with one of the most delightful of all English authors—not a note to convey an atom of information concerning her, or the joys among which she revelled nearly all her life long in "Our Village." This is matter for regret. It is a grand, as well as a pleasant and exciting theme. There are not many topics connected with "merrie England" that might not have been introduced into these pages. The omissions in that way are, therefore, many and mournful; but it is difficult to forgive the author of so costly a book that he says little or nothing of the lady to whom he professes to accord honour, whose sketches indeed—some of them, that is to say—he illustrates by beautiful examples of Art. A chance has been lost certainly. There may be another; for example, such a book, with its one hundred and fifty engravings, devoted to the lake land of Wordsworth.

It is pleasant to praise the work of one to whom we owe a debt. Mr. W. J. Allen has been for many years our principal aid as regards the designs and drawings on wood that have appeared in the *Art Journal*. It is, therefore, an agreeable duty to laud a work of great and singular merit recently issued by him, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.† The dogs here pictured, six in number (there might well have been twelve), represent a judge, a plaintiff, a defendant, a court crier, a juror, a policeman; each represents a character with marvellous truth, yet without exaggeration; in which the expression is human, yet strictly that of the dog: the humour is without coarseness. In short, a more agreeable fireside pleasure will not be furnished at Christmas to the many homes where Art is welcomed in association with that which excites a laugh of harmless pleasure.

AMONG other Art studies to which attention has been much directed within the last few years—and especially has the zeal for restoring old churches and building new ones contributed to this—has been the history of glass-painting. But most of the books which have been written on the subject, such as the works of the late Mr. Charles Winston, M. Langlois, M. le Vieil, Mr. C. B. Wilson, and others, are voluminous and costly; and it is to meet the requirements of such as are unable to possess themselves of these books that an anonymous writer has compiled a little work,‡ mainly from the writings of the authors just mentioned, Mr. Winston's treatises being chiefly drawn upon. The writer records the history of the art by centuries, from its earliest development in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries down to the present time, and as he does little more than follow such safe authorities as those we have given, there is not much fear of

* "Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson," Author of "Sacred and Legendary Art," &c., by her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. Published by Longmans.

† "Brittany: a Series of Forty-nine Sketches." By Birket Foster. Published by the Artist. 1878.

‡ "Bewick's Select Fables of Æsop and others;" faithfully reprinted from the moveable edition of 1784, with the original wood engravings by Thomas Bewick. Published by Longmans.

* "Our Village." By Mary Russell Mitford. Illustrated. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

† "Dogs of Assize: a Legal Sketch-book." Six Drawings by Walter J. Allen. Arranged by H. W. Cutts. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

‡ "An Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass." By A. A. Published by Rivington.

any grievous misstatements. The pages of the *Art Journal*, when discussing the question of glass-painting, have supplied the author with some materials. A. A. has, in fact, put a large mass of information into a small compass; and we can so far recommend the book. We should add, however, that it says nothing about the practice of the art; it is simply descriptive of what has been accomplished, with a reference to the principal artists.

MRS. LANKESTER has obtained a good and sound reputation among those whose duty it is to cater for the young especially; she has gone to Nature to learn the lessons it is her high privilege to teach. Her books on ferns and wild flowers are very useful publications, interesting while instructive, and leading the mind of youth, through very pleasant paths, "from Nature up to Nature's God." Her latest book for the coming Christmas will be welcomed and valued in every household to which it may obtain entrance.*

SOME specimens of railway-guide books have been forwarded to us which must be considered marvels of cheapness, taking into account what they give for the sum, *one penny*, charged for them.† Each book contains numerous well-executed woodcuts of many of the principal buildings and interesting scenes on the line of route, with carefully written descriptions of the places and objects. At present, four only of these "guides" have made their appearance, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway; the Great Eastern; South Eastern; and London, Chatham, and Dover: these lines, with the exception of the Great Eastern, are the highways to Paris; the books, therefore, have much to say and to show of that city and its great International Exhibition. Other lines will follow in succession, and we understand, as new editions are called for, they will be illustrated by other woodcuts, so that in time all the chief points of interest on any one line of railway will have attention, and a complete pictorial tourist guide to any part of the kingdom will eventually be in the hands of the public. The books are published "by authority" of the railway companies, and contain much information useful to the traveller, who will find that referring to his "line" an agreeable companion as he journeys along.

SURELY we may give a cordial greeting to a book that comes to us all the way from Cincinnati:‡ it is welcome by no means only as a good example of the book-maker's art, but as a volume of valuable lessons taught by an accomplished lady. It is a production of considerable value to all learners; for it is the result of experience as well as knowledge, written in a clear, concise, and very pleasant style—an acquisition indeed to all Art students.

FOLLOWING the example of Mr. Henry Blackburn in his "Notes on the Royal Academy," and other metropolitan picture galleries, Mr. George R. Halkett has published an Illustrated Handbook of the pictures in the Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.§ The work comprises a catalogue of the whole of the pictures contained in the gallery, numbering upwards of one thousand, the majority of which are briefly described, while one hundred and twelve of them are

illustrated by engravings in a style sufficiently explicit to serve as reminders of the works themselves. Many of these are old acquaintances seen in London, as Mr. A. Hopkins's 'Apple-loft'; Mr. E. W. Cooke's, R.A., 'A Dutch Galliot on a Sand-bank'; 'Time and Death,' by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; the 'Five Sisters of York,' by Mrs. L. Jopling; 'After an Entomological Sale,' by Mr. E. Armitage, R.A.; Mr. H. Herkomer's 'Eventide'; Mr. T. Graham's 'The Philosopher's Breakfast'; 'David, the Future King of Israel, at Bethlehem,' by Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A.; and 'When did you last see your Father?' by Mr. W. F. Yeames, A.R.A., &c. This and other similar publications will serve the purpose, as we have said, of recalling to memory pictures which have passed, either partly or wholly, out of mind.

THE CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS issued by the renowned firm of Delarue & Co. are much in advance of any hitherto produced in England; for the most part they are charming and effective pictures. A pack might be selected that would form an exquisitely beautiful volume of Art teachers. Some are of course better than others, but all have a just claim to praise as pure and good examples of Art; they are in great variety, light and sombre, serious and comic, all calculated to cheer and gladden Christmas firesides. The best are from a series of designs by Coleman; they are of much refined beauty. We question, however, if examples of the entire *nude* will be acceptable in all households; they will be welcomed rather as Art studies than as Christmas gifts. They form but a small part of a large whole. If some will prefer them to those that picture scenery and incident of simple character, there is a large abundance from which to make choice. Messrs. Delarue have done well with those butterfly gifts that gladden hearts at Christmas. As much may be said of those issued by Messrs. Goodall. They also are before us in great variety, and are in nearly all cases excellent, as well as pleasant, effects of Art. To describe them in detail would be to occupy more space than we can afford. They, too, will bring agreeable and really profitable enjoyment to our Christmas homes. These are entirely English. Not so the Christmas Cards of Mr. Rimmel, which are principally, if not altogether, French; they are much as they have always been, graceful trifles, surpassing in some respects those of purely English make, and exhibiting skill in drawing while showing brilliant fancy. Foremost among Mr. Rimmel's productions of the year is the prettiest of pretty almanacs. A small collection of very sweet things comes to us from Chaswell, of Birmingham. They are as good as any we have yet seen; pictures, in fact, representing in good and pure Art the Alpine flowers, arranged and grouped with judicious skill. This is the work of the Baroness Van Cramm; the verses are by a charming poetess, F. R. Havergal. The one is worthy of the other, and both are of a high order; they make of these pretty and pleasant Christmas gifts veritable Art teachers. There are landscape views as well as flower bouquets: these, though small, are of great beauty. The cards of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. are not yet issued. No doubt they will be, as they have always been, of great excellence—as perfect as they can be in all the arrangements of execution, while designed by artists of much ability. The cards sent out in great numbers by Mr. Raphael Tuck, of the City Road, are in vast variety of subject, floral principally, but aiming, and successfully, at figure scenes from Shakspeare and other poets. The cards of Mr. Tuck are, we believe, of German origin; many of them are valuable as Art works, and in nearly all cases they are appropriate to the season. The cards of Messrs. Goode and others are this season behindhand. Our notice of them must therefore be postponed.

* "Talks about Plants; or Early Lessons in Botany." With Coloured Plates and Wood Engravings. By Mrs. Lankester. Published by Griffith and Farran.

† "The Illustrated Tourist-Guide." Published by Morton & Co.

‡ "China Painting; a Practical Manual for the Use of Amateurs in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain." By Louise McLoughlin. Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co.

§ "The Walker Art Gallery Notes, Liverpool, 1878." By George R. Halkett, Editor of "Royal Scottish Academy Notes." Published by W. H. Smith and Son, Liverpool; Chatto and Windus, London; and S. Gray and Co., Edinburgh.

FINIS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF THE

PARIS

1878

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

MESSRS. THOMAS WEBB & Co., of Stourbridge, are the best makers of Crystal

surpass us in the production of coloured glass, they are far behind us in the pure

diamond-cutting; in the examples they now show of designing and engraving they



Glass in England, and, consequently, in the world; for if Germany and France



metal, worked or unworked. Messrs. Webb have long been renowned for supremacy in



compete with the best manufacturers of the Continent—excelled by none of them.

INTRODUCTORY.

A PART from special interests, an INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION to be held in Paris has greater attractions than any that might occur in the capital of another country. The heavy and ruder productions of industry have intense interest for the scientific, the commercial, and the economical worlds; but it is the mass of beautiful works, in which Art and handicraft are happily blended, that attracts and delights not only the adept and the connoisseur, but also those who merely admire beauty and

novelty. Paris is essentially a centre of artistic industry as well as of Art, and if her supremacy be not so commanding as it was, that is not because her ingenious artists and Art workmen have lost any of their cunning, but arises from the fact that the Art of other countries has reached more nearly than it has for a long time past the level of her own. Paris, moreover, is essentially the City of Exhibitions. The productions into which Art enters in any degree appeal especially to the eye, and consequently, next to making them beautiful, the object is to show off their beauty to the best advantage. An artist or a connoisseur will at a glance select

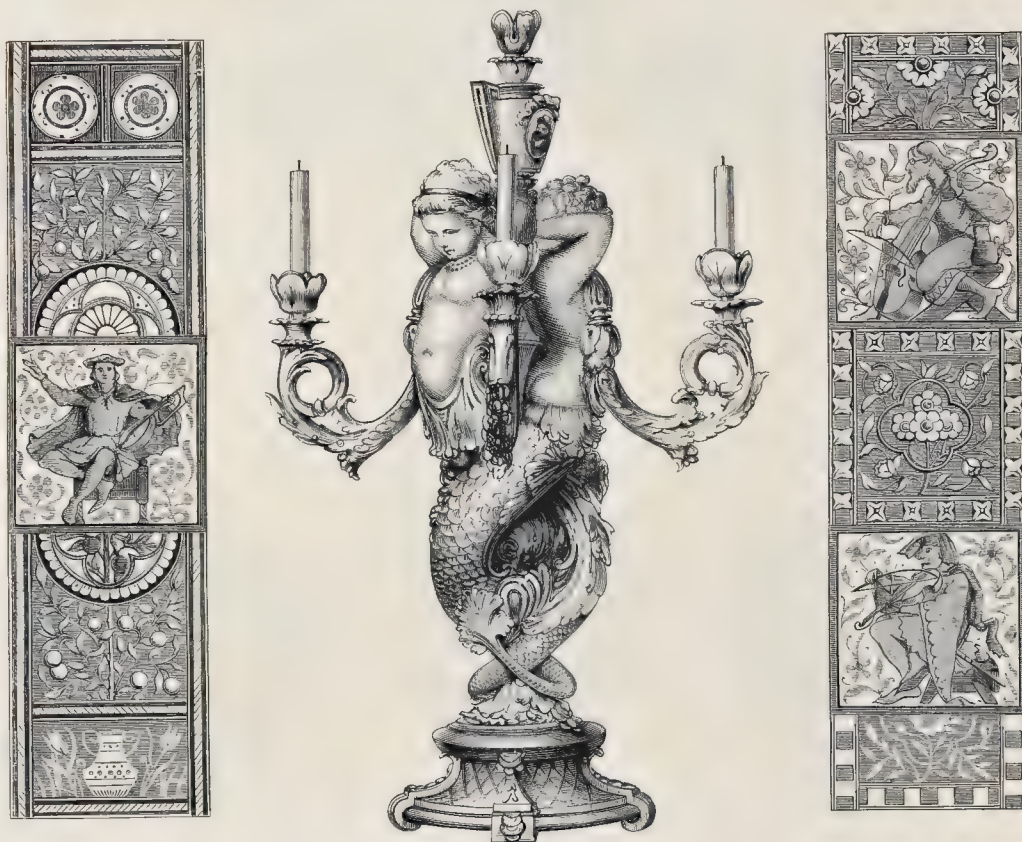
The firm of MINTON & Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, the capital of the Staffordshire Potteries, is known throughout Europe, and

in the New World also. They have given character to their country by producing the very highest order of ceramic Art, in



every capable variety. We shall engrave many of their works : this page contains but one of them, a Candelabrum of much

novelty and grace. But we give also examples of their charming Tile-slabs—a branch, although somewhat recently “taken



up,” in which they have arrived at great excellence. The hands they employ to design as well as to execute are those of

true and educated artists. There is no fear that we shall “hold our own” in this important department of the Industrial Arts.

a few gems from amidst the confusion and the dust of a bric-à-brac shop; but the general public needs instruction with respect to things of which the value is not self-evident, like that of the diamond or other objects of natural beauty. This the sagacious goldsmith, bronzist, and others, could not fail to perceive, and they have added another to their many arts—that of enhancing in the public eye the value of the jewel by the appropriateness of the setting. They have almost raised exhibition to a fine Art; form, colour, space, relief are all studied as it were intuitively. Most of our readers have doubtless revelled in the artistic

delights of a Paris Exhibition, or have seen the contributions of Parisian artists and Art manufactures at our own. The principal streets of Paris form long series of exhibitions, as do some few of those of London, in which objects of beauty attract the eye because they are artistically set off, and then rivet it by their own intrinsic qualities.

It is now nearly a century ago since this art of the public exhibition of manufactured goods and objects of Art arose in Paris; the exhibitions were at first of small extent and held in various places and at irregular intervals: but they were the natural pre-

We engrave on this page a Plateau, one of the munificent and magnificent contributions of Messrs. ELKINGTON, designed by the presiding genius of their establishment—by whom it has been

long directed—a true artist, Mr. A. W. Willms. It is a remarkably beautiful work of its class and order, and is not surpassed by any of the productions of the fabricants of Paris.



Indeed, the great merit of all the issues of the firm has been acknowledged and honoured in the several exhibitions that have been held since the year 1851. The composition here represented illustrates the chase. It is of silver *repoussée* in

low relief. The process of making a work of Art of this kind is to trace the outline of the ornamentation—as animals, &c.—by etching, and afterwards slightly embossing and modelling the same to the required forms by the chasing tool.

cursors of the splendid "shows" we have since witnessed. The art of exhibiting has been perfected in an extraordinary manner; in addition to the great general exhibitions, a series of collections of the works of artists of bygone times, and especially of the grand epochs of artistic workmanship in clay, marble, metal, and textile fabrics, in all countries, have been presented to the public by a society, supported by private individuals, artists in design and manufacturers principally, L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie, established in 1863, with the happy motto of "Le Beau dans l'Utile." At first the Society had to

encounter great difficulties; private action in such matters was a novelty, the possessors of rare specimens had to be courted and were shy of parting with their idols, even for a short time; but these obstacles were at last surmounted; the selection of objects was so judicious, the quality so rich, and the arrangements so good, that these exhibitions soon took firm hold upon the public, and are now looked forward to with the deepest interest. The first exhibition of the Union was held in 1865, and doubtless gave the idea of the admirable retrospective division of the International Exhibition of 1867. In the spacious galleries

On this page is engraved one of the many beautiful works contributed by the firm of JACKSON and GRAHAM, who have been such valuable helps to all Exhibitions since the memorable year 1851. It is a Cabinet of refined Art—a production of great



merit—composed of ebony inlaid with ivory, but “touched up” here and there, and always judiciously, with mother-of-pearl.

The artists employed by the firm are of proved ability. The artist who designed this very charming work is Mr. J. B. Talbert.

of the Trocadéro building will be found another and a still larger collection of the productions of famous ancient art-workmen, which for richness and artistic arrangement will be admitted, we think, to surpass all former exhibitions of like character.

Thus bit by bit, step by step, the art of exhibiting has been brought to perfection in Paris.

When the cessation of hostilities in the beginning of the present century permitted our countrymen to visit the Continent, those who had any knowledge of Art saw what immense strides had been made in France in Art-manufactures; and the profu-

sion of china, bronzes, decorative furniture, and other objects of Art, still to be seen in the houses of the wealthy and the collections of connoisseurs, represents the tribute that was paid to that artistic progress. But it was some time before the revelation had any practical effect; the great manufacturers in general were too much occupied with the supply of ordinary wants to pay much attention to the cultivation of Art. But our backwardness in the ornamental arts soon attracted attention; schools of design were founded, and after a time the idea of establishing exhibitions on the French system was taken up by

The TERRA-COTTA COMPANY of Watcombe owe much to the rich vein of singularly pure and delicately-tinted clay not

long ago discovered in the beautiful locality that borders the picturesque bay of Torquay in the lovely shire of Devon. We



have on several occasions represented their many classic forms | produced, with graceful and effective decoration, painted and



moulded. The Company has obtained well-merited honours in all the Exhibitions where their productions have been shown.

We bring together a number of their recent works in two groups. It will be seen they are not only very excellent but very varied.

the Society of Arts and lovers of Art, but on a necessarily limited scale. The insufficiency of such small efforts became apparent, and proposals were made for an exhibition, on a grand scale, of British productions, but which finally took a new form, and London had the honour of first convoking all the world to a friendly competition in manufacturing art. We need not say more on a theme that has been discussed for upwards of a quarter of a century. The success of the Great Exhibition—1851—fired the imagination of the whole world. Dublin was the first city to follow suit; Paris naturally determined not to

be outdone in her own special way, and an International Exhibition was held there in 1855. Since that time such exhibitions have gone almost the round of the civilised world, have been repeated in London and Paris, and recently at Philadelphia, and now again the Champs de Mars is the scene of another.

What are the benefits of such exhibitions? some people may ask; they give an immense deal of trouble, they interfere with the ordinary course of trade, they induce a kind of vagabond habit, they create a vast amount of excitement, and they confer rewards which are not always judicious. We have heard all

MM. MATHEVON et BOUVARD, of Lyons, hold high rank among the silk manufacturers of the great capital of southern

France, long renowned for the fabric that supplies half the world, and "sets the fashion" in the whole of it. Their Art is



always of the best order, the artists they employ are true artists, and they have consequently obtained the renown that seldom

fails to follow desert. They are large contributors to the Exhibition of the costly, yet pure and graceful, produce of their looms.

these charges and queries raised against exhibitions, and undoubtedly there is a grain of truth in each, and a good many grains in some of them. A great exhibition has been likened to a gigantic advertisement, and the resemblance is considerable. And what has not been said against the advertising system? and who can lay down anything like an acceptable theory concerning it? It is true that hundreds of first-class manufacturers and dealers do not advertise; but of what force is this fact against the evidence of the enormous masses of advertisements which appear, especially in the daily, weekly, and monthly class papers,

that appertain particularly to our subject, amongst which will be found the names of the large majority of leading Art-manufacturers?

In like manner, in spite of all that has been said against exhibitions, in spite of the effort required to induce manufacturers to contribute to our own first Great Exhibition, in infinitely less time than the system of advertising took to reach its present gigantic proportions, the system of Grand Exhibitions has taken firm root in almost every country in the world; but less in our own than in others; and this is not surprising when

The ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS at Worcester, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A.—by whose

They are very beautiful examples of ceramic Art, in many instances competing with the best produc-

not unfrequently surpassing in re-



great ability and devoted zeal they regained the renown they had lost for half a century—contribute, if not largely, a very choice collection to the Exhibition. The seven that grace



tions of the Continent, and rivalling those that long ago gave renown to the fair city of Worcester. Mr.



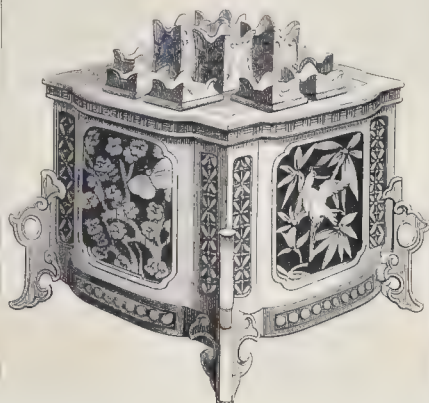
finement of design and perfection



of manufacture the original efforts



this page are among them, and may convey a fair idea of the whole.



Binns has directed much of his attention to the works of Japan, not directly copying, but adapting, and



of a marvellously artistic and skilful people, who have taught us much.

we consider the almost total absence of out-door life in England, and the individuality and exclusiveness that characterize our homes and our habits.

Amongst the best arguments in favour of industrial exhibitions are the universal demand of the artistic world for exhibitions of its productions, and the throng of visitors that works of Art attract, not only at the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy of London annually, but at special, secondary, and even minor exhibitions in large and small towns all over the civilised world. And what is good in the case of paintings, drawings, sculpture

and engravings, cannot be bad for china, glass, carving, jewelry and goldsmiths' work. Let it be remembered that the principle of public exhibition is included in every shop window in the world. Beautiful goods are not made to be hidden away, and customers will not buy unless they are attracted in some way or other. An International Exhibition is an immense show-room, with the grand advantage of classification and the consequent facility for comparing the products of all the world. But it is more than that; its contents are made up, in a large degree, of selected articles; of, in fact, the most excellent and the most beautiful

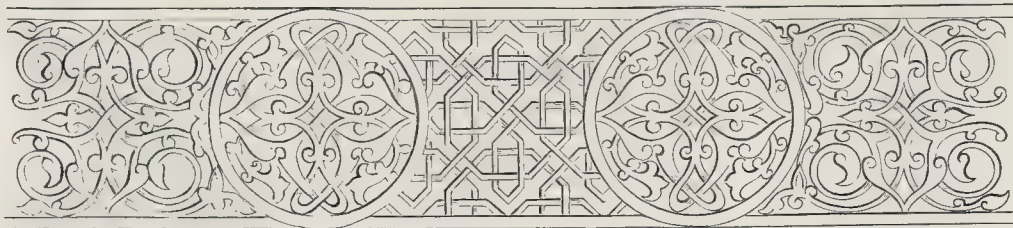
JOSEPH PARVIS, of Cairo, who was a large and highly estimated contributor to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, contributes

designed with true artistic judgment and skill, and in execution vie with the productions of the best fabricants of Europe. We



some of his many admirable works to that of 1878. They are

engrave two of his Cabinets: they are of carved woods, of deli-



cate and refined order, and in style Egyptian. Their peculiar merit is not only in their excellence of design and manufac-

ture; they represent also the natural products of Egypt, a country with which we have now very intimate and established relations.

examples available; and whereas in the best show-rooms there is generally a bewildering mass of products of various degrees of excellence, in an exhibition the examples are not only selected, but are arranged in such a manner as to show off their qualities to great advantage.

A common objection to exhibitions is, that they afford unusual opportunities to those who prefer copying other people's designs and methods to taking the trouble, even if they possess the necessary talent or knowledge, to invent others for themselves. Of all the objections we have ever heard, this is the weakest; in

ordinary cases it is supremely ridiculous. When a manufacturer produces any novelty his first object is to introduce it to "the trade," and the first object of the trade is to make it known to the public. But, it is argued, "foreigners who shut our productions out of their markets by means of protective duties, will copy what we show at a heavy cost to ourselves, and make it for themselves." Foreigners require no such special opportunities; the producers of every country have their special or general agents all over the world, and when any novelty appears it is exhibited, discussed, and if necessary purchased, sent abroad, and there

We engrave a Rose-water Dish, made by Mr. J. H. SINGER, of Frome, from the design of his son. It is excellent in character and admirable in execution, doing honour to works in a comparatively isolated town, whence the enterprising manufac-

turer continually sends out productions that are not surpassed by any of the metropolis. Yet the artist-artisans are all educated by him; the establishment, formed by him, has been gradually increasing, and now he furnishes works of beauty to



all parts of the world. He has succeeded, indeed, in creating, in one of the minor provincial towns of England, a commerce in Art that is extensive and extending. In the dish we engrave there are four figures illustrating the four elements; the heads

in the border represent Mercury, Vulcan, Pluto, and Neptune. The darker parts of the dish are of copper, the border is of brass, with raised copper lines all round. The figures are of silver. There are few more admirable works in the Exhibition.

reproduced in the same or a slightly altered form, without the public, or, rather we should say the consumers of the article, knowing anything of its origin. Now the exhibition of novelties not only makes consumers acquainted with them, but tells them whence they came, and where they may be obtained. But it is fair to add, in connection with what occurred at a recent international exhibition, that it would be absurd to expect manufacturers to go to great expense to send their productions to be exhibited in a country where the customs duties are almost or quite prohibitive. At the same time it would be unwise to forget the

fact, that the exhibition of superior or cheaper productions than those to be found in the country of exhibition is one of the best possible methods of combating prohibitive measures; and therefore, it should, we think, be the duty of every commission to aid manufacturers in such cases by all means in their power, especially at the present moment, when there is a decided inclination in more quarters than one towards the old protective, not to say prohibitive system. Mr. Hewitt, who introduced the bill in congress for the grant for the Paris Exhibition, brought forward these striking arguments: "The information we (the Americans)

From the LAMBETH POTTERY new forms are constantly issued to meet the public requirements, that are now very large, yet increasing daily; the schools in which the artists

think, study, and work, have greatly augmented, and the beautiful art which Messrs. DOULTON have revived, if they did not create, has assumed a character that classes it with the leading



industrial arts of the period and the country. Honours have been obtained by them at all Exhibitions, and the "show" they

make in Paris will add to their renown. Although the two groups on this page contain copies of many of their more re-



cent productions, we shall probably be called upon to engrave others. It is unnecessary to describe the style of these works; it has been made familiar to the public, been greeted by all

true Art lovers everywhere in this Kingdom, and has made its way to favour throughout the Continent and in America. In America, indeed, they obtain very large popularity.

obtained at the International Exhibition of 1867 respecting the fabrication of steel, increased that business to the extent of twenty millions of dollars in the past five years. In the same way the lessons learned at the Vienna Exhibition have already augmented the value of the leather manufacture by several millions."

To speak of exhibitions in a commercial sense as fraught with nothing but good would be to regard them as not of human origin. They have their faults, their shortcomings, their inconveniences, like all other and especially large and novel, under-

takings; but we have this fact before us: that while many persons denounce them, many more hold them in high favour. When we find that such exhibitions have made the circuit of the world, that one or more is opened every year, that our own colony in South Africa had a general exhibition last year and is now about to open another immediately, and that two exhibitions are determined on in our Australian colonies in the present and following year, it is evident that the world in general has decided in their favour, and that no amount of objections or arguments is likely to have much effect. Under

This page contains a Goblet and two engraved Plaques, contributed by H. J. and L. LOBMEYER, of Vienna, renowned manufacturers of works in glass. They

the one by Professor Stock, the other by Herr A. Kuhne. We have often had the satisfaction to engrave examples of their productions, which are always admirable as



are of great beauty in design and execution, confirming, if they do not extend, the fame of the establishment. The plaques are designed by eminent artists,



Art works. The refinement and matured knowledge shown in their costlier issues are exhibited in those they produce for ordinary use, striving to promote taste and



appreciation of beauty in their simplest forms, and achieving that object in the very plainest things they send out to the world, and that bear the honoured name.

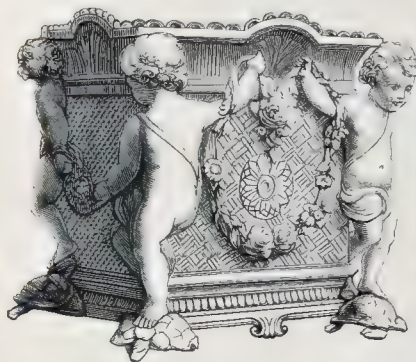
such circumstances, it is evident that industrial exhibitions are unavoidable, and it is clearly the duty of every government and every class of producers to get as much good out of each as possible, and the business of every exhibitor to remember the admirable maxim, "Whatever you do, do it with all your might." The preparations for the coming exhibition in Paris offer striking lessons on this head. We there see Spain has erected a magnificent specimen of her architecture in the beautiful grounds that surround the Palais des Fêtes, on the hill of the Trocadéro, and has constituted within it an admirable museum of the

products and industrial adaptations of the country, together with a large and complete collection of her finer wines. The Khedive of Egypt has commissioned Mariette Bey, the French savant who established the museum at Cairo, to make as complete a collection as possible of the antiquities of that country, and although we write before the exhibition has opened its doors we may say that the collection will be of extraordinary interest. The Shah of Persia has had built by his own architect an exquisite *palais* in the same grounds, the interior of the cupola of which presents an example of a beautiful style of ornament

We have selected from the various and varied contributions of Messrs. COPELAND for this page only the Flower Bouquet-holders—baskets, and so forth borne by figures—in statuary porcelain, a



material they were the first to introduce, and have since carried to a high degree of perfection. They are produced in great variety; the four we engrave are but selections. For the most part,



they are exceedingly graceful and pleasing, apt embellishments to the tables of drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They are of pure white, untouched by gilt or colour, and in that state are very

effective. These agreeable examples of ceramic Art are by no means the



best and costliest of Messrs. Copeland's contributions to the Exhibition;



we shall engrave others of a higher order, but these will not diminish



the renown they have established in all the countries of the world.

peculiar to Persia; the entire ceiling is covered with myriads of prisms faced with glass and arranged geometrically, pendent like stalactites, which must have cost a very large sum. The Japanese government prepared at home a temple and two small houses as illustrations of their methods of construction and decoration, the temple being an exquisite specimen of their unrivalled lacquer-work, and sent over a native architect and workmen to erect them. Japan also, in the latter part of last year, sent over two gardeners with a fine collection of the rare and curious plants of the country, which we hope to see very soon in all their

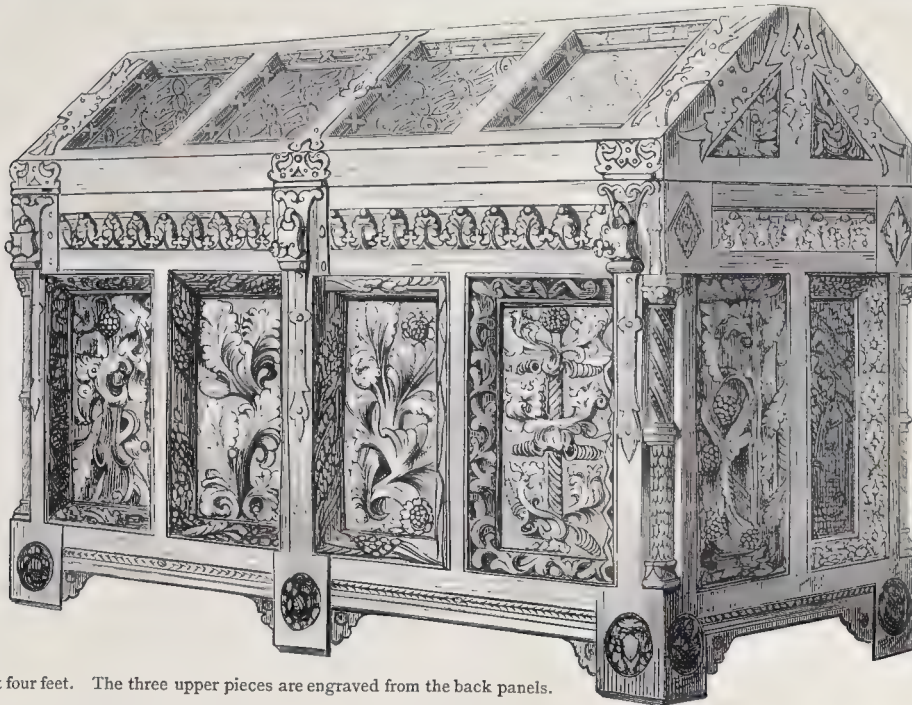
quaint elegance. The Dutch authorities have prepared a gigantic representation of the arms of Haarlem, with mottoes in tulips, forty thousand bulbs of which have, it is said, been employed in the floral picture. We might extend this list to ten times the length, but these examples are sufficient to show the deep interest that Europe, Asia, and Africa take in the exhibition.

The excitement that hangs about an exhibition is extremely distasteful to many people, and especially to business-like people, and undoubtedly excitement is often mischievous; but

Mr. HARRY HEMS, an accomplished Art carver of Exeter, contributes a Coffin, his own work, though based on mediæval



models. It is a production of great ability, admirably designed, | and finished with great skill. The Coffin is six feet in length, and



in height four feet. The three upper pieces are engraved from the back panels.

when it takes the form of emulation it is one of the most valuable of stimulants, and almost as effective in invention as necessity herself. It rouses many a man out of drowsy habits in which he would otherwise, perhaps, have vegetated for the rest of his life; it shakes, as it were, the dust out of us; we are invited to show what skill and taste we possess, we are stimulated to think, we throw aside the rule-of-thumb which has tyrannized over us for years, and by this previous excitement and by the lessons learnt at the exhibition itself manufactures are improved, invention flourishes, Art is carried a step farther on each occasion,

and trade and commerce and, consequently, the world at large, are benefited.

But there is another and a highly important view to be taken with respect to exhibitions, namely, their educational value, or, in other words, the benefit they confer on the public mind. As the worker seizes the best methods of bringing his productions before the commercial world, and as the merchant tries to find the best markets for his wares, so the public are naturally and most forcibly attracted by exhibitions of the class of which we are treating. We need not ask what is the use of Art; it would be more

MIROY BROTHERS, of Paris and of London, are extensive producers of works in bronze, and hold prominent rank in the capital of France. In England also they have established a

but these will uphold the renown of the long-established firm. From time to time efforts have been made in England to compete with France in the manufacture of such indispensable



high position, chiefly by the manufacture of drawing-room and office Clocks. These are, in all cases, examples of pure and true Art, designed by accomplished artists, and manifesting



requirements in households and such extensive sources of profitable commerce. Yet such competition has almost invariably



much mechanical skill. The four specimens we engrave are copied from their ordinary productions; those they have made expressly for the Exhibition we shall engrave at a later period,



failed; our supplies are importations, but it is satisfactory to know that the articles are, for the most part, so good as to be valuable acquisitions, and often valuable instructors in Art.

in place here to say with Goethe, "Take care of the beautiful; the useful will take care of itself." Art is a source of pleasure which the educated generally esteem highly, and which has its expression in the picture galleries and collections of thousands of connoisseurs. For the study of some special branch of Art-industry, museums and books supply the means, but the contents of the former are generally of past date, and must of necessity soon cease to be new.

A great exhibition is a temporary museum on a gigantic scale of the new productions of all the civilised world. It attracts

special attention because of its size and its temporary character. If it were permanent we should probably put off our visits for years; being temporary, we rush to the doors as soon as they are opened, our curiosity is excited, and with the great majority of mankind some such stimulus to self-improvement is almost absolutely necessary. Novelty, again, is another attraction, and each universal exhibition is remembered by those who have paid special attention to it by one or two contributions, which were novelties to nearly all the world. We may recall a few of these from memory. The marvellous productions of India;

Messrs. JOHN BRINTON & Co., of Kidderminster, hold foremost rank among the carpet manufacturers of England; the

principal, if not the exclusive, produce of their extensive establishment is of the style known as "Brussels," the old "Kidder-



minster" not being made in the ancient and venerable town so long identified with the fabric. Messrs. Brinton & Co. have a

large staff of artists, and the designs they issue are entirely their own. The two we engrave on this page are examples of their



ordinary produce, and are not made directly for the Paris Exhibition of 1878; they are, however, as are all the productions of

their looms, of much excellence. The Carpets they have specially prepared to show in Paris we shall engrave at a later period.

the exquisitely constructed machine-making tools of our own engineers; the Art castings of Berlin; the engraving on glass; the band-saw; the wood-working machinery; the decoration of porcelain called *pâte-sur-pâte* modelling by means of the brush in light clay on dark; and the revival of cloisonné enamelling, repoussé, damascene, and niello work.

Most of these and many other novelties were first made known to the general world at one or other of the universal exhibitions, and that which is now about to open its doors is not likely to prove an exception.

We have spoken of exhibitions as superior shops on a large scale, but they include much that cannot be seen in any shop—*chefs-d'œuvre*, unique objects of art which but for such exhibitions would be hidden from the outer world in palaces and grand mansions, the treasures of the Art-world, such as the Russian malachite work, Parisian goldsmith's and enamelled work, the Devonshire cameos, and any beautiful thing which is never likely to be reproduced. Again, the emulation created by the universality of the collection gives rise to new and beautiful productions especially prepared for the exhibition. No one of the

Mr. W. H. CONSTABLE, of Cambridge, whose stained glass works have supplied a very large number of our churches, restored and newly

in the west window of All Saints' Church, Newmarket, which has been rebuilt as a memorial to the late Lord George Manners. The single light, also by the same artist, is one of the six lights which are placed in the chancel of the same church, as memorials



erected, supplies us with examples of his Art knowledge and matured skill. The one we engrave is to be placed



to the Seaber family and others. In the principal window of our engraving the subjects illustrated are the six leading events in the life of our Lord, admirably designed and painted.

past universal exhibitions has been without such examples, as the South Kensington and other museums testify, in exquisite shields, in porcelain, in bronze, in short in every department of decorated manufactures.

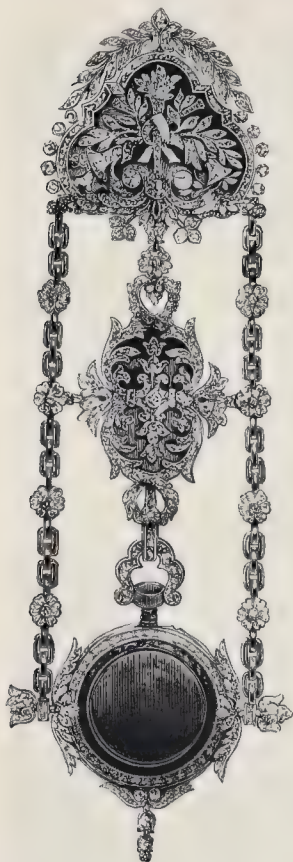
An exhibition is usually as bright and cheerful as a museum is cold and dull; and while the latter is undoubtedly the better atmosphere for study, brightness and cheerfulness are highly valuable in attracting observation; for men and women are but big children, and, speaking generally, want something attractive. Two elements of these exhibitions are especially so to

a vast proportion of the public who have a taste for the arts, but who are unconnected with Art or manufactures, to whom machinery is a mystery, and a workshop or studio a place unknown; these are, machinery in motion and the exhibition of processes. The modes of producing even the simplest works of Art or ingenuity are necessarily secrets unknown to ninety-nine out of a hundred of the visitors to an exhibition, and nothing can exceed the intense interest exhibited in the faces of those who for the first time see a lump of clay formed into an elegant vase, a trinket covered with gold by electricity, a medal struck from a

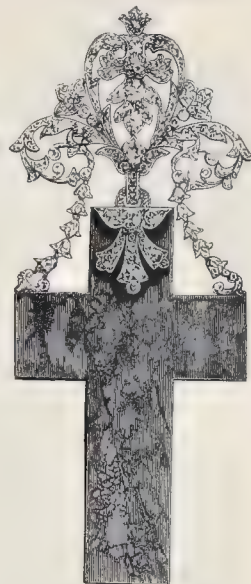
The renowned firm of BOUCHERON, jeweller and goldsmith, of the Palais

of great ability in design and execution. The principal is a Candlestick of silver, very beautifully engraved by an accomplished artist. The other pieces

we select are a Châtelaine com-



Royal, Paris, supplies us with examples



posed of rose diamonds and blue



crystals, a cross of lapis lazuli

with a diamond rosette, and a ruby heart upheld by diamonds.

The contributions of the eminent firm are of great value.

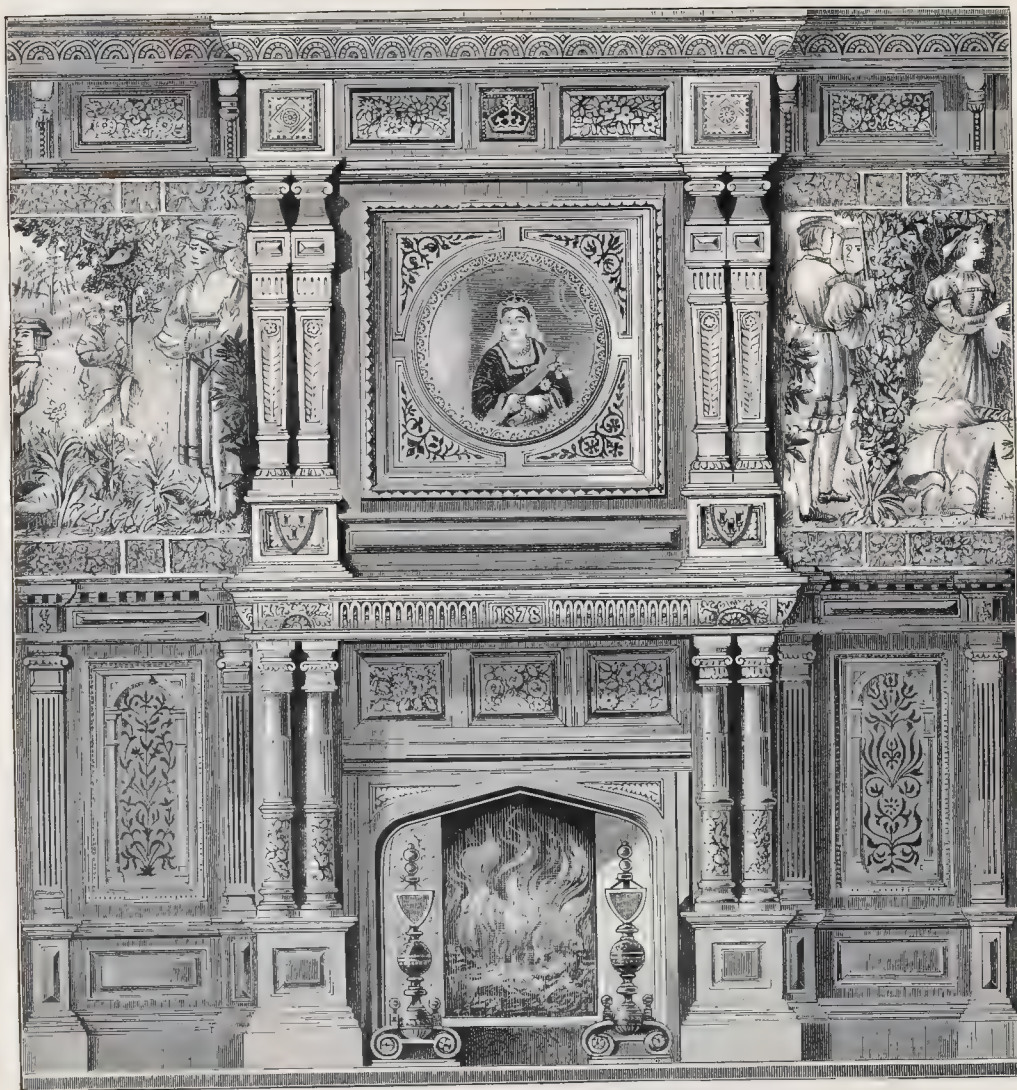
beautiful die, a lace-maker at work with her hundred bobbins, a Jacquard loom producing apparently by magic the richest of silks, powdered with the most beautiful flowers. Such lessons as these excite the minds of all but the most frivolous; they give a peep behind the scenes of industry and Art. A man engaged in one art often obtains hints from the processes common in another, but previously unknown to him; an inventor may be saved the loss of time and money which so often attends the invention of something which previously existed, but of which he had no knowledge; and to boys of even the most ordinary

capacity the secrets of the atelier and the workshop are full of delightful interest, and an acquaintance with them may have an influence on their future career in life.

Universal exhibitions offer to the public what neither museums nor collections nor shops present—the opportunity of comparing the productions of all nations with each other, and of learning our own deficiencies. It is not necessary to dwell here upon what the first great exhibition taught our own countrymen, nor on the immense improvement which has taken place in our Art-manufactures since that event. The lesson was one of the most

We engrave a side elevation of the Dining-room in the Pavilion of the Prince of Wales in the English section of the Exhibition. The woodwork is of solid walnut, having panels

inlaid with ebony and ivory. Above the dado are eight compartments, representing scenes from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and produced at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works.



Over the mantelpiece is a portrait of her Majesty the Queen, also in tapestry, from the original painting, graciously lent for this purpose. The whole arrangement is from designs executed

by the artists of Messrs. Gillow & Co.'s firm, the object being to secure unity of effect, which has been perfectly obtained. We shall refer to it at greater length, with full descriptions, elsewhere.

valuable we could have received. What lessons other exhibitions have taught is well illustrated in the reports which have appeared in this and other countries, and amongst others in the short, simple, practical reports of intelligent French and English working-men, writing shortly upon that which forms the business of their lives—their art. These are full of instruction.

There is still another important feature in great exhibitions—they create much emulation amongst exhibitors, and the public get information they would not easily obtain elsewhere;

objects are compared and discussed with much interest; the reports of juries and the awards of medals add to that interest, and thus attention is drawn and information is obtained respecting productions which otherwise would have been unnoticed or unappreciated by hundreds of visitors. The effects produced often do not reveal the processes employed, as, for instance, in the case of the *pâte-sur-pâte* decoration of porcelain mentioned above, but this and other processes could not be easily exhibited.

We have spoken of the characteristics of museums, collections,

We give other examples of the



works of Messrs. THOMAS WEBB & Co., of Stourbridge. They are

much ability, and with careful and educated skill. Our



selections from their numerous "exhibits" are at pre-

canters and Water Jugs; but their



"show" comprises a large variety of objects of all classes and orders



singularly beautiful specimens of engraved glass, designed with



sent limited—as best suited to our purpose—to De-



to which the engraving and cutting of the pure metal can be applied.

and shops in relation to exhibitions, and have attempted to show in what they differ; but there is one fact that adds greatly to the arguments in favour of exhibitions, which is, that while France possesses some of the finest collections of works of Art in the world, that are thrown open gratuitously to the public with the utmost freedom, and are thronged with visitors; while special museums of all kinds are constantly being established; while the out-of-door habits of the people and other circumstances have given rise to the decoration of public buildings, and raised the

setting out of objects of beauty to an art, France is the very country in which exhibitions are most popular. To our minds this is perfectly natural.

In our own country the case is totally different, and the objections to exhibitions flow naturally from the circumstances of the case. We resent having our habits interfered with; we are not accustomed to live much in public, and the consequence is, that generally speaking, our buildings and streets are made little ornamental, and we have but few museums. It is true that

The Plaque engraved on this page is another of the works of ELKINGTON, from the design, and mainly executed by, the artist A. W. Willms. It is of *repoussé* steel, in bold relief.

The subject represented is 'Love brought to Reason,' the idea being taken from the painting of the famous French artist, P. Prudhon, of the first Empire. The picture portrays Cupid



bound to the statue of Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, and being teased by a maiden; the boy is represented as endeavouring to break his bonds. The border of this work of Art is ornamented by

four trophies of arms, richly damascened in gold, and also by four Cupids, imagined to be ambassadors of the one captured, who are flying in different directions, holding in their hands emblems of Love.

immense improvements have taken and are still taking place, and as results of Art study and exhibitions we may point with pride to one of the most magnificent collections of objects of Art in the world, and to the system of Art education which is doing its work all over the country.

We have said that the different feeling which exists in France and England respecting exhibitions arises logically from the different conditions and habits of the two countries, but the logic is not satisfactory; the want of a national taste for Art causes poor architecture, ugly houses, coarse ornamentation, tawdry

ness, want of finish in almost everything, and amongst other wants that of cleanliness, neatness, elegance. To all this we had to plead guilty not long since, and although much has been done, a vast deal still remains to be effected. Our acquaintance with Art has enormously enlarged our capacity for drawing and for decorative Art of many kinds, furniture, metal-work, textile fabrics, and ceramic manufactures in particular; the love of Art and the intelligence of it have deepened and widened, but they have not yet permeated the mass of the people—they are not yet, to borrow a phrase from the horticulturist, thoroughly

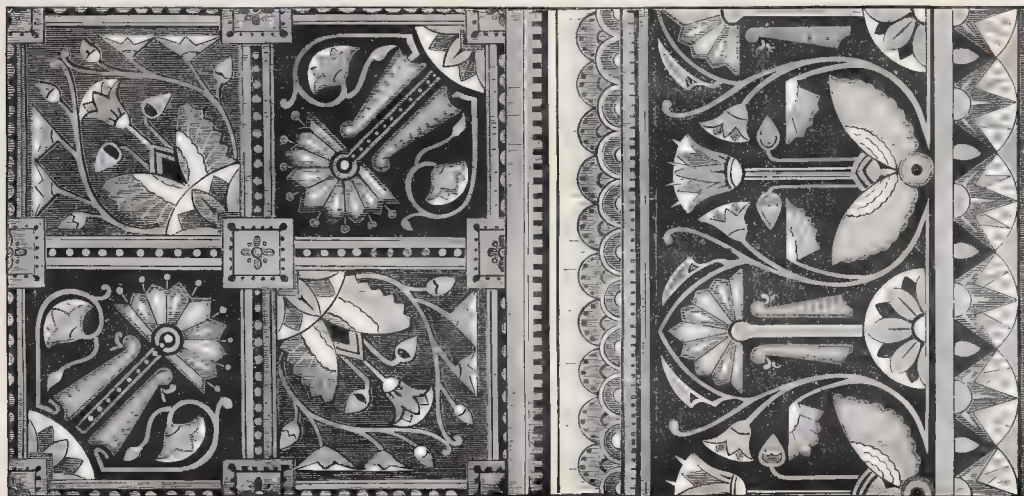
Messrs. TOMKINSON and ADAM, of Kidderminster, are important contributors of Carpets and Rugs, the produce of their

extensive works, and designed by their own staff of artists. They are of the class known as "Axminster," of the old



fabric historically recorded as "Kidderminster," none is now produced in the long-renowned town. Messrs. Tomkinson and

Adam are not only large manufacturers and exporters, they have obtained high repute for the excellence of their designs and the



value and durability of the materials they use. The two examples we engrave are not made expressly for the Exhibition; of those we shall give engravings at a later period. They suffice,

however, to do credit to the staff of artists by whom they are efficiently aided. The produce of their looms, among the best in England, has made its way into every part of the world.

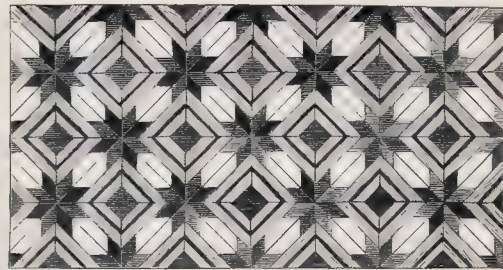
acclimatized. But just because acquaintance with and love for Art are not yet common in our country, because our houses are often inelegant and our streets ungraceful, and the decorations of our public buildings and promenades mostly poor; because such is the case it seems to us that to no nation are exhibitions of the artistic productions of the rest of the world likely to produce more important results; nay, we may go further and say that the effects which have already been produced by exhibitions, which are, comparatively, but of yesterday, place their value from an Art-educational point of view beyond all question.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

So much has been written about the first International Exhibition—the Great Exhibition as it was called—that it would almost seem superfluous to add more; but upwards of a quarter of a century has passed since the Crystal Palace was set up in Hyde Park, and a new generation now supplies us with readers, to whom a sketch of the history of exhibitions will not, we are convinced, be unwelcome; not as a mere narrative, not as a curiosity, but as furnishing material for future consideration.

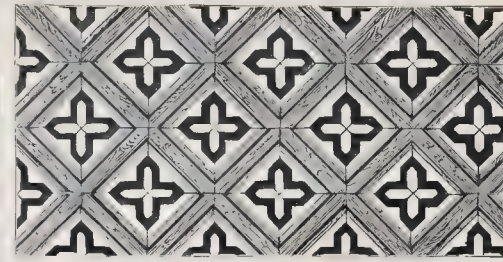
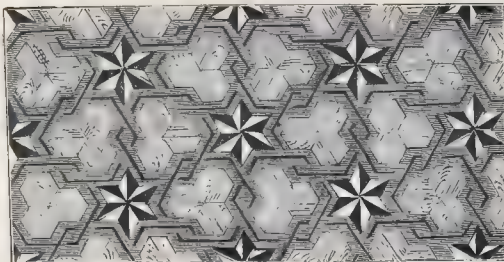
The Parquetage of which we give examples on this page is made by Mr. T. TURPIN, of Bayswater, who has obtained high

Mr. Turpin claims that, by his patent right, he has secured many advantages, the greatest of which is, perhaps, the thinness



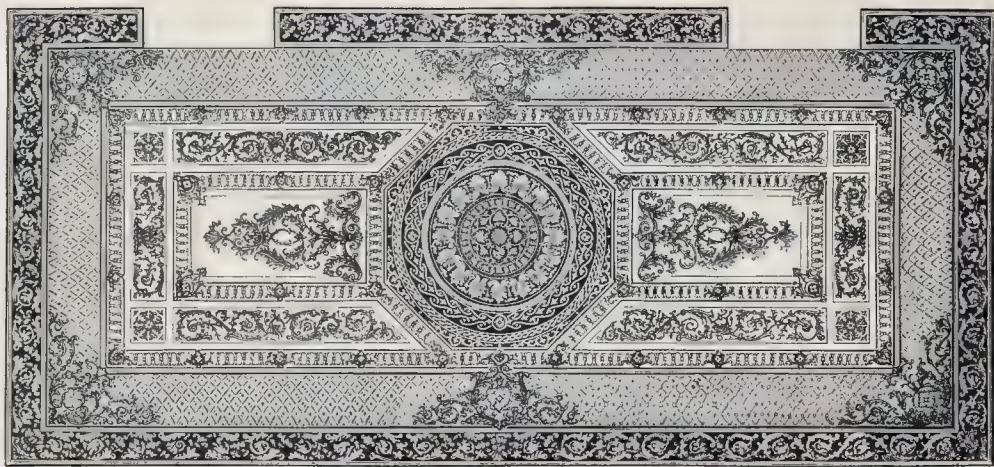
reputation for a class of work now very largely used in England,

of the layers of coloured woods, yet rendering the parquet flooring



as well as on the Continent, as flooring in aristocratic mansions.

sufficiently strong to resist the strain of heavy bodies. It is with



the designs we have most to do ; these, while very varied, manifest sound Art knowledge and careful study of the appropriate.

That the process can be elaborately worked out is evidenced by the larger cut copied from a floor executed for the Earl of Dudley.

Everything seemed at the outset to conspire against the proposed exhibition ; such undertakings were almost unknown to us as a nation, in spite of the fact that Paris had known them for half a century, that those who visited the Continent had seen them in the court of the Louvre and on the Champ de Mars, and that some praiseworthy attempts on a small scale had been made in London. But all these were national, not international undertakings ; and when it was proposed not only to invite all the world to come and see our productions, but to bring theirs to show to our countrymen, the objections raised in and out of

Parliament, in public and private meetings, amongst manufacturers and workmen, were so numerous, and in many cases so strenuously urged, that had not the projectors exhibited the greatest determination the scheme would certainly have been nipped in the bud. We have no intention of entering into the secret history of certain difficulties ; they were of the kind that commonly occur in large and new undertakings, they were ephemeral, and are not worth reviving.

The first grand difficulty that appeared was in connection with the building : prizes had been offered and awarded for

The Painted Windows, contributed by Messrs. FOURACRE and WATSON, of Plymouth, are excellent examples of their order. We give the figures without the attendant traceries

The picture consists mainly of four subjects: 1. Brotherly Love—one figure supporting another in distress. 2. Relief—a female with a child receiving relief from a second figure. 3. Truth—a



and armorial bearings. It is a Masonic Window, and is executed for the Guildhall of the old Devon town, designed, and to be placed there, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales.

figure with a square at his feet, the perfect ashlar, the volume of the sacred law, the compasses, and pencil. 4. Obedience—two figures representing the Fellow Craft and Entered Apprentice.

designs, and the designs themselves had been exhibited in public, when it was found, or believed to have been found, that no means existed by which any of the prize designs could be executed in the limited space of time which remained for the accomplishment of the work. It so happened that the late Duke of Devonshire had recently erected a very handsome conservatory at his seat at Chatsworth, and that his gardener, Joseph Paxton, a man of original genius, had been greatly interested in the proposed exhibition. The consequence was, in a few words, that Mr. Paxton sketched out a plan for the required

building, which at once called forth the admiration and support of all the practical men engaged or interested in the undertaking.

The building, or at least the principal part of it, now stands, as nearly all the world knows, at Sydenham, but to judge of the merits of Mr. Paxton's design merely from the appearance of the building as it stands would be a gross injustice. The plan was based on this important principle, namely, that the building should be, as regarded all the body of it, produced by the repetition of simple elements, that is to say, glazed bays or frames, all of the same height and width, columns whose duty it was to

We engrave the principal pieces of a remarkably beautiful Dessert Service exhibited by Mr. PERCIVAL DANIELL, of New Bond Street, for whom



it was specially painted on porcelain (the manufacture of Messrs. Minton)



by the artist, Mr. Thomas Allen. The whole of the subjects are copied



from drawings by Angelica Kauffmann. The series will be classed among the most successful examples of British ceramic Art, and is not likely

to be surpassed by any of the modern productions



of the Continent. It is certainly gratifying to find



that notable advances in this important branch of Art



manufacture have been gradually made since 1851.

support the roof and to act as pipes from the gutters above and other like parts, all of which could be produced anywhere, and put together like a puzzle, which a stone or a brick building could not be. The principle has since been extended and greatly developed, but the original sketch of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Paxton contained the complete idea.

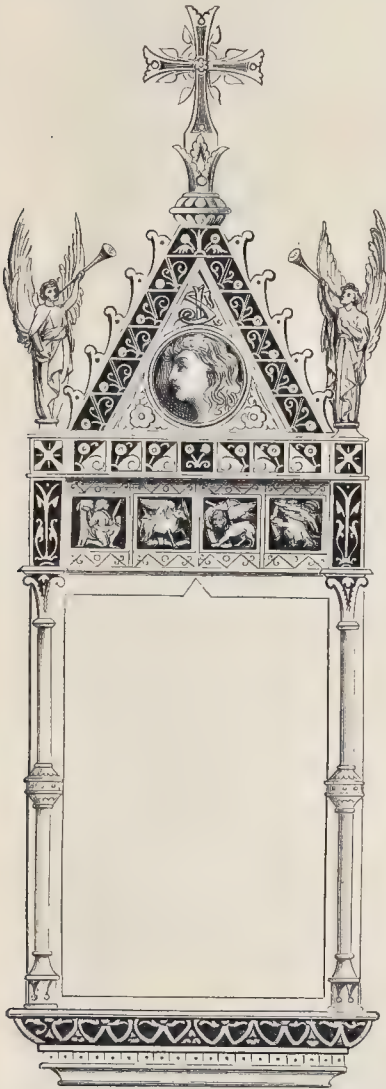
The working out of the plan had important consequences; it gave rise to the necessity for bringing machinery to the aid of the carpenter. Some machines which had been invented for special purposes were hunted up and modified, and others in-

vented, and every part of the woodwork of the building was produced by mechanical means, laying the foundation of that important class of machinery which now performs with marvellous rapidity and accuracy all the operations of planing, moulding, boring, mortising, tenoning, and even dovetailing, which formerly occupied a skilled joiner more hours than the machines take seconds to produce the work. This was one of the unlooked-for effects of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

It is not within the plan of these notes to enter further into the subject of the construction of the Crystal Palace and its

We engrave other of the works of Mr. J. W. SINGER, of Frome, from the designs of his son. The

the whole of which is beaten up from one piece, and then enamelled; from the base rise two very enriched pillars, with carved capitals, support-



Monument is a mural brass, nine feet high, a very elaborate example of high-class workmanship, having a curious piece of hammered work for the base,



ing the canopy above, on which the four Evangelists are incised, and filled in with colours; the head being a likeness in *repoussé* work in copper, let



into the brass triangular part, while the two angels are chased in bronze. The other two objects are a Rose-water Dish in *repoussé* work, and a brass Coffee Tray of very fine incised work, entirely cut by the artist's chisel.

consequences; we refer all who may take an interest in it to the Illustrated Catalogue (vol. i.) of the Exhibition in question, or to the article, Wood-shaping Machinery, in the Appendix to the *Cyclopædia of Useful Arts*, edited by Charles Tomlinson, F.C.C., where the whole subject is fully treated, with illustrations.

The idea of such an exhibition was new to the majority of English manufacturers, and while some of that body took up the project and supported it warmly, not a few were entirely hostile, and perhaps the great majority against rather than in

favour of it. Fortunately, as we think, all the world had been invited, so the feast must be spread; there was no avoiding that, except by placing England in an unpleasant position; so committees were formed all over the country, and, with the assistance of sub-commissioners and the press, to which much was due, a sufficient number of exhibitors was obtained to insure a good show of our best productions.

There were political opponents also within Parliament as well as without, who strenuously opposed the idea, for reasons into which it is not necessary to enter, especially as such matters

M. HOTTOT, of Paris, an eminent manufacturer of works in bronze, sup-



plies us with examples of his produc-



tions. They are of the usual order, of the class for which Paris has long been

renowned—Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Candelabra,



and so forth—conspicuous for good and true modelling and excellence of finish. In Art works of this



order England has never attempted to compete

with France. There the artisans



are artists; it is not so with us.



We import rather than create.

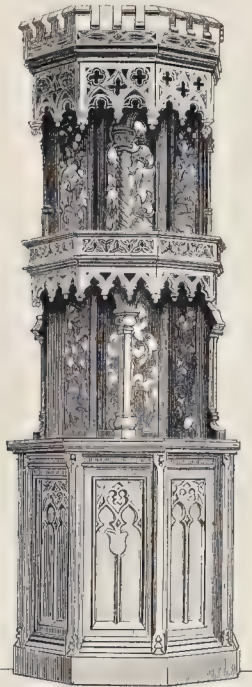
do not come within our range; and there were persons who, as usual when any new proposal comes forth, imagined all kinds of danger imminent, and felt it their duty to give warning to the world. One of the dangers thus put forth was that such a collection would attract all the clever scoundrels in Europe, and property would no longer be safe in London. It did attract a few well-known *chevaliers d'industrie*, but no inconvenience was caused thereby except to themselves. Members of the police of the principal countries in Europe were on duty; and as the *chevaliers* arrived at the doors of the Exhibition they were

shown into a room where they met each other, and they missed the view of the interior.

On the first day of May the doors were thrown open according to promise, and no one who was present can forget the magnificent sight that was then unveiled. More than nine millions of persons, or, to speak accurately, more than nine millions of visits were paid to the Exhibition, and its success was immediate and without a check till the doors closed on the last day of October. The receipts at the doors far exceeded the expenses, and one of the results of the first International Exhi-

M. JACOBY, a manufacturer of Carved Furni-

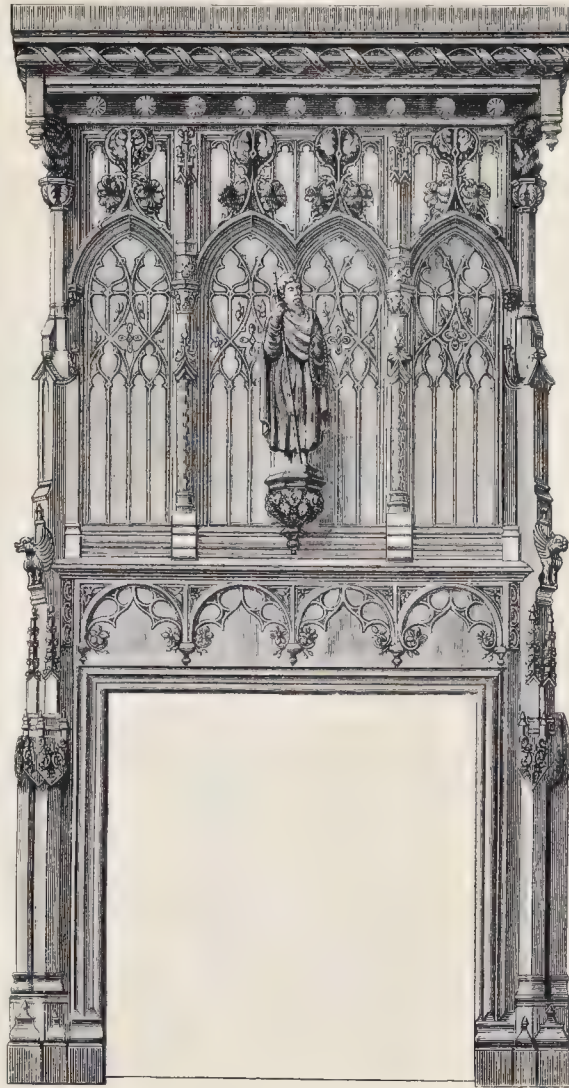
England by English workmen. The styles are varied, though principally Gothic, and are for all purposes—for use as well as ornament; we cannot



ture of high order, exhibits several works that do credit to the artists and artisans employed



to produce them. They are all executed in



overpraise the skill of the workmen, every production exhibited being remarkable for finish. Works specially for the Exhibition we shall engrave in a later part.

bition was the purchase of land at South Kensington, the establishment of the Museum and Art schools there, and the gradual extension of schools of Art over the whole country.

The general, the popular success of the Exhibition surpassed all expectations; but its contents were soon scanned by practised eyes, and it must be admitted that while in some departments Great Britain made a magnificent show of productions, in others her deficiencies were too apparent to escape notice. Every class of articles was examined and reported on by juries composed of men of science and practical knowledge, delegated

by the Commissioners of all the exhibiting nations, and the result was, for those who took the trouble to study the matter, that while Great Britain had achieved great triumphs in many directions, other nations had done the same in other lines, and each had much to learn of the other.

And here it may be well to speak of the important subject of the composition of the juries and the method of their action, as this was the first case of the kind, and, with some modifications, furnished a model for all International Exhibitions which have occurred since. The jurors were half English and half foreign,

We engrave on this page examples of works in Terra-cotta from the renowned factory of Madame P. IPSEN, "widow,"



of Copenhagen, a large collection of which may be seen at the London establishment of her agents, Messrs. Arup



Brothers, of New Bond Street. They are in great variety, of all sizes, and in all instances pure as examples of true Art,

and this applied also to the chairmen, who were selected by the Royal Commissioners, the deputy-chairmen and reporter being elected by the jurors themselves. The juries were classed together in groups, of which there were six, including all the classes of raw materials, machinery, textile fabrics, Fine Arts, &c.; they reported their proposed awards to the assembled group to which they belonged for approval, and the chairmen were formed into a council to consider and regulate the mode of action of the juries. At first it was proposed that there should be three classes of medals awarded, but one was dropped,

based usually on the antique; copies, in many instances, of ancient examples preserved in the Museum at Copenhagen. The clay is remarkably fine, found, we



understand, in Denmark; and if it be mixed, that process is effected judiciously. The collection will be regarded as of no small value to those who prefer the solid



to the meretricious in Art. The specimens are by no means without ornament; in some cases they are painted, in others they contain well-drawn figures in low relief.

while one of the remaining two was awarded for whatever exhibited a certain standard of excellence, avoiding as far as possible the recognition of competition between individual exhibitors; the larger, or council medal, as it was called, was awarded only for some novelty in invention or application, or for originality combined with beauty of design. For articles possessing a less amount of merit than those for which medals were given, honourable mention was made in the reports. This short notice of the principles upon which the awards were based is due to the originators of the first International Exhibition, and

The prevailing taste for "Early English" and "Queen Anne" furniture has necessitated the introduction of Clocks designed in the style of the period. With the aid

examples from special designs by Mr. Thomas Harris, F.R.I.B.A. They are respectively in the Jacobean and Queen Anne styles, are made in walnut and ebony, inlaid with panels of artistically designed



of eminent Art authorities, Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES, of Regent Street, have produced a series of authentic models, of which the two illustrations here given are

of painted china. These two Clocks are intended to hang on the walls of a room, and to be decorated with vases, &c., as shown. Messrs. Howell and James are the originators of this new style of Clock.

may be of service on some future occasion. The number of exhibitors was about 17,000, the number of ordinary prize medals awarded 2,918, and of council medals only 170.

The classification of all the productions of human ingenuity under a few heads is a matter of extreme difficulty, even with sufficient scientific accuracy for such a purpose as that of an exhibition. Much care was devoted to this subject, and although the classification adopted in 1851 has been departed from more or less in the case of other exhibitions, we doubt if it has been much improved upon, and recommend all whose taste or occu-

pations lead them to the consideration of such subjects, to examine that first adopted, which will be found in full detail in the Official Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition, or in the Jury Reports of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

In examining the position of Great Britain with respect to manufactured productions, as exemplified by comparison with those of other nations at the first Great Exhibition, we shall pass very lightly over machinery and ordinary manufactures, for two reasons: first, because in these the superiority of England was in most cases conceded, and therefore served as lessons for

We engrave three of the Wall Papers manufactured by JEFFREYS & Co., of Islington; they are of a high class of Art,

laboured earnestly, and with great success, to improve this class of Art productions; but we shall require larger space

best effect harmony of colour and appropriateness of position, and have not only rivalled, but surpassed, the produce of



designed by eminent artists; but of those specially produced for the Exhibition we shall give engravings later. The firm has



than is here at our command to render them justice. Their papers are not only of excellent design, they study with the



Paris, that for so long a period monopolized the market, and had almost exclusive possession of the important "trade."

other nations rather than our own; and, secondly, because our special business is with those productions in which Art forms an essential element.

In the class of steam and other engines, railway carriages, &c., Great Britain obtained five out of seven council's medals awarded, and fifty-four out of sixty-six ordinary prize medals; but little inference can be drawn from this fact on account of the difficulty and cost of bringing such articles over sea. For her carriages she obtained thirteen prize medals out of nineteen awarded. In the class of manufacturing machines of all kinds

Great Britain took fifteen council medals out of twenty-two, and an enormous share of the ordinary medals. In this class, and in the most important division of it, England achieved perhaps her highest honour; the engineers' tools, or machine tools as they are now called, those for planing, shaping, boring, drilling, turning, and performing other operations, exhibited by Whitworth, Fairbairn, Maudslay, Sharp, and other engineers, displayed an amount of science and skill combined which called forth the highest astonishment and admiration. This class of machinery was then in its infancy; it has since attained gigantic dimen-

Messrs. HENRY MALLET and SONS, eminent lace manufacturers of Nottingham, contribute many specimens of "Machine-

made Lace," of which we engrave two examples. They are charming in design. The firm employs and is directed by intelligent artists well acquainted with the capabilities of the



made Lace," of which we engrave two examples. They are charming in design. The firm employs and is directed by intelligent artists well acquainted with the capabilities of the

of hand work, at probably a tithe of the cost of that which issues from the cushion. Messrs. Mallet have thus done much to uphold the supremacy of England as to its power of machinery.

sions, and has revolutionised mechanical engineering. The perfection of scientific workmanship was perhaps attained when Mr., now Sir Joseph Whitworth, Bart., produced an apparatus which detected a difference of the one-millionth part of an inch, and other means of precise gauging, the original forms of which were exhibited in 1851. In like manner England surpassed all competitors in her marine chronometers, one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism ever yet produced, and in marine instruments; and she showed advantageously in other classes of manufacture, such as hardware, glass, china, and earthenware.

In the working of the precious metals England had already commenced a reform, and there were exhibited some excellent examples of goldsmiths' work and jewellery, and metal-work quite as artistic, principally of mediæval character; but the old racing cups had not yet disappeared—diamonds and other gems were still massed together with scarcely any design, although there were some remarkable exceptions. France, Germany, and Russia showed jewellery in which the value of the finest gems was often surpassed by the exquisitely designed and perfectly executed setting, enamelling, &c., and goldsmiths' work,

CHRISTESEN, of Copenhagen, has made his

principal exhibitions. Denmark has reason to be proud of its artist-manufacturer. On this page we engrave a silver Tea-service and a silver Salver; the latter is



name famous among the more eminent gold-



smiths of Europe, and has achieved a renown



second to none. We have engraved, from



time to time, several of his productions as shown at the



gilt: both are slightly oxidized. The designs that ornament the whole are of very high merit; they are from drawings made for Herr Christesen by Professor Peters and Herr Olrich, artists high in repute, and who do not consider they condescend when they work for the manufacturer. His London agent is Mr. F. Ahrends, of Piccadilly.

designed by true artists, executed in the all-but forgotten manner of the ancients, the most beautiful of all arts on metal, *repoussé*, or cast and chased with a delicacy worthy of Italy at the period when her merchants were princes, and her goldsmiths artists.

In modern times the divisions in the Art world are more positive than they were three hundred years ago. It would be out of keeping with our ideas for a Michael Angelo to build a fortification or a church one year, and to chisel a statue out of a block of marble the next; but we find high Art aiding industry in another way, and this was admirably illustrated by foreign

contributions to the Great Exhibition. In the first place we find such workers in the precious metals as the late Froment Meurice, aptly called the Benvenuto Cellini of France, prepared for his beautiful art by sound education in the principles of Art and in all its styles. You see, at a glance at his works, that his pencil moved with the accuracy which is only to be obtained by completeness of study; he produced the style of the *cinquecento*, or that of the Renaissance, with the same ease and accuracy as a good penman traces German text or Italian letters on his paper; but in the work of Froment Meurice and of

M. MEISSNER, of Paris, long ago established renown for works that are styled "electro-plated;" he is that which we encounter frequently in France, but seldom elsewhere, and never

in England—at once the artist, the manufacturer, and the merchant. As a designer his productions manifest great excellence; sometimes, no doubt, they are based upon the antique,



the museums of the French capital furnishing an ample supply of models. Generally, however, they are original, emanations of his own fertile mind and fancy. On this page we en-

grave two of them; they illustrate what we have said. It must be borne in mind that his productions are issued at small cost, while as Art objects they are worthy of any collection.

other great French goldsmiths there is this beyond what the writer can show; that is to say, a freedom from copying, and an originality which springs from full study and knowledge, coupled with perfect manipulation. The other mode in which artist and Art workmen combine their efforts has been admirably illustrated by Pugin and others in the production of Mediæval work, and it is shown in many ways on the continent; for instance, at the Great Exhibition there was seen a shield, presented by the late King of Prussia to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, which was designed by the great painter Cornelius, its ornaments by Herr

Shiler, counsellor and architect, the modelling by a sculptor named Fisher, the *repoussé* work by M. Mertens, and the engraving of the precious stones which studded it by Signor Calandrelli. It is true that this is an extraordinary case, but our own pages, past and present, show how complete is the union between artists and Art workmen of the higher class. These facts were first made generally known to the world of England by that Exhibition, and great has been the result, as shown not only by the fine works of Art since exhibited in public, but by the contents of every goldsmith's window and the tables

To praise the works of MINTON &



Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, would be to "gild refined gold." Their contri-



butions to the Paris Exhibition of 1878

do not lessen their fame; it would be difficult to



increase it. They are represented chiefly, as to extent, by several English dealers, for some of whom



they have executed designs specially furnished to

them by such "houses." We give



on this page six of their more prominent productions: some are large;



we can make no reference to scale.

of every important mansion in the United Kingdom: the standard has been raised and is still rising.

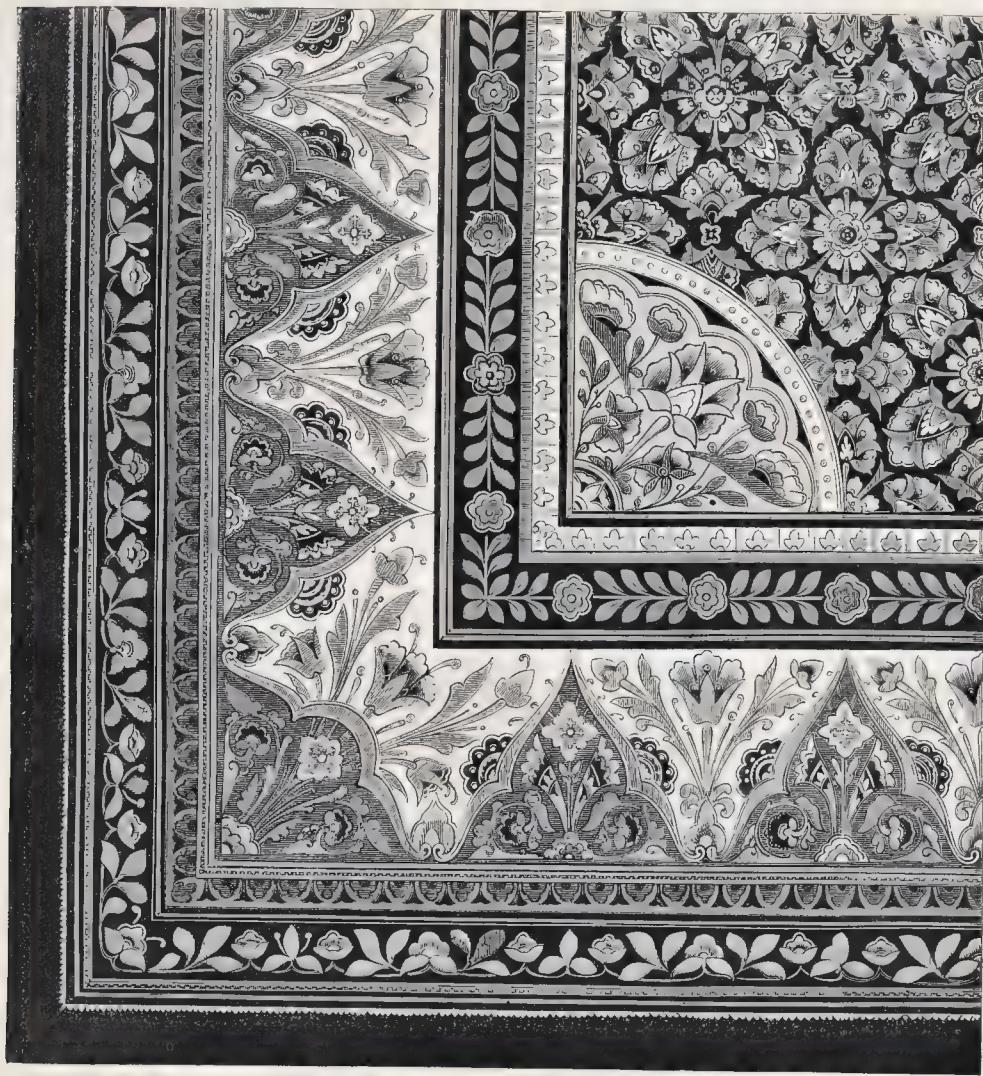
The show of bronzes from Paris was a marked feature of the Great Exhibition. The perfection of Art bronze-casting in Paris was previously well known to connoisseurs and dealers, but not to the public. This beautiful art has been gradually brought to a wonderful state of perfection in France, and the modelling, casting, and finishing can scarcely be surpassed. In this trade there is complete division of labour; one man models, a second casts, a third turns and fits, a fourth chases; but they are all

artists, well taught in special schools, and afterwards under skilled masters. Beside real bronze, the production of imitation bronzes in zinc (*zinc d'art*) has attained great perfection; often the designs are as good as those employed for real bronze—sometimes the same model is produced both in bronze and zinc—and, when finished in the best manner, it is extremely difficult to tell one from the other unless they are brought into close contact. Zinc, however, is too brittle for very small details.

England has produced few small bronzes, but the Exhibition of 1851 showed that in large works the skill of some of her

The very famous establishment of TOMKINSON and ADAM, of Kidderminster, furnishes us with another example of Carpet, in the fabric known as Axminster. Their establishment in the

great capital of the trade is very large, and the supply thence issued—for home consumption and for exportation to America and the various states of Europe—can be described only by the



word enormous. The firm produces, and has in a measure exhibited, examples in all styles, to suit variety of tastes, for libraries, halls, staircases, bedrooms, boudoirs, dining-rooms—

for every conceivable application; and some of them are of prodigious size, "in one piece;" that is to say, entirely fitted to a room without any aid from the needle of the upholsterer.

founders was great. The Coalbrookdale Company exhibited admirable statuary in bronze as well as in iron. At that period there were few founders in England who produced bronze statuary; now there are several establishments of importance, and many statues and even groups are produced by the electro-galvanic process.

The decorated furniture, cabinets, &c., contributed by France, Germany, and Italy to the Great Exhibition excited much interest. Previously to the modes of ornamentation now generally adopted, Buhl, or other inlaid work, was the fashion, and when the form of

the cabinet or piece of furniture was good, the result was certainly very pleasing; but the style of decoration which now appeared was of a much higher character, outlines carefully studied, wood, metal, gilding, admirably selected and contrasted, wood-carving, bronze, ormolu, steel, silver, and even gold mountings sparingly and delicately applied, the effect of the whole being often heightened by the introduction of precious stones or pebbles, or by exquisitely painted plaques or medallions in porcelain or faience. The most remarkable of these cabinets were, of course, very costly, but generally there was such an evident

This page contains engravings of the delicate, very beautiful, and truly artistic Glass of Venice—the recent manufacture—

combined with richness of colour and application to articles of every-day use, produces an artistic result that has been publicly



issued by the VENICE AND MURANO COMPANY, whose London establishment is in St. James's Street. The beauty of the forms,

recognised by the award of prize medals at all the principal International Exhibitions of Europe. Connoisseurs in such



matters will at once perceive that mixed with new productions are copies from ancient models, of which large collections exist

not only in Italy, but in England and in other countries—a procedure of the Venice and Murano Company much to be commended.

improvement upon the meretricious, overloaded, and often merely conventional work which had long been in vogue, as to constitute a complete renaissance. Happily the revival was partly due to Englishmen. The wood-carving of the late Mr. Rogers, at that period in the zenith of his fame, was unsurpassed by any living artist. Daring and successful as Grinling Gibbons in the mere imitation of natural objects, he succeeded in producing every style of classic ornamentation with unerring skill and marvellous effect; while our great cabinet-makers contributed largely to the collection of truly artistically decorated furniture, which,

since that date, they have cultivated with admirable taste and skill; but France and Austria carried off all the Council medals in the class. We shall see presently what progress was made afterwards by our countrymen.

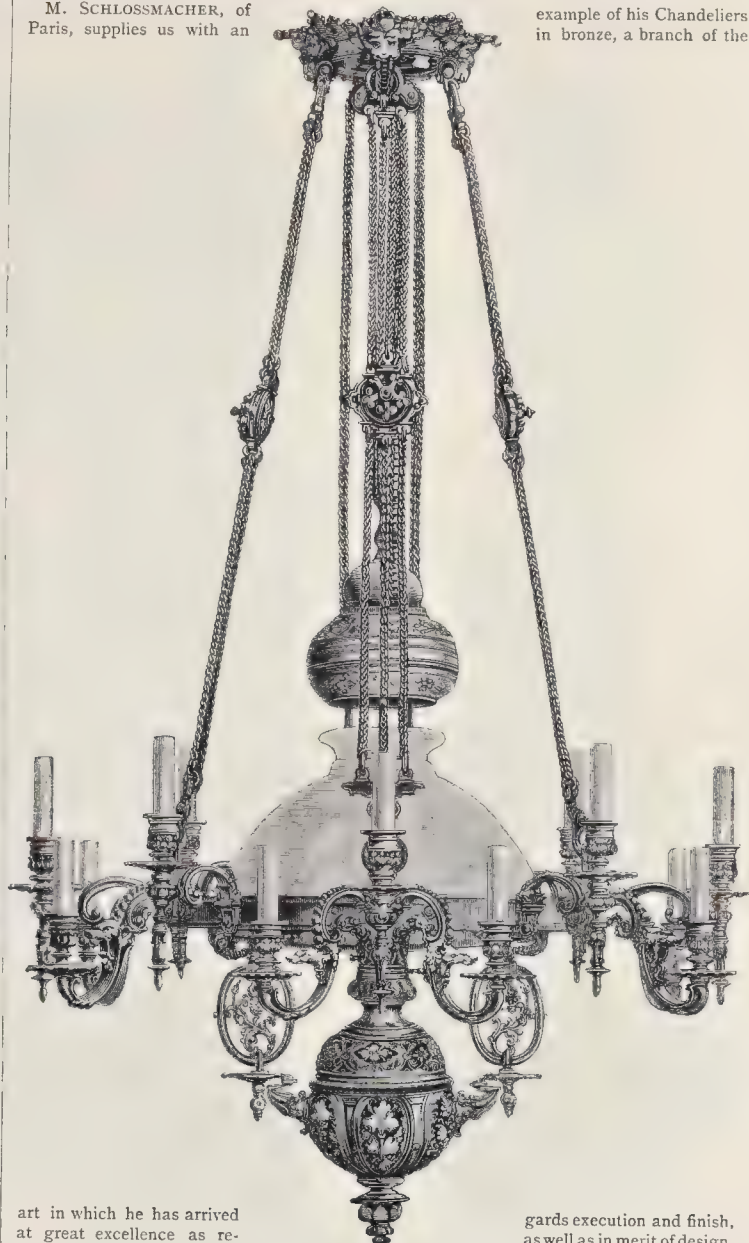
Amongst the artists who, at the period in question, were striving, and successfully, to raise the standard of English Art workmanship, Owen Jones, since departed, deserves special mention. There is scarcely a branch of decorative manufacture which has not been improved, either directly or indirectly, by his genius, and the works he has left behind him are text-books

M. HOUDEBINE, an eminent bronze manufacturer, exhibits chiefly statues and statuettes, such as Paris has long supplied to all other parts of the world: they are for the most part modelled by rightly educated artists. Such productions, however meritorious, do not "tell" favourably when engraved on wood, and we prefer to



copy one of the Vases of the manufacturer, on which there are figures in relief. It is probable that at a future time we shall accord justice to one of the most eminent fabricants of France, who has aided largely to extend the renown of his country.

M. SCHLOSSMACHER, of Paris, supplies us with an



example of his Chandeliers in bronze, a branch of the

art in which he has arrived at great excellence as re-

gards execution and finish, as well as in merit of design.

all over Europe. The late Sir Digby Wyatt, like Owen Jones an architect, should also be honourably mentioned in the same way.

In the reply made by H.R.H. Prince Albert to the report of Lord Canning on the operations of the juries of this Exhibition we find the following expressions:—"Valuable as this Exhibition has proved in many respects, it appears to the Commissioners that there is no direction in which its effects will be more sensibly and immediately perceived than in the improvement which it may be expected to produce in taste, and the

impulse it has given to the arts of design." That such has been the case may, we think, be declared unhesitatingly.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS FROM 1855 TO 1876, INCLUSIVE.

THE first International Exhibition held in France was that of Paris, in 1855. Many people considered that the interval which had elapsed since 1851 was too short, and the results, to a certain extent, bore out that opinion; there had not been time for the Arts to show much progress.

Of the works of Messrs. COPELAND, of Stoke-upon-Trent and New Bond Street, we give six examples; they are of Vases

chiefly. Specimens of figures in statuary porcelain we have already given. These vases, and others from which they are



selected, are good and true in form; they claim attention and laudation, however, mainly because of their merit as paintings

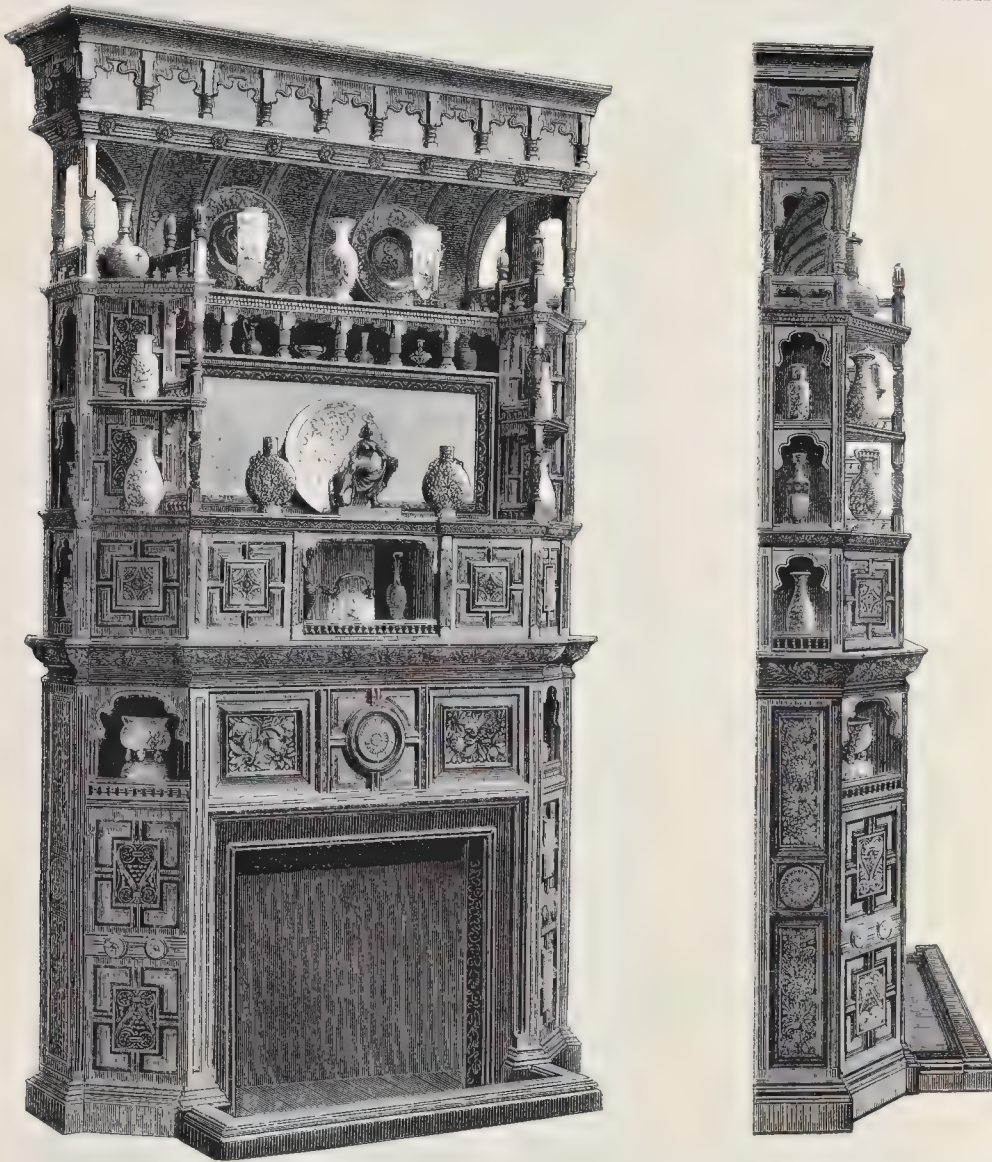
on porcelain, and that is of the highest order. The efforts of the firm to maintain its high character have been entirely successful.

The first Paris International Exhibition presented marked differences from that of London; the Fine Arts formed a large and highly interesting feature, but they were separated from the industrial portions, and altogether the Exhibition wanted grandeur and completeness of arrangement. The edifice was too small for the purpose; an immensely long annex for machinery was erected by the side of the Seine, a panorama building between the two was purchased, and wooden bridges and pas-

sages constructed to join the main building and the machinery annex; but the dislocation of the parts was extremely inconvenient. Still the number of exhibitors was very large—24,000 against 14,000 in 1851—and more than five millions of visits were paid to the Exhibition; but then it must be observed that the doors were open seven days in the week instead of six, making a total of two hundred days; while more than six millions of visits were paid to the first Great Exhibition in one hundred and forty-one days.

The Mantel-piece engraved on this page forms part of a dining-room suite exhibited by JAMES SHOOLBRED & Co., of Tottenham

Court Road; manufactured by them in their extensive factories, where every new appliance for cabinet-work has been introduced

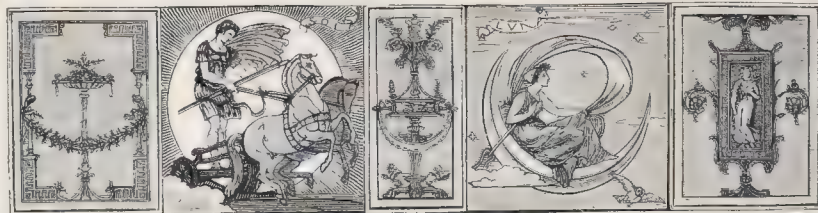


in a manner the most thorough as regards Art. The work has been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. H. W. Dalley.

It is not necessary to occupy our space with the small results which could be, and have already been, pointed out as proofs of progress during the short interval that had elapsed since 1851; but this fact remains very clear and distinct—that while the first Great Exhibition gave thousands of our countrymen the first idea of the superiority of France in many departments of industrial Art, that of 1855 extended and improved our knowledge of such matters to an enormous degree. The former event had thrown the subjects of Art, Art industry, and Art education into the debating arena: they had been, and

they were still being, discussed in a dozen forms, and the discussions were beginning to bear good fruit. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of our own countrymen went to Paris in 1855 fairly prepared for the second lesson; and they learnt it, not only at the Exhibition, but from the shop-windows of Paris, and in many instances in the atelier of the designer and the shop of the Art manufacturer. Again, many classes of productions were very inadequately represented in 1851, but in 1855 every section, and almost every subdivision of a section, was well, and in many cases splendidly, represented. This was particularly

Messrs. MAW & Co., of the Benthall Works, Moseley, exhibit largely. They enable us to engrave many of their best speci-



mens of Tiles, but a description of them must be postponed.

Of tiles specially designed for hearths there is a great variety.

evident in the admirable show of silks and other decorated textile productions of Lyons and the other great centres of the trade in France, and in the combined exhibition of our own textile manufactures. Another section attracted immense attention, that of porcelain and earthenware, in which the French and the English ceramists made magnificent displays, and fairly divided the honours.

The second International Exhibition which occurred in London, that of 1862, possessed, as respected building and organization,

some of the advantages and some of the drawbacks which belonged to its predecessors. It wanted the unity of design which was characteristic of the Crystal Palace; the nave was large, bold, well lighted, but it was not on a level with the rest of the building, and steps in such places are not only inconvenient, but positively dangerous. The centre of the plot was devoted to the uses of the Horticultural Society, so that the wings were separated by a vast space, as may be seen at the present day, for although the main building has been removed, the wings,

M. FITZAINÉ holds foremost rank among the most eminent goldsmiths of Paris; he has supplied us with specimens of his always admirable

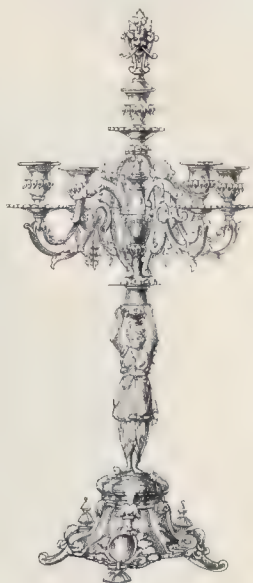


works, the principal of which is an Inkstand of much artistic beauty. A Basin and Jug, distinguished as *Syrène*, are also of sterling merit; and



so, indeed, is the very graceful Candelabrum. These he has selected for us to engrave as examples of his skill in designing; they are pro-

bably among the best of his works, for which he seeks the approval of the public; and no doubt



the high repute he has long maintained in Paris will thus be extended to other parts of the world. But of



goldsmiths there are few exhibitors. Of the precious produce of the Art manufacturer not much is shown.

which contain the existing galleries, retain relatively the same position. On the other hand, the picture galleries of the 1862 Exhibition were grand and admirably lighted, and the show of pictures remarkably fine.

We have given the results as regards visitors to the two former Great International Exhibitions, and may add that in spite of grievous mismanagement, which seriously endangered the undertaking, the Exhibition received 6,211,103 visits, or nearly 200,000 above the number of 1851, but it was open thirty days longer.

The space of time that had elapsed since the first Exhibition

was considered sufficient to show a marked advance in many branches of Art, and expectation was not disappointed.

One of the most striking changes had come over the dyer's art, and this was admirably illustrated at the Exhibition. The dyer had formerly to depend for his purples on indigo, which was terribly expensive, or on orchil, which gave but a fugitive dye. In 1856 a superior preparation of orchil was discovered in France, which produced a purple lake much superior to the old orchil, or cudbear, dye; but in the same year Mr. Perkin, a pupil of Dr. Hofmann, brought out the first of the coal-tar colours,

Mr. A. C. ERBUTT, of Croydon, exhibits a Cabinet of much merit and value as a work of Art. The frame, or groundwork, is of oak, but it is largely ornamented by various rare woods, skilfully and artistically introduced. It is impossible to describe

its more ornamental parts; but our engraving may convey an idea of its ample Art adornments. There are figures emblematic of Painting, Music, and Literature; the centre panels represent the four elements; and wild flowers and fruits are abundantly



introduced. Twelve inlaid panels depict the twelve signs of the zodiac, and over these are two ornamental scrolls forming the word Croydon—the work being named the “Croydon Cabinet”—and

the date 1876. It is a most elaborate work of the very highest class, a complete triumph of the cabinet-maker, and confers the utmost credit on all who have been engaged in its production.

“Perkin’s purple,” which has been followed by a marvellous family. These colours were called aniline, the name given to one of the components of indigo. The discovery was of immense importance, for not only was the purple produced different and finer than any before known, but cheaper than indigo, and so fast as to be fairly called permanent.

Many new colours had been found within a few years—a fine purple, called murexide, for instance, was obtained from Peruvian guano—but no new pigments have been so successful in printing and dyeing as Perkin’s purple, and the beautiful series

of magentas, blues, violets, and greens, which like it have all been drawn out of the waste of the gas works by the magic art of the chemist.

The Indian and other Oriental exhibits in 1851 and 1855 taught not only England, but all Europe, that their carpet designs were far indeed from what designs for such articles should be. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the architectural columns and friezes, birds, beasts, reptiles, and similar abominations, which have been often exposed in our columns; the important fact is to show how better taste grew little by little,

The Vallauris Pottery, which supplies us with objects that compose this page, is not far from Cannes, in the South of France. It was formed by the father of the present proprietor, M. CLÉMENT MASSIER, about thirty years ago, and has from year

to year sent forth abundant examples of good Art. The forms are chiefly copied from ancient productions of Greece and Rome, with "occasional borrowings" from Persian and Moorish originals, freely supplied from the museums of France. They owe



their popularity, however, mainly to their brilliant glaze, gene-

rally of a dark green or brown, but often varied by other colours.

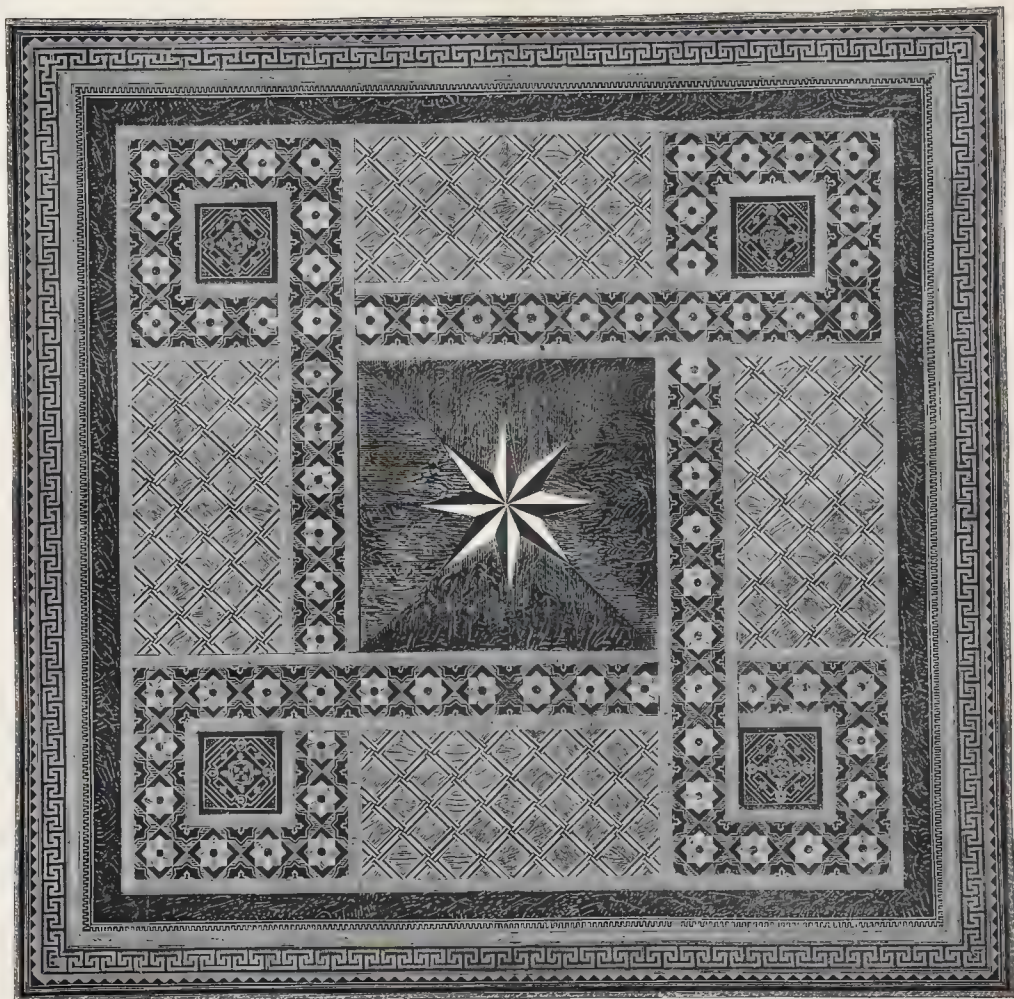
and brought in a totally new treatment of carpet patterns. Immense progress had been made in the carpet loom; but machinery can only copy, and a bad design, however often or rapidly copied, is still a bad design. And the same is true of dyeing and printing; machinery does enable you to use all the colours in existence, and yet to produce cheap decorative fabrics: still, from the Art point of view, the design is all in all. At this Exhibition it was admitted that a vast change had taken place; propriety of design and harmony of colour had been studied with great success by manufacturers and designers

in all countries, and an immense improvement achieved. Before quitting the subject of carpets, it should be mentioned that many excellent examples are not seen to advantage at exhibitions, on account of their being almost necessarily, from want of space, suspended instead of being laid flat as intended. A visitor might remedy this to a certain extent by lying down on his back, but this would be inconvenient; the position, however, should always be taken into account on looking at a suspended carpet.

Hand and machine lace and embroidery also exhibited great

Messrs. JOHN HARE & Co., of Bristol, have long held a foremost position among British manufacturers of Floor Cloths, a class of useful ornamental Art that still keeps its place, notwithstanding the many "inventions" that have been "found out" to displace it. We supply one example of their work; the infor-

mation suggested by it would require more space than we can give. Established in 1782, the firm has endeavoured to utilise Art in such a way as not to interfere with the purposes to which floor-cloth is applied, the chief considerations being strength and durability. To insure these, every article used in making



the fabric is prepared by them. The hemp and flax enter the works in the raw state as imported, and are spun and woven by them. The colours are all manufactured by them, the finer chemical colours being struck on whitelead, which is produced in

their extensive whitelead works. By thus insuring that the bases of everything are first class, they are able to supply to the public an article which for nearly a century has taken the highest stand. Indeed, the firm of J. Hare & Co. is known throughout the world.

improvement in design, and the works and manufactures of Great Britain showed a full share of the progress; gaudy imitations of natural objects had become much less common than formerly, and the designs generally evinced intention and fitness. Almost every section of the Exhibition testified that since 1851 an immense stride had been made towards the judicious application of ornament, artistic capability, and harmony in colouring.

The next great International Exhibition of importance was that held in Paris in 1867. It was planned and carried out on

a broader basis than either of its predecessors, and with results which proved the wisdom of the arrangement. The building occupied the central portion of the Champ de Mars, where the present structure stands. The covered space amounted to 150,000 square metres, and the grounds contained an immense number of special buildings belonging to all nations, amongst which the ancient Egyptian temple with its antiquities; the palace of the Khedive; the Cairo house, with its Nubians, negroes, and others employed at their native handicrafts; the Turkish mosque; the Tunisian palace and garden, with a native orchestra; the

We give on this page some of the very varied works of Messrs. BROWN-WESTHEAD, MOORE & Co., of Cauldron Place, Staf-



fordshire. We shall engrave other of their excellent productions. Here we only insert a few of their lesser works, surmounted, however, by a very marvellous achievement in pottery—a group of two Tigers. It is meant to show the power of the works in



modelling, painting, and accuracy in copying from nature, and will demand some more detailed description than we can find room for.

Russian farmhouse and stables; and the timber structures of Sweden and Norway, were perhaps the most interesting. The number of exhibitors exceeded 50,000, the Exhibition was open during 210 days, and the number of paying visitors amounted to 10,200,000, or, on an average, 47,619 per diem; but even this enormous daily attendance has been since exceeded, as we shall presently show. We should mention that even the 100 acres of the Champ de Mars, with the banks of the Seine added, were not sufficient for the purposes of the Exhibition, and the agricultural portion was established on an island some distance down the river.

Wanting in the grand simplicity and lightness of the Crystal Palace, not offering one single fine vista, the 1867 Exhibition was most remarkable for the brilliancy of its contents, and for the novel addition of a large and beautiful garden, or *parc*, as it was called, studded with specimens of the architecture of nearly the whole world, and enlivened by the presence of Europeans of every nation—Turks, Egyptians, Nubians, and Tunisians—most of them having their own cafés and restaurants.

With respect to the productions exhibited, it would be difficult to speak too highly; but all that we can do is to men-

Messrs. HENRY and JOHN COOPER, of Great Pulteney Street, London, exhibit a Cabinet they have called the "Princess Cabinet." It is a production of remarkable merit and of great

beauty, as well as an example of careful and refined workmanship. The groundwork is rosewood. The intention throughout has been to achieve an harmonious result by the subordination



of the painted panels to the general structure. The structural design of the Cabinet is by Mr. Henry J. Cooper, of the firm.

The ornamental details are the work of Mr. Lewis F. Day. The "pictures" introduced are from Tennyson's "Princess."

tion some of the instances in which decided progress was manifest.

Amongst ceramic ware some of the French reproductions or imitations of Palissy faience were remarkably good; but this of itself would be of little importance from an Art point of view, had it not been accompanied by applications of Palissy's principles, showing improved taste, admirable modelling, and harmonious colouring. Another feature was the revival of the style of the ancient pottery of Tuscany by the Marquis Ginori, who is proprietor of one of the most famous potteries of the six-

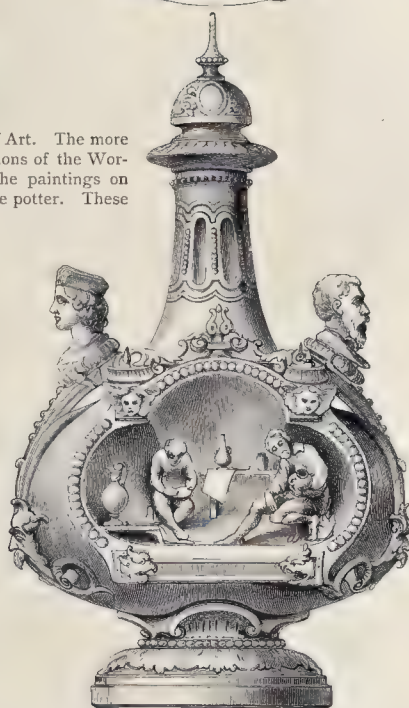
teenth century, Capo da Monti, and, it is said, has many of the moulds of the old ware in use. It was admitted on all hands that the Marquis had far surpassed all modern potters in producing a near approach to the much-admired lusted ware of the old potters. But perhaps the most charming revelation of all in the ceramic section was the amount of true Art brought to bear on faience in the style of the old Persian, or the comparatively modern ware of Rouen and other places. It was Staffordshire that first succeeded in the reproduction of majolica and other wares of that nature, and which still holds the first

We give other examples of the admirable productions of the ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, Worcester, under the direction of R. W. Binns, F.S.A. They are of all styles; but especially

the accomplished Art director of the renowned establishment has studied to make popular that of the Japanese, copying, or rather adapting, the designs of a people whose very impulses



seem to guide them rightly in all matters of Art. The more prominent and important of the contributions of the Worcester Pottery are four Vases *en suite*, the paintings on which illustrate the several processes of the potter. These



are of the very highest merit in design and execution, and cannot have failed to attract the attention and command the admiration

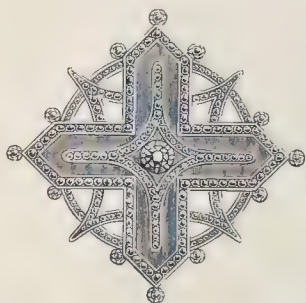
of all Art lovers, enabling the great firm of England honourably to compete with the leading continental manufacturers.

rank for excellence of body and glaze; but the visitors to the Exhibition not conversant with Parisian potters during the few past years were delighted with the beauty of the drawing and colouring, and astonished at the size and perfection of their great plateaux, plaques, &c., amongst the most remarkable works being a mural fountain and a summer-house of considerable size, reproducing the Persian and other Oriental styles in an admirable manner. The Staffordshire potters delighted all judges of ceramic ware by their magnificent vases, jardinières, fountains, and other large pieces, both in porcelain and majolica

and other kinds of faience, the decoration of which showed great progress in originality of design and able execution. The rivalry between France and England during a few years had produced works which far surpassed the famous Etruscan ware in its body, its glaze, and its colours, and perhaps also in taste. If one country may claim the prize for pure porcelain, the other may well do the same for faience of the highest quality and the most judicious ornamentation.

The crowning achievement of the French potters brought prominently before the world at this Exhibition was the *pâte-*

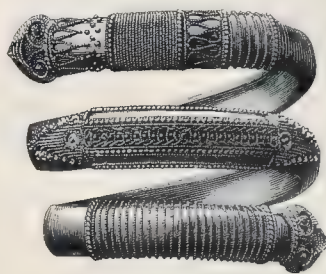
We devote another page to engravings of the works of CHRISTESEN, of Copenhagen, who undoubtedly takes very high



rank among the goldsmiths and jewellers of Europe. The Centre-piece is a production of much grace and beauty, designed



by one of the most accomplished artists of Denmark. The examples of jewellery will be recognised as forms familiar to



those who are acquainted with ancient models: one of them closely resembles the famous Irish brooch of a very early

sur-pâte ornamentation, which was the result of many years' careful study and scientific experiment at the Sèvres factory. Most of our readers, doubtless, have become acquainted with the style, but, for the benefit of such as have not, the method may be described in a few words. The vase, or other object to be decorated, is coloured with oxide of chrome mixed with cobalt, nickel, and uranium, and then, while it is still unburnt, the design is produced with white clay in the state of paste, and camel-hair pencils. None but a practised artist need attempt this, for such painting and modelling combined require the

period. Herr Christesen fully sustains in 1878 the character he has obtained as a copyist of antiques, by which, if we mistake not, his renown was made; but of late



years he has devoted his master mind to productions entirely original, and aided, as we have said, by the best artists of his country, he has augmented his justly gained renown.

utmost surety of hand and eye. One of the special beauties of such ornamentation is the gradation from the opaque to the transparent, the thick portions of the ornamentation being of a brilliant white, while the colour of the ground gleams through the other parts in proportion to their thinness.

English terra-cotta also had great success, the most notable examples being a slab with a recumbent figure of the late artist Mulready, six feet long; and a structure designed after the tomb of Synd Oosman at Ahmedabad, forming a colonaded temple, which was much admired.

We engrave another of the Plaques of Messrs. ELKINGTON, and again one of the works of the Art manager of the renowned establishment, M. Willms. The Plate is executed in *repoussé* of silver and iron, damascened with gold. The subject is taken

from the well-known picture by Paul Delaroche, the daughter of Pharaoh finding the infant child Moses hidden among the bulrushes—the boy who was destined to be the deliverer of his people out of the house of bondage in Egypt. The border is



composed of four iron plaques in the "style Égyptienne." The effect of the colour is singularly pleasing to the eye, contrasting as it does with the ornaments of gold and silver. The whole composition is exceedingly harmonious. It is one of the many works

contributed by the eminent firm to uphold the fame they have acquired. There are others of greater importance that we shall be called upon to engrave before our work is brought to a conclusion. In Paris the firm of Elkington upholds the fame of England.

The artistic bronzes, and their imitations in zinc and cast iron, were remarkably fine, and showed improvement in design; but the most satisfactory evidence of progress was seen in the highest methods of working metals, namely, by the hammer, the chisel, and the punch-wrought, pierced, chiselled, and *repoussé*. French, English, German, and Italian Art workmen all showed how truly there had been a revival of these charming modes of ornamentation, but we can only find space for two examples: first, the introduction of admirable furniture ornaments in steel, copper, silver, and gold, which have since been

largely adopted with charming effect in France, and exhibiting a high class of artistic power and taste; and, secondly, the beautiful hammered iron and *repoussé* work of our own country, including the productions in the ecclesiastical style of the Middle Ages, which have been abundantly illustrated in our pages, and which reflect the highest honour on our countrymen.

In *repoussé* work in gold and silver the artists of all the countries above mentioned exhibited wonderful progress and admirable skill. The French goldsmiths triumphed in the production of a class of articles which presented another revival of

The works that issue from the atelier of LEFEVRE, of Paris, are marked by a most lively fancy of

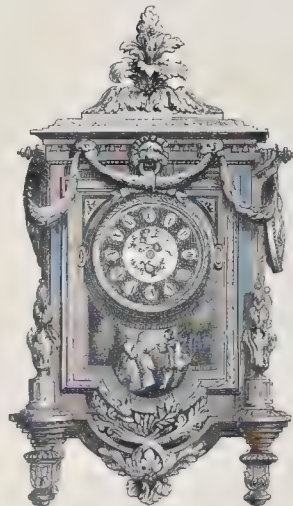


design and artistic refinement of execution. In productions of bronze,



of the class of which we give examples, the French capital has long borne the palm. Clocks, Vases,

and Pedestals, and all the peculiar graces of Parisian

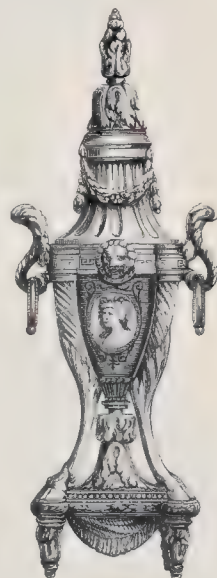


homes, are the especial products of the famous factory.



But his single figures are modelled with refined artistic

skill; they are, for the most part,



from original designs, furnished



by the leading sculptors of France.

fine old Italian work, namely, *repoussé* and enamelling combined on gold. M. le Pec exhibited a number of charming works of this kind; he has obtained great mastery over metallic colours, and his ornamentation is of the most delicate kind. The service of the gold in enamelled work consists in the fact that it does not oxidize, and therefore does not interfere with the colours of the enamels in the furnace—a great point, as elaborate works have to be fired very many times. But the gold also affords the opportunity for the exhibition of other kinds of work, such as chasing; and the most artistic productions are those in

which it is made to exhibit all its beauty. It is a mistake to hide so beautiful a metal, as the Indian enamellers do; a true artist will not forego the effects of the contrast between such substances as enamels, whether translucent or opaque, and gold, whether matted or burnished.

Another striking novelty which made its appearance at the 1867 Exhibition was a mixture of carving and piercing, admirably applied by M. Fourdinois to a cabinet composed of two coloured woods, black and brown. The design being prepared, pieces of each kind of wood, of whatever thickness required, are

We devote another page to the Porcelain Works of Messrs. BROWN-WESTHEAD, MOORE & Co., of Cauldron Place, Staf-

fordshire. The firm has made a strong effort not merely to establish, but to extend its fame. The works consist not only of



all matters for "trade," in the production of which they arrive at great excellence, but of Vases of large size, of unexception-

able forms, painted upon by artists of great ability who form the staff of the establishment. It is unnecessary to describe them.

laid upon each other and cut through with the fret saw; the pieces are then separated, and carved in any desired manner: this method allows of great relief and boldness. The cabinet was purchased by the British Commission, and is now one of the glories of the furniture collection at South Kensington, where also may be seen several examples of decorative cabinet-work from the same Exhibition by English firms who showed with great distinction in that class. The cabinets, and other decorated woodwork of France and England at this Exhibition, were of a very high character, admirably constructed, of the finest

woods, carefully matched and contrasted, enlivened by exquisite carving, gilding, and inlaying, and by the introduction of precious stones, ivory, and metal; and, with some exceptions, executed in pure, sometimes severe, taste, which showed how Art teaching and study had done their work in a quarter of a century.

We have not said half enough of this magnificent Exhibition; in fact, we have only culled a few of the flowers in that brilliant field; but space and various conditions must be considered, and we must pass to other subjects, with the general remark that

M. DUCEL is the great manufacturer of works in cast iron, to whom Paris is so largely indebted for the grace and elegance that supply so many of the adornments of its streets. The five

engravings we give are copied from his Lamp-posts, or Lamp-stands; those chiefly that hold movable lamps, or are intended to be surmounted by vases. Our illustrations convey sufficient



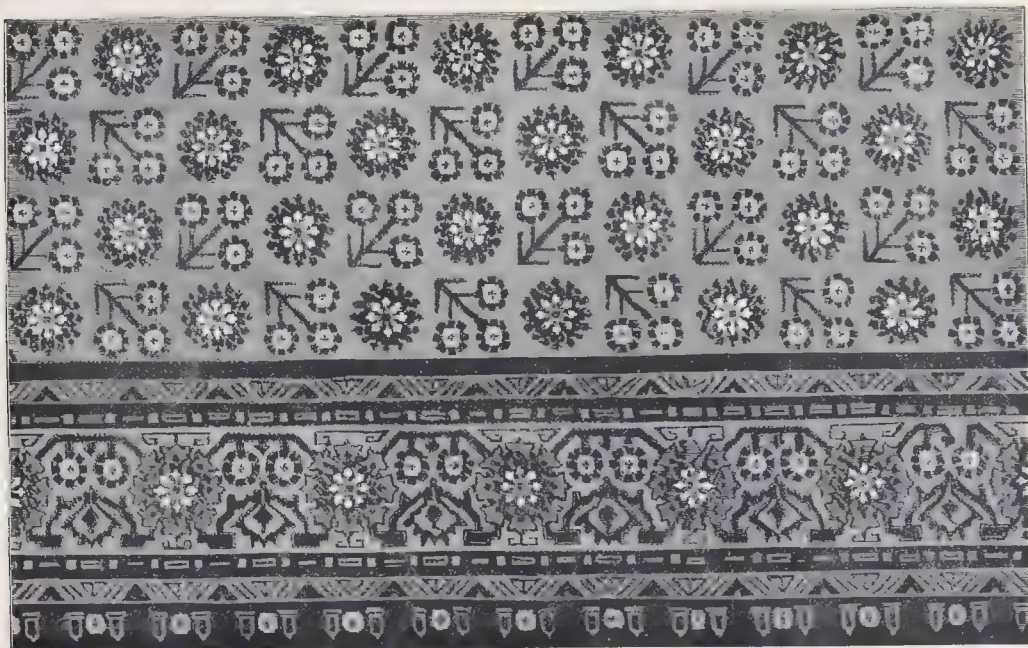
idea of the designs, but they can give none as to the remarkable clearness, sharpness, and delicacy of the casting, which is gene-

rally as brilliant as if the metal employed were bronze instead of iron. The rank of the eminent manufacturer is of the highest.

as in gold and other metal work, in ceramic ware, in decorated cabinet-work, so in textile manufactures of all kinds, there were exhibited in the Champ de Mars, in 1867, a general improvement in taste, and an amount of refinement in execution and delicacy in the application of ornament of all kinds and in the use of colour, which surpassed the expectations of the most enthusiastic advocates of Art education. The general character of the improvement, too, was very marked; for while in former revivals it has often happened that improved methods of decoration have been applied to inelegant forms, the progress now evinced related to form as much as to ornamentation, and tended generally towards grace and away from extravagance in ornament.

In 1871 was commenced at South Kensington a series of exhibitions which were international, but not universal. The experiment was not successful, but it would be a mistake altogether to condemn the principle adopted. Supposing an exhibition to be merely a means of improving those already interested in, or attracted by, a certain industry, there can be little question that a complete collection of the productions of one, two, or three kinds would be more beneficial than a less complete and more mixed collection, and that the absence of crowds and excitement would be a positive benefit. But when we regard exhibitions as not for the improvement of workmen, manufacturers, and students only, but also for the general artistic and industrial education of the whole nation, then the

This page contains two examples of Carpets contributed by the firm of HENDERSON & Co., of Durham; the one is of their patent "Axminster," the other a "Wilton" (of which we give the border only). The names distinguish the higher order of



work, but Messrs. Henderson claim to have made approaches to the original products at very much less cost. The Axminster is simple and pure in design, the Wilton more elaborate; both

are highly effective. They owe much to the advantage of judiciously arranged and harmoniously blended colours, which here we cannot give them. The firm of Henderson & Co. has



been long established, and honourably recognised at the several Exhibitions—of 1851 and 1862, and in those at Paris in 1855 and

1867, and also in those of New York, Dublin, Vienna, and Philadelphia, at all of which they obtained honorary medals.

excitement and discussion which are the natural consequences of large and extraordinary undertakings supply the stimulus and the impetus which it would be almost impossible to create in any other way.

The most prominent feature in the first of these exhibitions was the collection of china, earthenware, and other pottery, and terra-cotta work, from all parts of the world; certainly the most brilliant ceramic exhibition ever yet seen, and the part which our own manufacturers took was a very large one.

In the interval between 1867 and 1871 the English manufac-

turers had made excellent progress, and, generally speaking, in form, in colour, and in taste there was proof of undeniable improvement; while, if there were little in the material itself, it was because it had already nearly reached perfection. France had but just emerged from a fearful conflict, and could prepare nothing new for the occasion, but the few contributions from Sèvres and other ceramic works fully maintained the reputation of French Art pottery.

After some delay our neighbours made a brilliant show, and the productions of Paris especially attracted universal admira-

We engrave seven of the contributions of WEDGWOOD and SON, of Etruria; the name has a magic in-



fluence for all who love ceramic art. The productions of the great predecessor, no doubt, influence for good



his successors, but it is sure that the fame handed down by the one

to the other has been prejudicial, and not beneficial, to



the firm by which the works are carried on—the grand-



son and great-grandson of the illustrious Josiah. It will



be seen from the specimens we give that some of the

old forms are retained; so, indeed, of the old ornamental groups and figures; but in the



productions of the present firm there is much that is original as well as excellent: they will



take rank among the best of British potters, and continue the honours of the name.

tion. Amongst the most striking of them were works in bronze, gilt and silvered, and decorated with exquisite *repoussé* and chased work worthy of the best days of Italian Art, and marked by much charming invention, if not actual originality. The exquisite enamelled work on gold and other metals referred to above showed decided advance, both in design and execution. Lastly, the adaptations of Oriental and other modes of ornament were marvels of taste and skill, and new to almost everybody out of Paris. These consisted of true *cloisonné*

enamels—also produced by Messrs. Elkington & Co. with great success—and in some instances, in a modified form, two or more tints being introduced into each cell; bronze-work, with panels of true *cloisonné*, or incised enamels; inlaid metal-work, after the manner of the Japanese; and lastly, glass lamps and vessels decorated with enamelled work in the old Moorish style, a manufacture of great difficulty, and, when not over-elaborated, extremely pleasing.

The next Universal Exhibition which occurred was that held

Messrs. STEEL and GARLAND, of Sheffield, are among the most eminent manufacturers of stoves, grates, and fenders. They have obtained renown at all exhibitions, and fully uphold

it in this of 1878. We select for engraving one of their many contributions; it is a Grate of iron, inlaid with brass *repoussé*, from a design furnished by Mr. Talbert, a skilful and successful



designer of Art manufactures. The figures represent Poetry and Music. All the ornamental parts are in good taste. The Grate is one of eight contributed by Messrs. Steel and Garland;

it is needless to say they rank high as examples of finished workmanship. Of their Fenders we may hereafter give examples, for they alone represent this division of a staple trade of England.

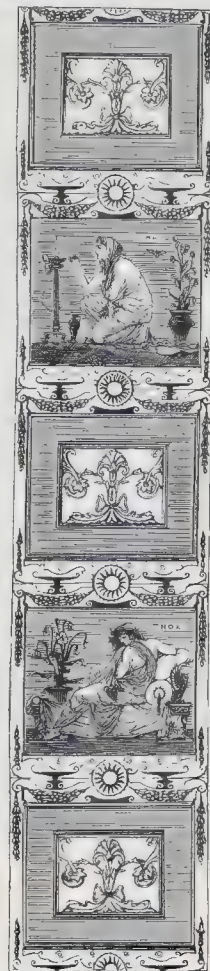
in Vienna in 1873. The capital of Austria had not all the attractions of that of Paris; the distance from the west of Europe formed a serious difficulty, yet more than 42,000 exhibitors presented themselves, and in spite of tropical heat, cholera, and deadly fevers, the visits averaged 39,000 a day, and the total exceeded seven millions and a quarter.

In 1876 occurred the Philadelphia Exhibition, which was held in several separate buildings, some of which remain permanent ornaments of the beautiful park of Fairmount, where the Exhibition was held; the five principal buildings—there were innumerable small pavilions, mosques, &c., not included—gave a covered area of nearly 48 acres. The Exhibition was open

159 days, and the total number of visits amounted to nearly ten millions, giving an average of almost 62,000 daily; but the most extraordinary fact with respect to number is, that in one day it reached 274,913, thus exceeding the highest total attained in a day in Paris in 1867 by more than 100,000. The cause of these immense numbers may be sought partly in the fact that everybody travels in the United States, but more, we venture to think, in the admirable arrangements which were made for conveyance, lodging, and refreshments of all kinds, and the moderation of the charges for such accommodation, supplying a lesson that should never be forgotten.

The principal objects of Industrial Art were fully illustrated

Of the productions of Messrs. MAW & Co., of Broseley, we supply a second page—engravings of their designs for Panels,



Slabs, and Sides of Fireplaces. It will be seen, on the most cursory inspection, that the designs are by first-class artists,

and the results may be described, generally, as skilful and excellent paintings on durable earthenware.

at the time in our columns, so that it is not necessary to dwell upon this Exhibition at any length. There is one point, however, which demands a few words, namely, the progress which was shown in the Art manufactures of the United States. This was very conspicuous in the works of the silversmiths. The Gorham Company, of New York and Providence, produced a grand piece of plate, a centenary vase, designed by Messrs. Wilkinson and Pairpoint, artists attached to the establishment, a vase, a centre-piece for a table service, and other articles,

which exhibited considerable ingenuity and much excellent workmanship. Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, another eminent silversmith's establishment, which had already won honours in Europe, showed some remarkable work, proving that the sculptural—the highest department of the worker in metal—had been cultivated in the States with much success. Messrs. Caldwell & Co., of Philadelphia, exhibited articles of plate, some after classic types, others of simple form, with ornamentation composed of flowers and foliage executed in *repoussé* in a

We engrave a page of the contributions of a famous house of Sheffield—productions in the style that has made



the name famous for centuries, but which modern inventions have in a



measure set at nought. These are examples of the good old Sheffield Plated Goods, made to wear and to

last. They are contributions from the works of Messrs. RIDGE, WOODCOCK, and HARDY,



and comprise all the many varieties indicated by the term—the graceful and indispensable



acquisitions of English homes. Our selections have been made to show that variety.

manner that revealed the true Art workman. Messrs. Reed and Barton, of New York, and Taunton, Massachusetts, made a remarkably fine show, by which the attainments of the silversmiths of the United States referred to above are again forcibly illustrated. The Middleton Silver Plate Company, of Middleton, Connecticut, were also important exhibitors, and their works showed, like the before mentioned, great skill in modelling and chasing. The Philadelphia Exhibition was certainly a triumph for the American workers in the precious metals.

The application of true Art to other metals was admirably

illustrated in a stove, grate, and fender of Gothic character, showing much ingenuity in adaptation and ornament, by Messrs. W. H. Jackson & Co., of New York; and in a grand cast-iron fountain, in the most elaborate form of the Renaissance, from the J. L. Mott iron works of New York, entirely designed, modelled, and executed by the artists and Art workmen of the establishment—a very fine work.

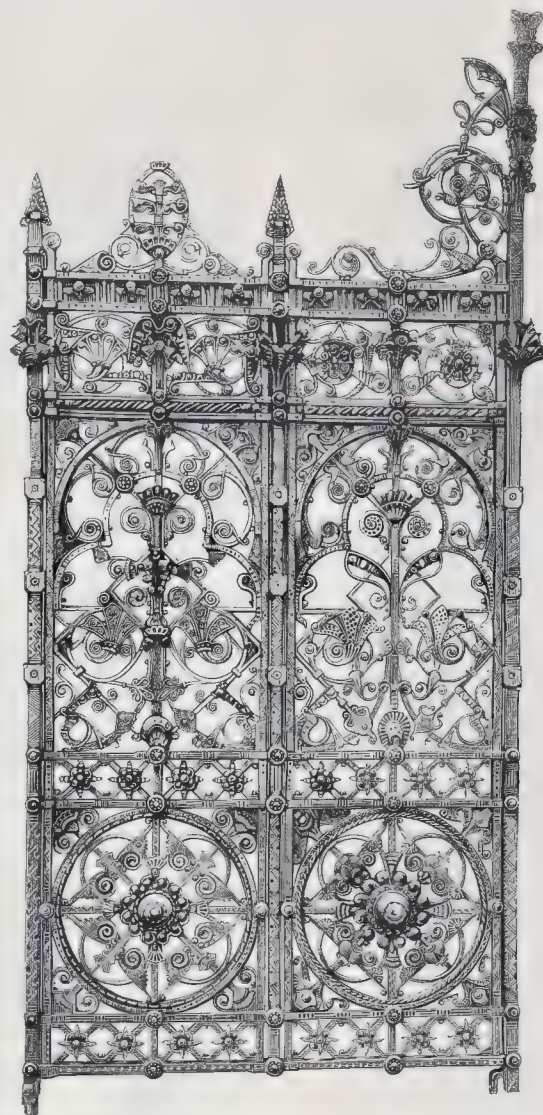
There was similar evidence of progress in design in the productions of Mr. Shasty, of New York; Messrs. Decker Brothers, of the same city; and some other manufacturers of decorative

On this page we engrave two of the very high-class metal-works of Messrs. JONES and WILLIS, of Birmingham, and also of London ;



the Gates are of wrought iron, the Standard is of wrought brass. The latter is a Seven-branch Gas Sanctuary Standard, 13 feet high, in the

Late Gothic style ; the uppermost part is supported by a tricolunar shaft borne by a tripod base resting on three dragons. The wrought-iron Entrance Gates are designed in the spirit of the Early Gothic ; they are hammered iron by the ordinary black-



smith's tools. That this may be apparent to connoisseurs, they have been left without superficial decoration of any kind. The weight of the Gates is about four tons.

furniture. We may mention especially an elegant sideboard in solid oak by the former firm, and a pianoforte case by the latter : in both instances the lines are full of harmony, and the carving is remarkably good ; and in the latter case some delicate inlaying in various coloured woods, relieved with bronze, exhibit much taste and skill.

We have said that modelling and sculpture seem to be a favourite and successful art in the United States, and, were it necessary, we might cite the names of Greenhow, Story, Spence, and other well-known artists in support of that view. Amongst

sculptured works at the Exhibition was a fountain by the late Miss Margaret Foley, for some time resident in Rome, who has carved for herself a high reputation. Lastly, we must mention a mantel-piece by Messrs. Gauchere & Co., of New York, executed in the beautiful greenish-white stone known in France as Algerian onyx, the design and carving of which are admirable.

THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

THE Paris Exhibition of 1878 surpasses that of 1867, as regards extent, as much as the latter surpassed that of 1855 ; but some

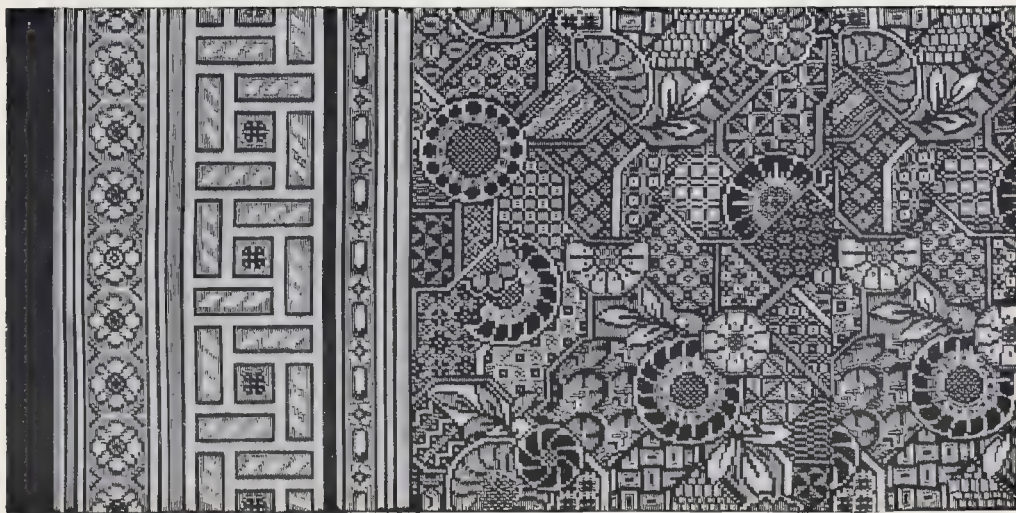
Messrs. WILLIS & Co. are eminent manufacturers of Carpets in the long-famous town of Kidderminster, where they produce

the several classes of fabric—excepting that which was so long extensively manufactured there, and which, from some cause



unexplained, is no longer produced in that capital of the manufacture. Supported by a staff of able and experienced artists,

they issue excellent and appropriate designs, and sustain the renown they achieved long ago. No doubt our English Art



manufacturers will maintain their supremacy in the productions of this important class of Art; important "all the world over,"

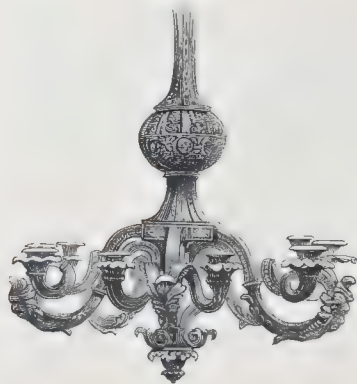
but especially so in England, where a home without a carpet would be as singular as would be a room without a fireplace.

reservation has to be made. Other works not belonging to the Exhibition proper have enormously increased the extent of the undertaking, which has been a very difficult one admirably carried out. The Trocadéro, a hill on the opposite side of the river to the Champ de Mars, and which takes its name from a French victory, has gone through an extraordinary number of changes. Long since it was the site of a convent, and in digging the foundations of the present buildings a number of coffins with the remains of the nuns within them were discovered; later, it was found that the hill was composed of stone

of a quality far superior to that generally found in the Paris quarries, and the greater part of the hill had been honeycombed by the old miners, so that when the present building was commenced the work of laying the foundations and supporting the enormous pressure of the ground at the back was almost Cyclopean. The foot-walls had to be carried, of course, to the lowest level of the old quarry, and the sustaining wall had been constructed in the manner of a fortification.

Once it was determined to build here a palace for the Roi de Rome, the ill-fated son of Napoleon; then for a long time it lay

Few can have passed the large establishment of Mr. GARDNER, in the Strand, London, without remarking



evidence of good taste, purity of design, and excellence



of workmanship, conspicuous in all the productions that are seen publicly. His largest business is in

Lamps, of all orders, of all sizes, and for all purposes. The productions he contributes to Paris are principally Chandeliers; they will seem very simple in the eyes of Parisian fabricants, and are certainly more in accord-



ance with English than French taste, but they are such as grace the majority of our drawing-rooms, and will not overbear and overweigh the other furnishing of graceful and elegant domestic homes. No doubt Mr.



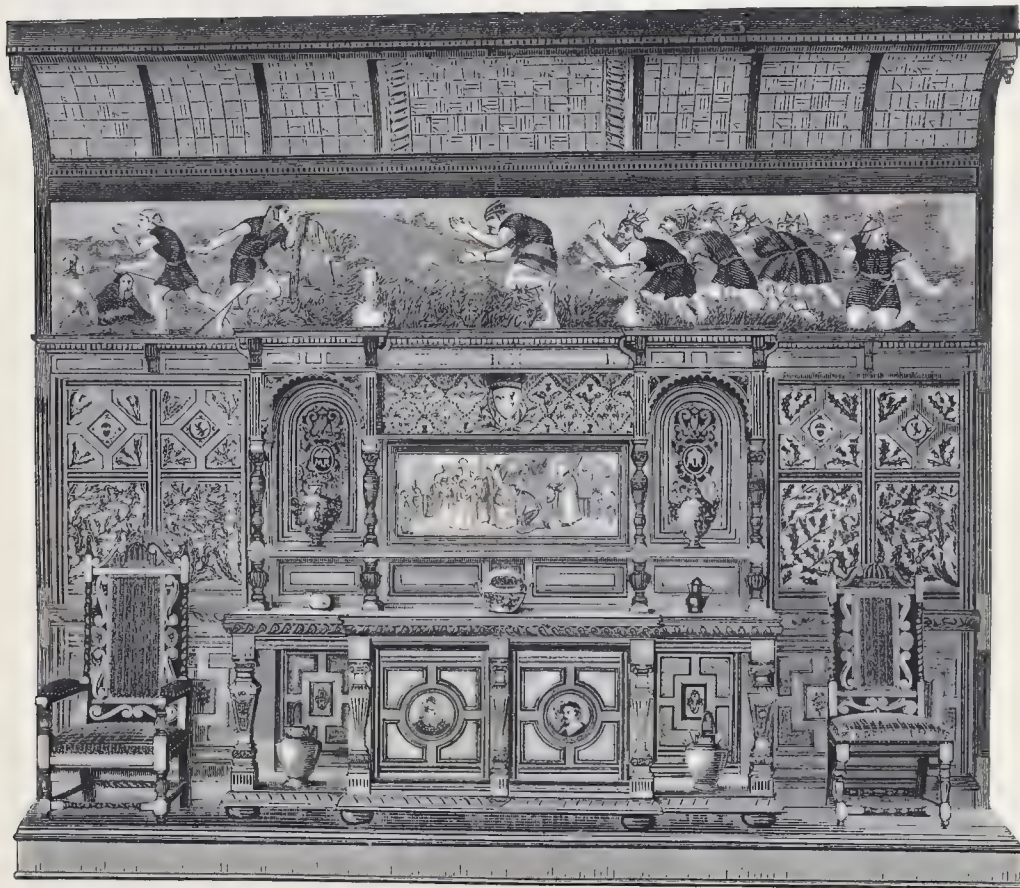
Gardner does frequently produce articles that are, in one sense, greater, but he has preferred to exhibit only those which unite neatness with beauty, and are happy combinations of glass with metal: such as suit every house.

entirely waste, the populace of Paris climbing up its rugged sides, or descending from the plain behind it to witness the evolutions of the soldiers on the Champ de Mars. The directors of the International Exhibition of 1867 determined to turn it to some account, and a large sum of money was spent in forming it into a pleasure ground, in which condition it remained till the grand plan of the present Exhibition again disturbed it. Now the hill is crowned with a handsome building, consisting of a central amphitheatre, or *Palais des Fêtes*, of a circular form, and capable of holding four thousand four hundred persons; on the

boulevard behind are a grand façade and entrance; right and left are two noble vestibules supported by polished pillars of the beautiful Jura stone; while above the vestibules and entrance hall are concert-rooms or conference chambers which accommodate five hundred spectators, and a number of smaller rooms. From each side of this grand central building extend wings which embrace nearly the whole of the hill, and curving forward terminate in square pavilions at some distance down the hill. The total length of the building and wings is about 1,300 feet. The entire front towards the Seine is colonnaded, and the central portion

Mr. THOMAS HALL, house decorator, of Edinburgh, exhibits a work of considerable merit. It is a very agreeable picture of decorated furniture and wall-panelling for a dining-room, of the Marie Stuart period. We avail ourselves of a description with which the artist-manufacturer has furnished us:—"The centre of the space is occupied by a Buffet constructed in two stages. Upon the lower panels are painted heads of Queen Mary and

Darnley. Upon the centre panel of the upper portion is a picture representing the landing of the youthful Queen Mary at Brest, in France, in the year 1548, accompanied by her four little maids of honour. The other panels of the buffet are painted in imitation of leather, with the armorial bearings and monogram of 'Marie.' Over the buffet is a frieze in imitation of tapestry, the subject being the Legend of the Thistle, the national



emblem of Scotland. The story goes that when the Danes invaded Scotland, they resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved when a Dane unluckily stepped with his foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms and

defeated the foe with great slaughter. The other panels are filled with a diaper of thistles and fleurs-de-lis, while in the coved upper wall are displayed the Royal Arms of Scotland, and also those of Marie, Darnley, Arran, Lennox, the City of Edinburgh, and the Order of the Thistle. On each side of the buffet is placed a carved chair of same period, viz. sixteenth century." The whole work is creditable to Scotland.

has an upper gallery; thus hundreds of visitors may promenade and enjoy a charming view of the Exhibition opposite, of Paris on the left, the suburbs on the right, the sparkling river below giving animation and freshness to the scene. A still more extensive view is obtained from the summit of one of the towers of the *Palais des Fêtes*, in which is a hydraulic lift; the top of these towers is said to be 200 feet above the surface of the river. The *Palais des Fêtes* and its adjuncts form a section of the Exhibition; the former being devoted to grand concerts of music composed since 1830, with a noble organ,

an orchestra, and a chorus of four or five hundred performers, and to military and popular concerts, and the other *salles* to chamber concerts and musical societies, and scientific congresses.

The magnificent galleries in the wings, divided into several distinct *salons*, but all connected by openings decorated with great taste by the painter and mosaic worker, are devoted to retrospective Art, the contents being contributions from nearly all the museums and private collections of any importance in the world—northern or southern, oriental or occidental. We hope

M. JULES GRAUX, of whose contributions we engrave two on this page, is one of the most eminent of the bronze manufacturers of Paris, and, like those of so many of his compeers, his works supply indubitable evidence of the inspiration they

care. We have selected an example of his Pendules. There is no bronzist who does not make such works his especial study; for there are very few houses throughout France in the *salon*



derive from Art. His productions are well known and highly esteemed in England. They are creations of veritable artists, manipulated by experienced skill, and finished with sufficient

to have much to say at a future period about this marvellous illustration of the handiwork of ages; but at present we will only add that the direction of this portion of the Exhibition is in the hands of some of the ablest *savants* in France, and that the collection is arranged in neat glazed tables and wall-cases of a few types, simple and compound, in such a manner as to place the whole before the eyes of visitors in the most systematic, and, at the same time, the most effective manner.

From each side of the grand *salle*, and from each of the ter-



of which, however humble, there is not one. Moreover, Paris is the principal source from whence such *objets de luxe* are scattered throughout the world. England produces few of them.

minal pavilions of the wings, are imposing flights of steps connecting the buildings with the garden, and four other secondary flights lead from the intermediate portions of the long galleries, an arrangement which saves visitors much fatigue.

In the centre of the grounds is a cascade which falls from the top of the hill to the bottom, over bold gradients of Jura stone, amidst fountains and rockwork and a profusion of flowers, and decorated with emblematic statues and groups of animals executed specially for the occasion by many of the first sculptors of France. This cascade will in future form one of the

The firm of MARSHALL & Co., of Edinburgh, has for a long period ranked among the foremost of provincial goldsmiths and



jewellers. They have taken honours in all the leading exhibitions. They largely contribute minor Art works, the produce of their skilfully and rightly directed establishment in the Scottish capital.

these graceful and effective productions,

Visitors to Scotland are accustomed to see these national memorials of the country, and to acquire them as reminders of scenes and circumstances it must be always pleasant to recall. They



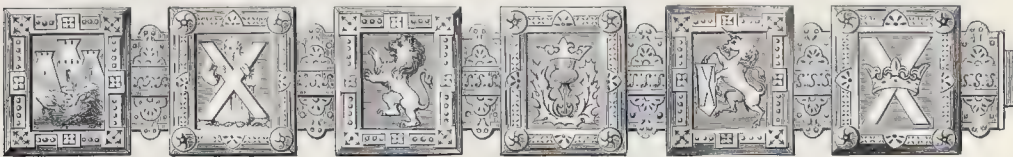
although of much elegance and appro-



Those they have sent us for engraving are Locketts, Brooches, Crosses, and Bracelets, composed and arranged with taste and judgment. They are of silver, the ornamentation being of black enamel:

appropriate for wear, are not of costly character.

are, no doubt, sold to thousands: it is therefore of first-rate importance that they should be good and pure as examples of Art. No doubt other manufactures are useful Art aids in this way;



but the productions of Marshall & Co. have long been, and will probably continue to be, the best of the peculiar class of Art work.

prominent features of Paris, as do the fountains of Versailles, and will doubtless be played on all fête and special holidays, like the latter; the palace and the gardens becoming, after the closing of the Exhibition, the property of the municipality.

The machinery of the cascade and fountains, so to speak, is enormous. Opposite the grand entrance of the *Palais des Fêtes*, on the top of the hill, is constructed an elegant basin of colossal dimensions, surrounded by beautiful flowers and fine trees; this receives the overflow of two immense reservoirs that supply the city with water, in itself a huge volume, but quite

insufficient for the requirements here: the deficiency is obtained from the river at hand, raised by pumps worked by machinery of 250 horse power, which may be seen on the bank of the river below. From the huge basin thus fed the water passes beneath the palace, dashes foaming down the cascade, and is shot upwards by numbers of fountains, by the sides of the cascade, and in a second grand basin below; but all these together scarcely equal the superb fountain in the great basin above. This basin is fitted with three sets of pipes of various diameters, and consequently under various degrees of pressure, which together

M. SERVANT, a renowned ebeniste of Paris, maintains the high rank he has long held among the foremost cabinet-makers of France. The two of his works we engrave on this page are a Jardinière, style Louis Seize.



the central band being enamelled in tints, and a classic Table supported by four figures of flute musicians, an adapted copy

from the original in the British Museum. These are by no means the only productions contributed by the firm; it largely



aids the Exhibition

by works that claim supremacy in the art of which M. Servant is a leading professor.

throw up a sheaf of jets which has, we believe, no equal. Having served all these purposes, the water continues its progress through pipes laid across the *Pont de Jena*, beneath the broad wooden platform which covers the bridge for the accommodation of the Exhibition public—another bridge being provided near at hand for the general foot-passengers—and supplies not only the fountains in the grounds of the Champ de Mars, but all the

needs of the Exhibition, which are enormous: a full day's supply has been stated at twenty thousand tons.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the gardens are laid out with admirable skill, and are resplendent with the floral gems of nearly all parts of the world. In the grounds is also another special attraction—the aquarium, which is curious, its tanks and labyrinth-like passages being hewn out of the

This page contains eight figures, engraved from productions of

give hereafter; at present we must leave the charming works to



the GOVERNMENT TAPESTRY WORKS at Beauvais. They are



make their own impressions. We shall be called upon to engrave many productions of the renowned works at Beauvais, which



of great excellence in design. The names of the artists we shall



are maintained by the Government in all their pristine vigour.

solid stone of the hill, which the old quarrymen seem to have overlooked.

In the grounds are a number of auxiliary buildings, some curiously interesting Chinese and Japanese pagodas and pavilions, an Algerian, a Persian, a Tunisian palace with café and Arab singers, and many others, to some of which we shall have to return.

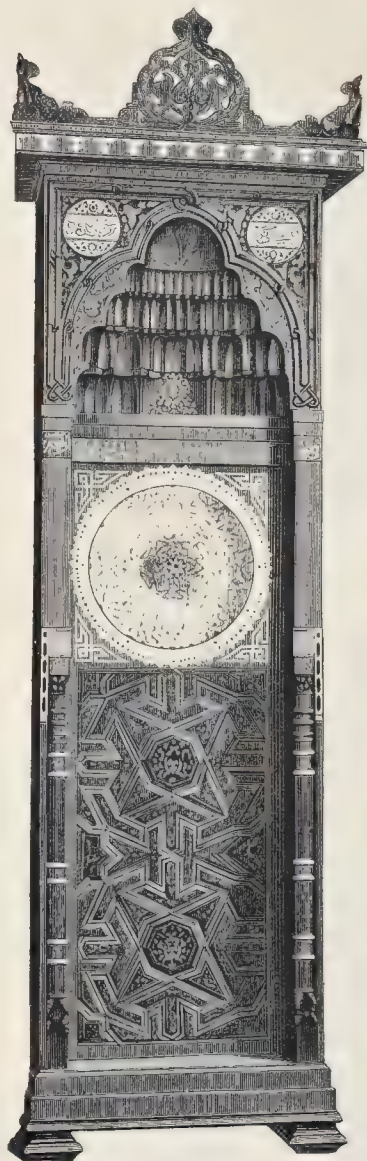
The Exhibition proper occupies the Champ de Mars, which has an area of about one hundred acres, half of the Quai d'Orsay adjoining, with two-thirds of the esplanade of the

Invalides in addition. These outlying portions are specially devoted to the agricultural section and particular exhibitions of cattle and other animals. If to these be added the Trocadéro, with the adjoining quay—for on each side of the river the general traffic, tramway included, is carried on in a deep cutting executed for that special purpose, with a bridge over it for the use of visitors to the Exhibition—we have an area of about one hundred and ninety acres, entirely enclosed within palings, which, if set in a straight line, would extend nearly six miles.

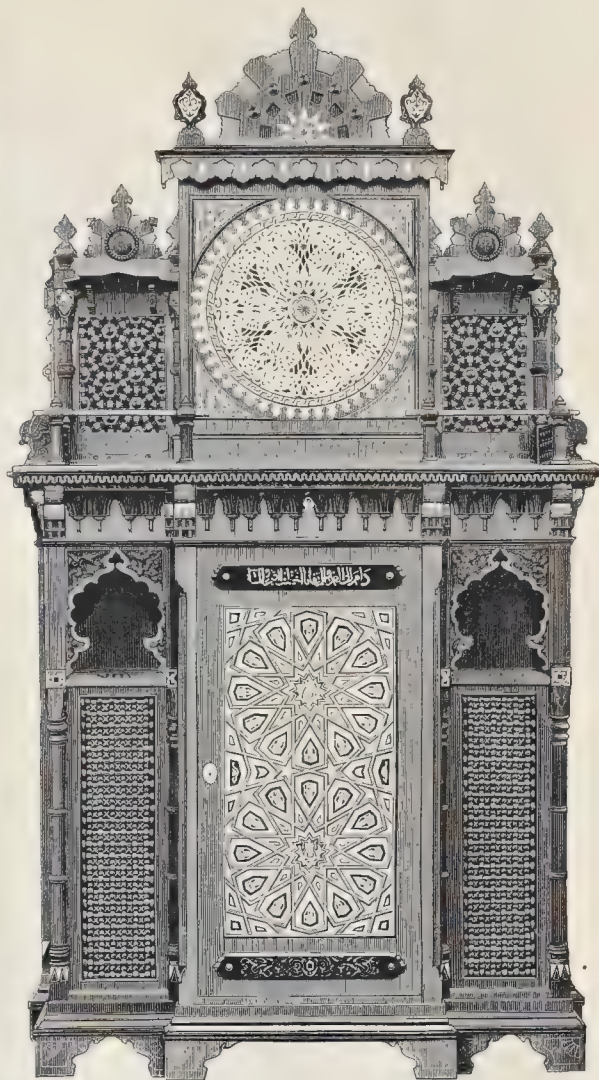
The Exhibition building of 1867 occupied the centre of the

We devote another page to the carved furniture works manufactured and exhibited by PARVIS, of

upon the country of his adoption. His name has long been associated with an important manufacture of Egypt, and many visitors to a people deeply interesting to England have supplied themselves with examples of his skill



Cairo, whose productions have conferred honour



and ability. The style is naturally, and indeed necessarily, Egyptian; and the woods used by the artist-manufacturer are chiefly those that are products of the fertile soil. They are very varied as well as remarkably peculiar.

Champ de Mars, was ovoid in form, and measured, in round numbers, 1,600 feet in length, and 1,250 in breadth. The present building is rectangular, and measures 2,275 feet by 1,625 feet. Like the previous structure on the same spot, the present is all on one floor; there are no galleries, consequently no steps, and, moreover, no dark spots below.

The Exhibition of the present year has no central nave, but it has the grandest vistas ever roofed over. The front vestibule supplies an admirable clue to the whole design; it is more than 1,600 feet long and 80 feet wide, yet it is but the ante-chamber to

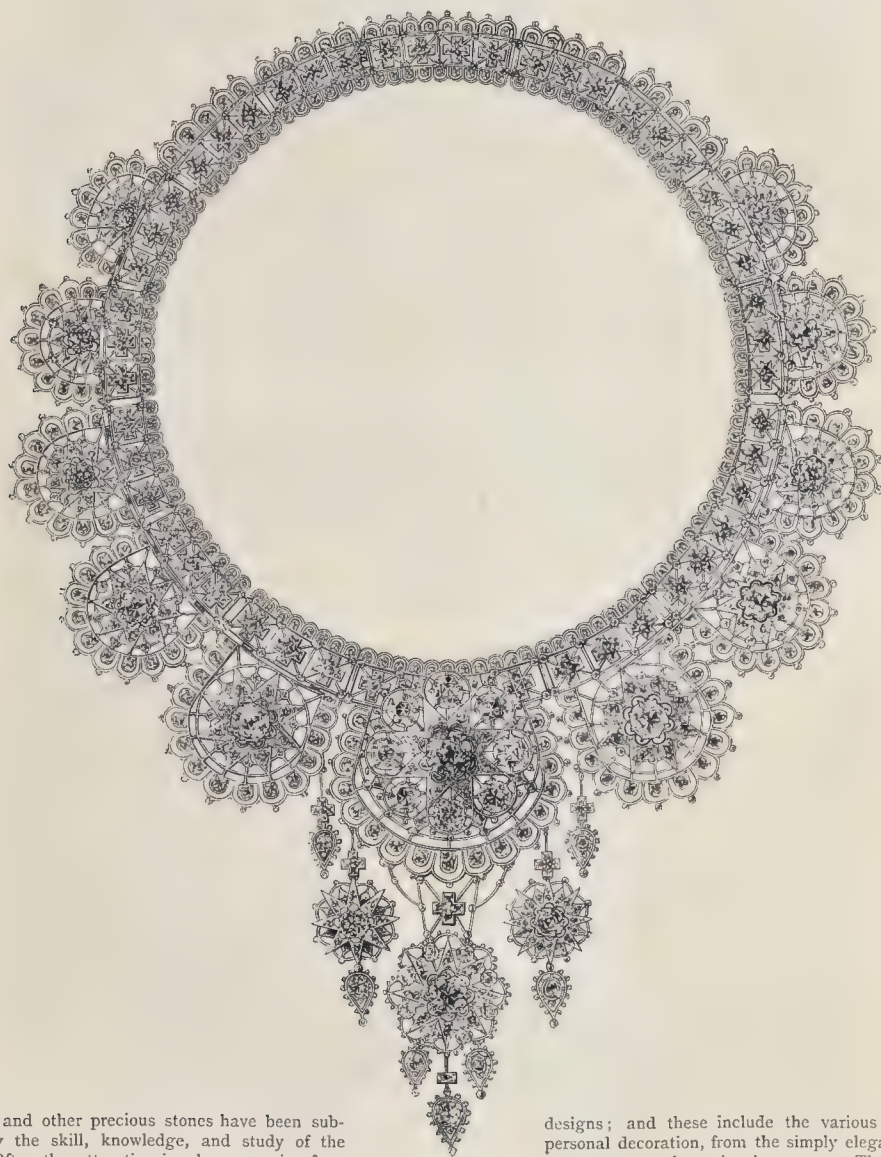
the palace. The decoration of this vestibule calls for a few special remarks. An experiment has been made which will doubtless be regarded variously by different persons. The treatment of the building as an iron structure has been disregarded almost entirely, and for the first time we see an iron roof filled in with a decorated plaster ceiling.

ON THE DECORATION OF IRON BUILDINGS.

GREAT iron buildings are an outcome of grand exhibitions, and, for a long time at any rate, the former will be characteristic of the

Among the highest of the jewellers of Paris is the long-renowned firm of ROUVENAT & Co. Their "show" at the

Exhibition is amazing, not only for its enormous cost, but for the grace and beauty, and pure taste in Art, to which the



brilliant and other precious stones have been subjected by the skill, knowledge, and study of the artist. Often the attractive jewels are copies from fine old models, but more frequently they are from original

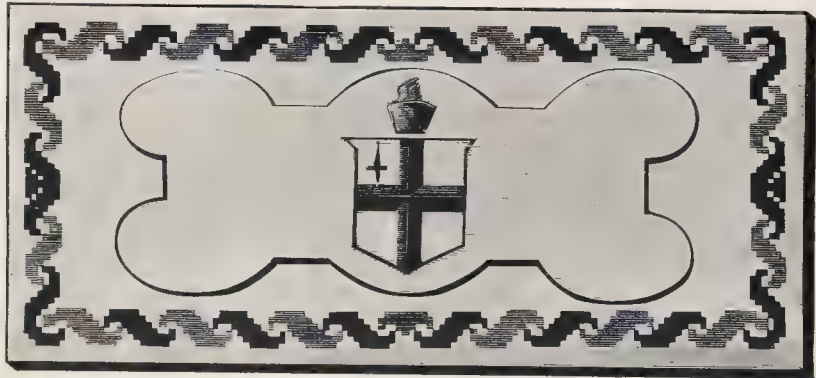
designs; and these include the various classes of personal decoration, from the simply elegant ring to the *parure* worth a prince's ransom. The object we engrave on this page may be accepted as a key to the collection.

latter. Now, when an iron shed is raised to cover carriages or any other objects, ordinary or important, it is treated as a shed—useful, but not necessarily, and scarcely possibly, ornamental. Yet there are other materials as unpromising as iron: stone and marble, for instance, must have seemed almost as incapable of ornament as iron to those who first used them. A cyclopean wall is not a thing of much beauty, but when proportions and other questions come to be considered we arrive at Art; a fine Egyptian temple has a beauty of its own which it were vain now to question; and, coming down to simple

forms, a well-drawn pyramid is agreeable to the eye, and so is a fine base for a colossal group or statue, formed of all the elements of such a structure in due proportion, but without the sculptor's aid.

If, then, buildings constructed of stone, of marble, or of burnt clay of any sort, have been after a time brought under the rules of beauty and made to delight the world, and now form a science—the noblest at once of sciences and of arts—should there be any question that the ultimate effect of the consideration of proportion and other circumstances must be the production of

A large debt of gratitude is due to those who bring "common things" under the influence of Art. It is, therefore, with a



feeling far from humiliation that we introduce between the costly brilliants of Rouvenat and the rich tapestries of time-honoured Gobelin, examples of the humbler produce of the Art manufacturer. The one is but a common Door Mat, the fabric of



TRELOAR; the other only a common Bed Quilt from the well-known and extensive factory of O. HANLON, of Manchester.

an art and science of iron architecture? There is, in fact, no want of means of decorating iron; examples are not only numerous, but admirable and unsurpassed, from the simple, truly artistic hammered ornament of the Middle Ages, with all its after elaborations and aberrations, to the exquisite Art of a Vecti, a Wagner, a Ledeuil, or a Willms—to the marvellous loveliness that has been bestowed on that poor, cheap, despised cast iron by the united exertions of the carver and the moulder; or to the last triumph of the fret-saw, which almost converts slabs of metal into lacework.

We need not quit the British section to find examples of exquisite Art applied to iron and to other metals, whether hammered, cast, pierced, or chiselled; but for light castings the Berlin foundries still keep the lead, and for elaborate pierced work the French—the establishment of Madame Veuve being renowned for the beauty of its work in this class. As in the case of the arts of the Middle Ages, this last was perfected in a goldsmith's shop.

Now, these beautiful methods of decorating metals are, in the first place, non-architectural; and, in the second, they are very

This page contains two engraved copies from the seat-backs of couches, designed by M. J. DIETERLE, and produced at the National Tapestry Works of Beauvais. They are graceful com-

positions, the one of flowers, the other of fruits, and, as with the principal contributions of Paris to this Exhibition, as well as to other exhibitions, they give evidence of the true Art teaching of the



schools of France. It is to this Art teaching the manufacturers of all classes and orders are indebted for much of their supremacy—advantages that have long placed them foremost among

the producers of Europe. England has, indeed, of late years entered into competition with France, and certainly not without augmented honour; its manufacture at least maintains the



high character long ago obtained. And although our schools have as yet done too little in the way of giving to the various processes the value they would unquestionably derive from

Art, we are undoubtedly making sure progress, and may ere long be the rivals of the nation that has hitherto led the van. It has been so in some cases, and it may be so in others.

costly: the desideratum is a method of finishing off iron buildings without too great an expenditure of money, and in such a manner as to produce an harmonious whole.

The two buildings erected on the Champ de Mars for exhibition purposes—that used in 1867 and that of 1878—present capital examples of their class: in the chief element of their construction they are almost identical, in their general form they are utterly different. The identical element is the grand pillar constructed of plate iron, cut or rolled to the required form, and built up with the aid of rivets with bold, well-developed, rounded

heads. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not see either one or the other of these buildings, we may state that the pillars of the present building are 80 feet high, tapering in width to the top; that each is more than 2 feet broad on its face, and measures, from the iron wall in its rear, 3 feet or more in depth. Here is undoubtedly an element of much grandeur.

Let us now turn for a moment to the general form. The former building was called oval; it was not a true oval, not even an ovoid: it consisted of a short central portion finished off with two semicircular ends. The effect was compared to that of "a

Of the carved Art works of GEORGE ALFRED ROGERS we give examples. They are pure and beautiful specimens of Art, both



in design and execution. The artist has found many patrons: | his productions are, to the full, appreciated, and his ad-



mirable works are making their way into the best mansions of | the kingdom. But Mr. Rogers was educated in a good school.

large gasometer;" but the pillars had an amount of character which should have saved it from such a comparison. But, like the present building, the wall and the window-frames between the pillars presented no character. We can imagine grand pillars of this kind used much in the same way, but without ridiculous imitation, as the fine buttresses of old cathedrals, giving a superb finish to a structure; we can imagine windows formed of beautiful tracery, not tracery as applied to stone, but to metal-work—free, flowing, but halting short of the fantastical; we can imagine the pillars connected together

by noble pieces of other ironwork, in the form of balconies, brackets, &c.; we can imagine such pillars finished off as the most exquisite of pinnacles, and melting, as it were, into harmony where they and the roof meet. There would be no real difficulty about all this, while upon and around such a structure iron and bronze statues and decorative castings would fall easily into place; and as to the possibilities of effective ornamentation of iron structures with gold, silver, brass, copper, or gilt metal—that is to say, of ornament rich and appropriate, or sparse and severe—we have only to look back at the

ÉMILE PHILIPPE has taken honours in all exhibitions where the artist-manufacturer has competed. It was not likely that he would neglect in 1878 the duty he owed to Art and to his country—a duty discharged with so much power in 1867, and



on other occasions when the Art manufacturers of the world | were summoned to competition. The two of his works we



engrave on this page are a "Richaud"—a species of tray under which spirit-fire is placed to produce heat—and a prize

Racing Cup. But probably we may be required to engrave other works of the eminent artist, of greater originality and grace.

works produced in our own country, since Pugin seized the ferule and ruled the world of Art industry, by such firms as Messrs. Hardmans, Barnard, Bishop, and Barnards, Skidmore, Cox, Singer, Hart, and the Coalbrookdale Company.

The problem of finishing off, so as to produce a certain amount of ornamental effect, an edifice of the size of the present, or even the former Exhibition building, at a moderate cost, is undoubtedly a difficult one. In 1867 it cannot be said to have been solved; after several experiments had been made with various colours, including bright green and creamy white, the whole of the

iron was painted as near the colour of the metal as possible, and the bolt-heads and projecting portions relieved by the application of gold bronze powder, a series of caryatides figures on a grand scale occupying the lower part of each pillar; and we believe we may assert that, generally speaking, no one ever took the slightest notice of the building after having once seen it, which must be regarded as testimony, negative it is true, in favour of the treatment adopted.

In the present instance the directors have not followed timidly in other people's footsteps; they have struck out a new plan,

Messrs. W. B. SIMPSON and SONS, of

of works; of nearly all, indeed, that are

page we at present engrave are of tiles



St. Martin's Lane (formerly of the Strand),



essential to "house decorating" of a refined and artistic order—a "business"



or painted slabs only: these are of much grace, originality, and beauty, as



are extensive contributors of many classes



they carry on with great success. - The



well as examples of pure and good Art.

and they have carried it out with the ability that has marked the execution of this enormous undertaking from its commencement. Such boldness fears not criticism, but rather invites it.

The present building consists of a series of pillars such as we have already described, between which, in the grand vestibule—the only portion in which any special decoration has been attempted—the whole of the upper half, on both sides, is occupied by window-frames, as is also the lower half of the front opposite the park; the lower portion on the other side consists simply of the end of the eight galleries which run from end to

end of the building, at right angles to the grand vestibule and that at the rear end. The pillars rise magnificently to the height of about 80 feet, and upon them rests, without any intervening frieze or covings, the ceiling, which is divided into several enormous square compartments that occupy the whole of the middle portion, and a triple series of long rectangular panels, nearly filling the remaining space, each of which is fitted with an oak frame, containing an ornamental casting. The middle compartments, referred to above, are not far short of 40 feet square; and the weight of a casting of that size, and the

MARSH, JONES, and CRIBB are extensive upholsterers, cabinet-makers, and decorators at Leeds. They exhibit, among other meritorious works, a Sideboard, designed by Mr. B. T. Talbot, made of wainscot oak and English brown oak, relieved with ebony bands and mouldings. The doors of the upper part are

ornamented with marquetry and carved panels, and are divided by richly carved columns, and supported at the ends by octagon pillars. The drawers in the table portion are elaborately carved in low relief in unpolished wainscot oak. The screen and pilasters are of English brown oak, with a rich leather



paper frieze. It is pleasant to know that the cabinet-makers and upholsterers of England are obtaining honourable distinction at the Exhibition in Paris. The firms that held highest places in 1867 have, it may be, fallen a little into the

shade; but new firms have risen to do credit to the Art productions of the kingdom. Of these we shall give examples in due course: they well suffice to uphold the renown of Great Britain in 1878 in a high class of Art productions.

enormous difficulty of securing it in place, will at once strike every one at all accustomed to decorative work. To obviate the difficulties of the case, a new kind of composition has been used, which is at once lighter and tougher not only than plaster of Paris, but than *carton-pierre* or *papier mâché*, and infinitely cheaper than either; it is known as "staff," and the ornaments in their frames as *châssis en staff*, and there appears no reason why there should not be a large application of it to decorative purposes. The chief material is the commonest tow—a very low-priced article—and this, having been steeped in a solu-

tion of plaster of Paris, is then moulded as desired, and afterwards prepared and painted just as if it were plaster. The outer strips on each side of the ceiling are reserved and treated as covings, with palm-branches on a red ground. The oblong compartments are filled in with ornamental band-work and leaves, coloured with maize, stone, and other low tints heightened by gold. The immense middle compartments are each filled by a single concave ornament with a centre convex, and having little more than the indication of a four-petaled flower; this is of a maize-like tint generally, but all the prominent parts are

The Candelabrum and Pendule engraved on this page are the works of M. G. SERVANT, of Paris. The name has long been honourably prominent among the bronze manufacturers of France; he is at once the artist and the maker of the works he exhibits,

the useful beautiful, and the beautiful useful. It is in works of this class that France continues to maintain ascendancy; indeed, her supremacy is so universally admitted, that in England attempts at competition are very rare, and seldom successful.



thoroughly comprehending the fit and proper use of the material he employs, and applying it only to the purpose for which it is rightly calculated. He combines large experience with good taste, and the result is invariably to give satisfaction, rendering



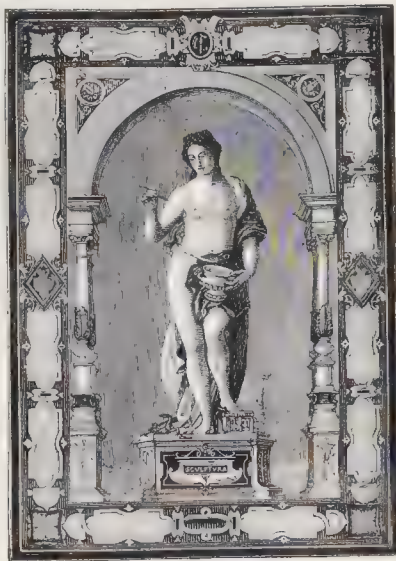
It will be seen, however, that there is at least one of our Art manufacturers who is confessedly a victor in the race for the highest and most honourable position in which true Art of high order, in combination with Art manufacture, can place him.

gilded, and shaded with dusky red. To describe such a painted ceiling without illustrations is almost hopeless, but those knowing anything of colour will be able to form some notion of the effect from what has been said. The ceiling is of the form of a flat waggon-head roof. Just below the coving, or that which occupies the position of a coving, are the top bars of the window-frames; these are designed in a way which is pretty certain to be followed in many cases—it is the adaptation of the casement system on a large scale and in iron. These windows are of great height and width: in the first place, a strip is separated

at top, and forms a kind of border; then the whole window is divided into nine equal parts by bars, and each of these parts is divided in the following manner:—A square is reserved in the centre of each division, the height of the square being equal to a third of that of the whole; then from the corners of these squares in both directions bars are introduced at an angle of 45 degrees, the result being that each division then has a square in the centre surrounded by four half-squares, or triangles, beyond which again are squares set corner-ways, as will be seen by drawing a square, and then tracing lines from all its angles,

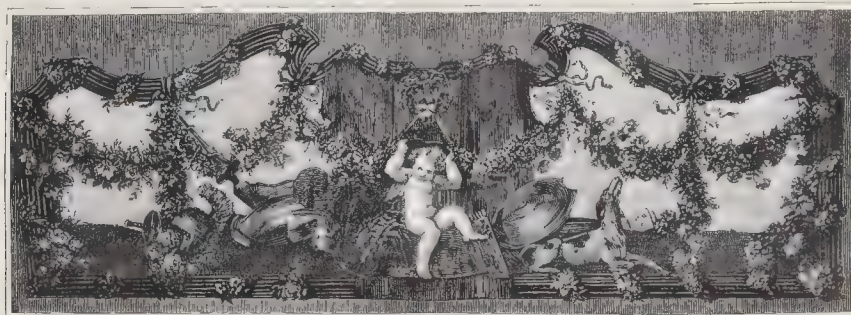
This page contains three other examples of Tapestries from the GOVERNMENT WORKS at Beauvais. The contributions of this establishment are numerous, and some of them of large size,

applied to purposes more essentially domestic—for screens, chair-backs, &c. Now, as in the long ago, artists of celebrity do not hesitate to aid and co-operate with the tapestry worker.



All the specimens are from designs by eminent French artists, and comprise every variety of the skill of the tapestry worker is able to fashion into effective pictures—pictures often used to cover walls, as they were in the olden time; but more frequently

nowadays the result is that the joint production becomes what we have termed it—a picture. The subject will, in due course, receive description and illustration in these pages: the manufacture of the grand and beautiful works, the renowned



"Gobelins" of old, is kept up with vigour by the present Government of France; and it is a pleasant duty to report that there is no falling off in the productions issued by the long-famous "factory." They are, perhaps, as excellent now as they were when the establishment was founded by the great minister,

Colbert. A history of that establishment would be a history of Art in France; for among the assistants first to form and then to establish its renown were some of the best artists, not only of France, but of other countries of the world, whose co-operation the wise and prudent minister had invited and secured.

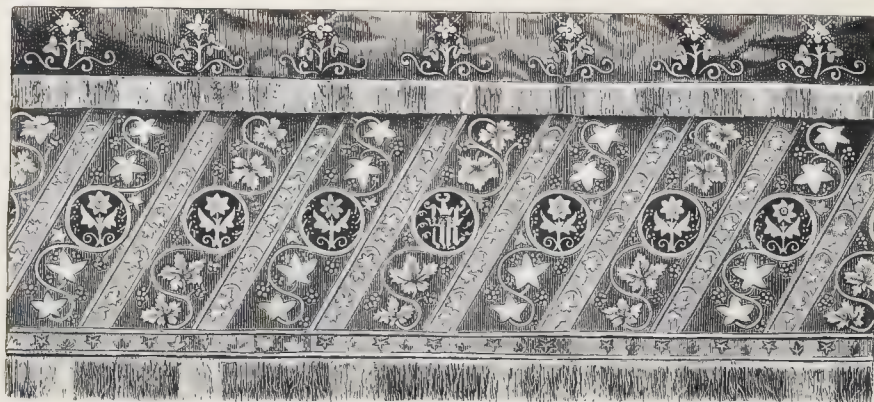
as above described. The central squares are of ground glass, or at least are rendered opaque; the triangles are coloured blue, with white scroll-work, by the use of stencil plates, and so on, white and blue alternating with each other. Between these cold blue windows there is nothing but the upper part of the iron pillars, without addition of any kind but paint and bronze powder. Just below the windows, gold medallions bearing the letters of the republic, R. F., on a diapered ground, are inserted in the face of the pillars in circular openings left for the purpose; and below, to the height of about 6 feet from the ground, are

three long panels filled in with "staff" casts, like those of the ceiling; these casts are ornamented with band-work and large leaves, and the colours employed partake of stone and maize, heightened with gold.

This description explains the general system of ornamentation applied to one of the most remarkable portions of the present Exhibition building, but it is not, and could not be, carried out uniformly. The vestibule has three domes over the three grand entrance doors, and the ceilings of these domes and of their junctions with the roof of the building, are decorated with ver-

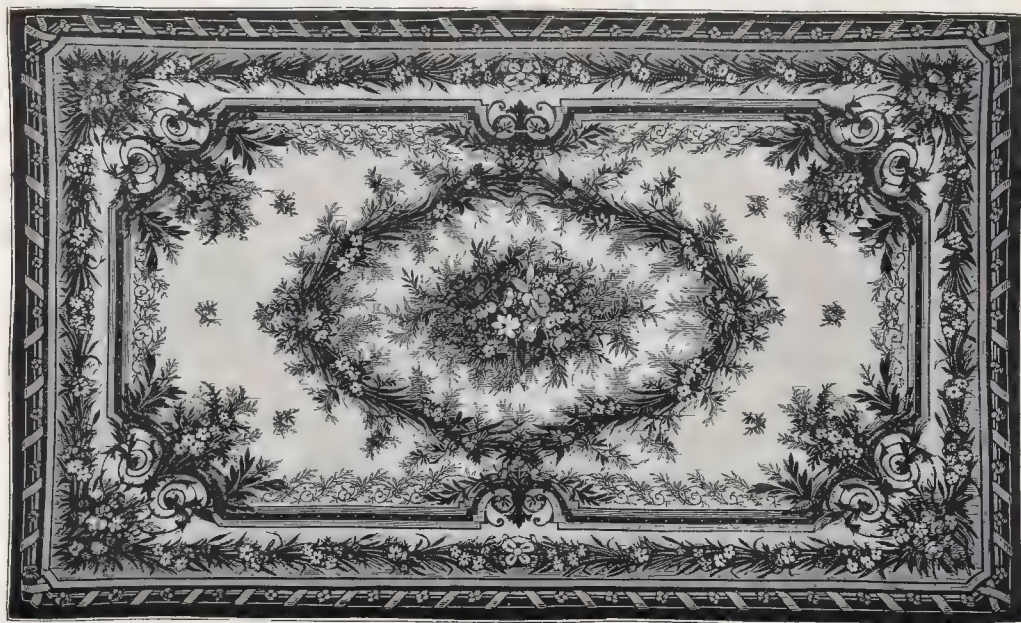
This page contains an example of the embroidered Altar Cloths of JONES and WILLIS, one of the many graceful contri-

butions of the eminent firm of church-furniture manufacturers of London and Birmingham; and also a Carpet contributed



by the great establishment of TAPLIN & Co., of London and Glasgow. It is of the class known as patent Axminster, and

can be made to any size or shape, to fit any room without "joinings." Messrs. Taplin are not large contributors of this



kind of "goods;" they show, however, a production of the loom—an Altar-piece—that will startle many, as a work of very

great merit, although an ambitious attempt (and by no means unsuccessful) to rival by machinery the Art work of Beauvais.

tical strings of ornament in gold laid side by side on a dark maroon ground. The gold is so brilliant, and the ground so insignificant, that the whole has almost the appearance of beautiful metallic chainwork. In effect, it is metal.

Without doors the treatment is somewhat different. The great central door of the vestibule is set within an arch of immense span, and upon the face of this arch is arranged a complete series of the arms of various cities contributing to the Exhibition, the shields being, of course, painted in their proper heraldic colours. Over the arch is a large composition

in "staff," consisting of two female figures, Liberty and Labour, with the word "PAIX" surrounded by sheaves of corn, and representing France republican and industrial. At the foot of each of the great iron pillars, on a bold plinth, stands a gigantic figure in plaster; these figures represent the exhibiting nations, and some of them are remarkably fine works, but having been executed by different sculptors, they are naturally unequal in merit. Taken as a whole, however, and especially in connection with the immense mass of decorative sculpture in and around the Trocadéro, no careful observer can

We select for engraving a Vase and a Candelabrum from the extensive collection of works in silver and gold exhibited by the firm of ODIOT, one of the most eminent of the fabricants who have made the capital of

true the objects that machinery enables the producer to make cheap as well as good. M. Odier supplies the aristocracy and the wealthy: there are others who give works as excellent, though at little cost, to those whose taste is larger than their means. It is a subject which we shall



France famous in Art produce. M. Odier employs accomplished artists—artists who do not consider they condescend when they minister to the needs of the manufacturer, and thus render beautiful and pure and

be hereafter called upon to treat—how far pure and true Art in precious metals has been influenced to its prejudice by the processes—inventions of the last quarter of a century—by substituting comparatively coarse and cheap metal in the stead. It will be an interesting and important inquiry.

overlook the amount of talent displayed by the French in sculpture; but this is a slight departure from our immediate subject.

Above the colossal statues the pillars are decorated with faience earthenware; in these a very broad style of ornamentation has been adopted, and the most vivid colours employed.

We cannot disguise the fact that, in our view, the effect of this mixed ornamentation is not happy. Going back over the points laid down above, the glaring contrast between the large plaster masses of the statues, the brilliantly coloured and

highly glazed earthenware, and the dull-painted wall of the building is positively painful. Surely it would have been better to have introduced bronze, cast-iron, zinc, or leaden statues; or, for a temporary purpose like the present, plaster casts coloured to represent metal. Again, sufficient advantage has not been taken of the very simple method of giving finish to a building by means of light metal-work, stamped zinc, or galvanised iron, carried along the ridges of the roof and edges of gables and dormers—a kind of finish which French constructors have carried out with much ingenuity, and the English also to

From the BROWNHILLS POTTERY COM-

lently painted specimens of ceramic art that



PANY—the Brownhills Works, Tunstall,



Staffordshire—we receive the pure and



good examples of well-modelled and excel-



adorn this page. They are of great merit, though principally earthenware, and therefore not costly. Artists of much ability



have been employed in their production.



They are shown in large variety, compris-



ing nearly all the objects for use or orna-



ment that are essentials in every household.

some extent. There is a little of this *crête*, or cockscomb-work, in the Exhibition, but it wants boldness and character.

Returning within the building, the eye runs hopelessly up the pillars, and finds nothing bringing them in harmony with the coloured ceiling; the blue-tinted and opaque glass of the windows adds to the isolation of the latter, and when the eye has fairly taken in the exquisite colouring of the Sèvres china, of the tapestry-work of the Gobelins and Beauvais, and, above all, of the gauzes, the shawls, and the carpets of India, and of the

Prince of Wales's collection, the presence of the painted ceiling becomes a positive impertinence. We do not hesitate to declare that the mere ironwork of the roof, treated as ironwork, and in harmony with the pillars—that is to say, painted with iron colour, enlivened with a little gold—would, under present circumstances, have been infinitely more effective, not than the present ceiling only, but than any plaster or other painted ceiling that could have been devised; for then structure would not have been hidden and falsified, and incongruity would have been avoided.

M. DIEHL occupies a first place among the ebenistes of Paris, | a position he has long retained, and holds in spite of com-



petition. He is especially eminent for what is termed his "fine | faculty in wood carving." He displays his power not unfre-



quently in oak carvings—models at once singular and pic- | turesque. We give also the Pediment of a Chimney-piece.

We can imagine few structures better calculated to contain so heterogeneous a collection as is to be found in this vestibule—including the Prince's Indian temple, a compound structure, 200 feet long, coloured a deep red approaching chocolate, with its dusky gold domes and brilliant spikes; a building of equal size, but totally different in style and colour, the former being Renaissance, the latter light, picked out with gold, devoted to the productions of Sèvres and the Gobelins; a colossal bronze group of Charlemagne, which, with its grand Byzantine pedestal, is more than 50 feet high, filling one angle; while the cor-

responding angle is occupied by industrial trophies set up by the British colonies—than one with a simple iron roof, essentially neutral in character, and retreating, as it were, from observation.

This vestibule contains perhaps, as it was intended it should, the finest examples of perfect handicraft and treatment of colours in the Exhibition. The tissues and the embroidery of India, the porcelain of Sèvres, and the tapestry of the Gobelins need fear no rivals, close as some tread upon their heels. The collection which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales brought from

The halves of the two Panels we engrave on this page suffice to show the novelty and originality of the designs: they are painted by leading artists of France for the renowned Tapestry

Works of Beauvais—the Government Works of France. We have elsewhere commented on the fact that our neighbours have long surpassed us in productions of this class: whether



they will continue to do so is another question. We are certainly entering upon a new phase of competition; and the tapestry works very recently commenced at Windsor may make such progress as will show to those who witness another great

International Exhibition that Great Britain, effectually roused to contest, is not easily beaten in any effort to reach the goal of triumph. Evidence of advance in this direction is to be found in the comparatively superior produce of the carpet factories of



England, where each of the leading manufacturers has now a staff of artists attached to his establishment. A few years ago nothing of the kind existed. Our pages have frequently given evidence that this great change has produced a natural effect.

It is, however, by the study of such admirable original works as those of Beauvais that their advance must be made sure; and no doubt all the principal carpet manufacturers of Great Britain have sent their assistants to gather knowledge in France.

India is known to many, but we would call the especial attention of students in Art manufacture to the Oriental carpets. Of these Messrs. Vincent Robinson have a remarkably fine collection, occupying the greater portion of the lower and all the upper part of one of the pavilions of the Indian temple, and including specimens of the productions of all the presidencies of British India: silk carpets from Malabar—carpets of which the hidden warp is made of silk for strength, while the face is of the finest wool and colour; Khorassan and Kurdistan carpets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; Caucasian and Old Rescht

embroidery; Persian shawls; Ispahan prints, &c.; but the gem of the collection of this firm is a grand carpet which hangs against the back of the vestibule, presented to an Indian potentate three hundred years since, and bearing decided marks of wear, but of which the colour is as fresh and charming as ever. The work in this carpet is so fine that even the distance of a very few feet hides some of its beauties.

In the same section will be found a curious Khorassan carpet, and one from Cashmere, woven by the shawl-makers of that famous valley, and only allowed to be exported by special per-

Messrs. ELKINGTON, of Birmingham and London, whose collection of exhibited works excites universal admiration, supply us with abundant material. On this page we engrave one of two Rose-water Dishes; the other we shall insert in due course.

They are the work of a master hand, of an artist who has obtained the highest renown, and who has been so long a denizen of England, attached to the famous Birmingham firm, as to be regarded as belonging to the country of his adoption.



M. Morel-Ladeuil is a Frenchman. The subject here engraved, with its companion, represents the months of the year; there are six on each dish. The charmingly designed female figures that carry out the allegory signify the signs of the zodiac. The

centre of each dish is occupied by a "ring" of children, or "zephyrs," carrying fruit, flowers, and vine branches, emblematic of the four seasons. We shall describe this exquisitely beautiful work more fully when it is completed in our pages.

mission of the Maharajah of Cashmere by Messrs. Turberville, Smith, and Son, also of London. We may here mention that in the Process Court, which occupies the back vestibule, may be seen two natives of Cashmere at work; but the principal effect on our mind in watching them was to impress us with the slowness of the process, reminding one of the Gobelins tapestry-workers, amongst whom an experienced hand cannot produce more than a square yard, or a square metre, in twelve months. Mr. George Holme, of Bradford, also shows Indian and Persian carpets, and other Oriental tissues. Here is the material for

weeks of study for all connected with the textile industries, and for all who can appreciate perfect workmanship and exquisite coloration; and when this section of the Exhibition is exhausted, the student may commence in China and India, and finish with French and other European manufactures.

To return to the immediate subject under consideration: we have pointed out what we consider the mistakes committed in the decoration of the Exhibition, and have indicated the methods which we should have preferred to be adopted for the temporary purpose in question; but the use of iron in construc-

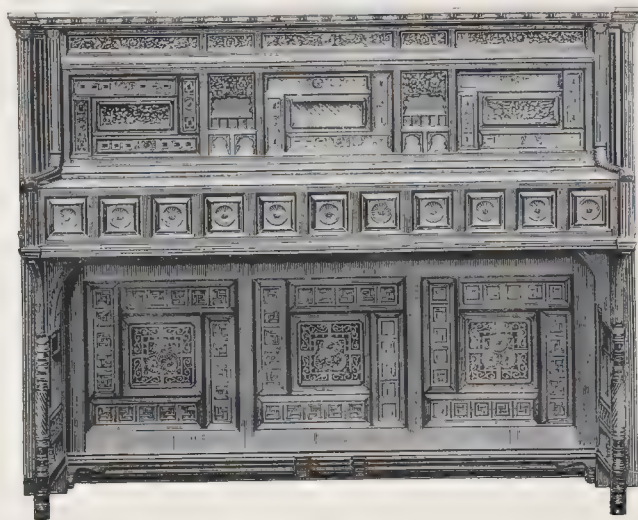
Messrs. JAMES SHOOLBRED & Co. have long been eminent among the most extensive cabinet-makers and upholsterers of England. Of late years they have striven to compete with the

no space here in which to describe their many and excellent contributions. On this page we engrave a Piano and two



best manufacturers in Art work, and have so thoroughly succeeded as, without sacrificing aught of their enormous trade, to obtain rank among the best Art producers in Europe. We have

Writing or Boudoir Tables. Their works are generally of satin-wood, purple-wood being used in the mouldings; the panels are



elaborately carved; and box-wood is sometimes introduced. In the Exhibition are few finer objects than the Piano, few that have

attracted so much attention or received more unqualified praise. The principal artist of the establishment is Mr. H. W. Batley.

tion has become so general, and is likely to be so much more so, that the subject of the decoration of iron structures, not merely in a temporary, but in a solid and permanent manner, is one of great interest.

There are instances of iron structure in which the metal is simply used as material, just as wood is usual in modern buildings. Iron or steel ship-building is a case in point: here neither the form of the structure nor the details bear any metallic characteristic. In the cabin of a modern passenger steamer we may notice that beams are peculiarly thin and light, but their

form is not very different from those of timber-built vessels; and these and all other parts are painted, one might almost say enamelled, in brilliant white or delicate colours and gold, and the iron does not in any way obtrude upon the sight. No unpractised eye could tell, from seeing the outside of a ship from a short distance, whether her sides were formed of wood or of iron; but this is not the case with an iron building proper, which proclaims itself at once to all the world, practical or otherwise.

What we have to concern ourselves with, then, is the iron building properly so called, and the first point to insist on is,

This page contains a Fire Screen, one of the many beautiful contributions of the GOVERNMENT WORKS at Beauvais. The face, lamp, and flowers are on white silk ground, with a rose-coloured border; the style is that of Louis XVI. It was designed by M.

Chabal-Dussurgey, and executed by M. Cantrel. The names of the artists ought to be recorded and preserved, for such works are true specimens of Art. The old fame of France in the production of tapestries is not lost. They take as high places



in exhibitions at the close of the century as they did when the century commenced. It is needless to say that such a production as that we engrave is destined to give great pleasure

wherever it may find location, augmenting a store of Art treasures, while removing or displacing none, for the object is indispensable in all aristocratic mansions as a specimen of good Art.

that it shall not be a structure designed for stone and executed in iron, but a true building according to the laws of metallic structure; any other is a hybrid production beneath notice, a sham and an offence. A gasometer is an apparatus perfectly adapted to its purpose, but it must not be included among buildings.

Iron buildings are not confined to any particular style of ornamentation: cast iron supplies the means of producing excellent panels and other ornamental elements, whether in classic, mediæval, or other style. The chief elements which

are inadmissible are the flying buttress and the arched window. The first, the buttress, was a necessity arising out of the want of mechanical science, and the manner in which the old architects converted this necessary feature into a beautiful system of ornamentation reflects the highest credit on their ingenuity and inventive power; but the discovery of the principle of the tie-beam at once set the flying buttress aside, and its adoption in a modern building is simply absurd. But it is to iron structures that this and cognate principles are applicable in their fullest force. In iron, setting aside the

The renowned firm of LOBMEYR, of Vienna, the chief of which is himself an artist of great ability, and who adds experience to matured skill and sound judgment in the management of the works, exhibits a very large and most attractive collection of productions in glass. They comprise nearly all the articles to

which the material can be applied, and are always of high excellence, whether matters for ordinary daily use or *objets de luxe*. We select for engraving only the latter, but it will be seen that these are greatly varied. There is no one of them, however, which does not manifest the influence of Art. But



Herr Lobmeyr, besides being himself a sound critic as well as a matured professor of Art, obtains efficient aid from the best and greatest of the artists of Austria. They do not consider it condescending when they co-operate with a coadjutor so accomplished, who is able to give currency to their thoughts,

and to present to the world pictures, in the highest sense of the term, in a material that is imperishable. Before our work is done we shall probably have occasion to allude more particularly to these gentlemen. In Austria, Germany, and France they are highly appreciated. As yet they are not so in England.

question of expense, there is no difficulty in rearing pillars of any height, and tying them together with perfect security—the present Exhibition, with its roof eighty feet odd from the floor, is no bad example. As the art of building in iron progresses, why should not the bones of the work be made beautiful; and why should not open metal roofs attract, at any rate, a portion of the admiration bestowed on timber roofs?

Again, the beautiful lancet window, the pointed, the perpendicular, and the flamboyant arch, belong not to iron, which delights in long horizontal lines that no other material can span

—but the Burgundian, the Tudor, the Elizabethan, and the Renaissance also dispense with pointed arches—and in iron buildings square-topped windows may be constructed of a size of which the greatest architects of Dijon, of Blois, or of Elizabethan England never dreamed.

“But an iron building can never be anything but an ugly building,” will be the cry of half the world. Have we nothing to oppose to that cry? Have we no palatial park gates, which include all the elements of structural ornamentation, in cast and in hammered iron? Have our admirable workers in metal

Messrs. HART, SON, PEARD & Co., of Wych Street and Regent Street, sustain the honour of England in a class of Art manufacture for which our country is renowned: works in

wrought iron, or iron in combination with steel and bronze. We engrave on this page one of their Wrought-iron Gates, and the Grille Gates made for an enterprising and Art-loving



tradesman in Piccadilly. Our space does not permit us to | describe these delicately refined and elaborately executed works



of the eminent firm that has been so long and so advantageously | before the public of all nations; that pleasure is postponed.

really failed to make the world acquainted with the capabilities of iron? The finest stone carving is often compared with metal-work, which shows a want of knowledge of the proper application of materials. Stonework, from its nature, demands a certain thickness, or it becomes feeble and flimsy in effect, as well as in fact, while cast and hammered iron are equally adapted to the most solid and the most delicate ornamentation; in one direction, that of solidity, there is no limit at all, and in the other it is not positive. A fine pair of gates with solid superstructure of cast iron, nobly modelled scroll-work forming

the body, and the whole finished with a crest of delicate floral or other hammered work, may be taken as a fair type of what may be done with iron in the way of ornamental structure.

The elements of ornament in iron structures are indeed infinite. The simplest girder, cantilever, or bracket is not necessarily inelegant, and they may all be made, and are sometimes made, extremely effective; and the same may be said of cornices, friezes, balconies, and all the subsidiary elements of a building.

Owen Jones, perhaps the most thorough master of the prin-

The Lamp is the contribution of Messrs. BARWELL, SON, and FISHER, of Birmingham; it was a good idea so to adopt and adapt the much-talked-of "Cleopatra's



Needle." It has been exceedingly well carried out; all is faithful to the *style Égyptien*. Moreover, it is a meritorious example of Art manufacture, and deserves the very high encomium it has received.

We engrave another example of the works of M. ODIER, one of the most justly renowned of the goldsmiths of Paris. The Vase is a specimen of high Art, designed



by a true artist, and exhibits the skill and judgment that result from long experience.

ciples of ornamentation of our period, has left one, probably more than one, example of artistic iron architecture.

The dome, the tower, the spire, are elements peculiarly fitted for execution in iron. In some cases stone, or pseudo-stone, domes have been gilded—a barbarism in our eyes—but an iron dome with its most important lines picked out with gold would be a grand object fitly ornamented. And this brings to mind the value not only of gilding and decoration of the same kind, but of the application of ornament in copper, brass, and other metals, and the introduction of pebbles, precious stones, glass,

and even gems, which our artistic metal-workers, like those of the Middle Ages, have introduced into their work with extraordinarily happy effect. Here is a whole system of decoration ready to the hand of the architect in iron, to say nothing of the beautiful harmonies which may be produced by chandeliers, candelabra, lustres, railings, screens, and other fittings, all designed and carried out in keeping with the main lines and features of the building itself.

But the crowning glories of a successful structure in iron are those which the sculptor and other artists could supply; every

Messrs. JOHNSTONE, JEANES & Co., of New Bond Street, London, established their

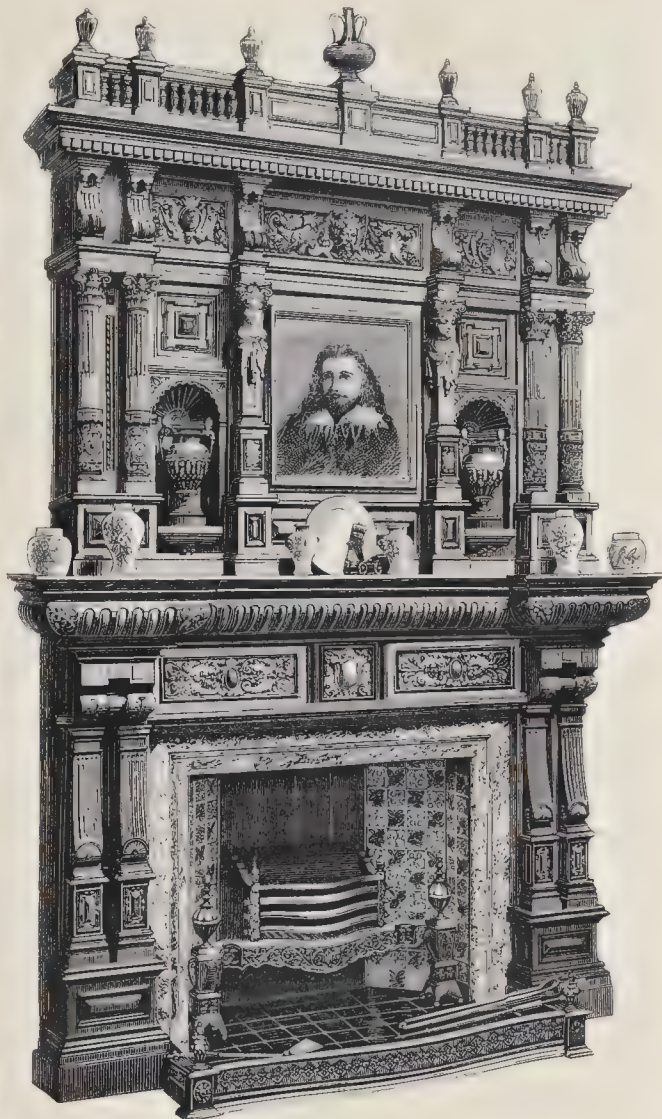


high fame in all the leading exhibitions of the epoch; they are profound scholars in their



art, as well as skilful and experienced manufacturers, and they have taken prominent

places wherever their admirable productions have been shown. We engrave on this page a Chimney-piece of pure and graceful character, a hanging Cabinet for china, and a small Table. It would be difficult to overpraise the productions of this

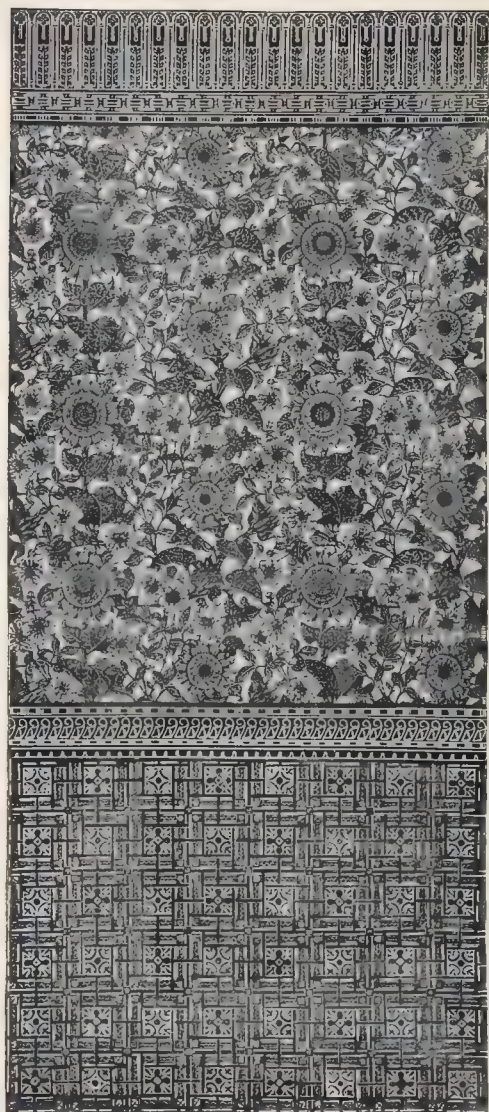


eminent firm. They appeal, and successfully, for approval to persons of cultivated taste, but they are not the less acceptable to those who are less educated in Art.

kind of sculptural work in metal, from the simplest ornament in bas-relief to the statue or sculptural group, and whether cast in iron, bronze, silver, or gold; hammered, as some fine statues of colossal size have been of late years in France and Germany, and of which an extraordinary example is at the present moment under hand in the former country for the United States; or, lastly, built up, atom by atom, with the aid of electricity, as many of our recent and best public statues have been, in the vats of the metallurgical chemist and artificer, is eminently fitted to decorate an iron temple. And even

these scarcely supply the culminating point in metallic ornament; where the highest description of decoration, necessarily the most costly, is admissible, we have still left the crowning glory of the gold and other metal worker—*repoussé*. Happily, the almost-forgotten art has been revived—our own pages have shown fifty times with what admirable effect; while every exhibition adds to the achievements in this line—as in the grand shield by M. Ledeuil, one of the glories of the South Kensington Museum, and a reproduction of which may be seen in the splendid collection of Messrs. Elkington in the present Exhi-

To the works of Messrs. JEFFREY & Co., of Islington, we allot a second page, to which they are well entitled, for they have so improved British Wall Papers as not only to compete with, but



to surpass, the productions of France, which long held supremacy wherever Art of a higher order was required. The first of our

bition. *Repoussé* work may be executed in more than one kind of metal, and admits of almost any sort of subsidiary ornament. The Milton shield is executed partly in steel and partly in silver, and, while the subject is treated in the simplest and at the same time the loftiest style, the decorative portion is heightened in effect by the introduction of another of the arts which had almost eluded our grasp—gold inlay or damascening, as it is called. For a votive tablet, or for an artistic panel, what could compete in effect with the work of the true *repoussé* chaser? Where the cost became a positive obstacle, the

engravings is the "Sunflower Decoration," designed by B. J. Talbert. It is a production of entire harmony: on the frieze



and dado gold is introduced. The other is designed by Walter Crane; its prevailing character is that of the old Venetian leather.

decorative artist might follow the example of the silversmith—produce careful castings of his design, and finish the face by ordinary chasing and engraving. Lastly, we have the still less costly and less pretentious method of pierced work, of which some remarkably fine examples are to be seen in the present Exhibition. Work of this kind is now produced in various metals, two or more being often used together with excellent effect, and, whether glazed as windows or used as screens, has great beauty.

There is one point in connection with iron buildings which has

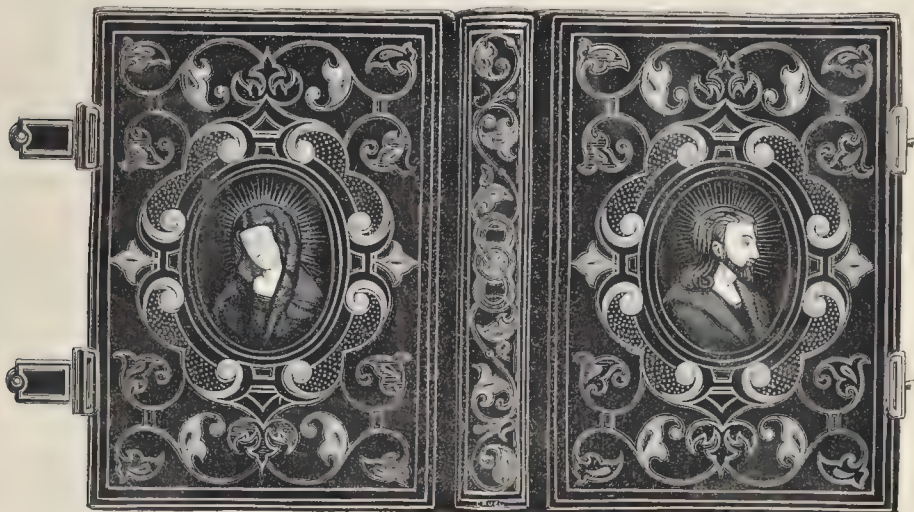
We engrave another of the Tapestries of Beauvais—a Panel. The border represents a frame; while in the centre is a gold vase, surrounded by flowers and grapes on a table, after Baptiste

Monnoyer. The work is the joint production of MM. Verité, Lefevre, Stohaut, and Langlors. It is considered one of the best works in the fine collection of these Art manufactures.



We give an example of the Bookbinding of the long eminent firm of ENGELMANN-GRUEL, of Paris. The binding covers a small but precious manuscript of the fifteenth century. It is of

brown morocco, embellished with linear golden foliage, with a mosaic of spots, also in gold. In the centre of each side an enamel head of most delicate workmanship is inscribed on the



leather. This famous firm has carried the art to extreme perfection, placing it, indeed, on a footing with the best works of great artists, and rendering the productions of much value as

specimens of decorative Art by the exercise of taste, skill, and ingenuity, guided by long experience and aided by matured knowledge of the capabilities of the material.

created much discussion; the surface of iron will not bear exposure to the weather, it must be painted or otherwise protected, and it is a fact that no method has yet been discovered which entirely meets the difficulties of the case; even the deposit of copper by the galvano-plastic method, and subsequent bronzing, as applied with much skill to the iron fountains and lamps of Paris, does not, we believe, give entire protection to the metal, and is, moreover, costly when applied to large pieces. There is a black oxide of iron which, unlike the red oxide, or rust, entirely protects the metal beneath; and methods of pro-

ducing this by means of great heat are being tried, and may end in success, in which case an iron building would at once be supplied with its most natural protector. Methods of enamelling have also been recommended. The results of these experiments will probably be known before long.

In the refreshment-room at South Kensington, which is entirely composed of practically imperishable materials, chiefly faience, is a novelty in the form of an enamelled iron ceiling. Here we have a fruitful hint for another mode of decoration perfectly applicable to an iron building; an enamelled iron.

Messrs. HODGETTS, RICHARDSON & Co., of the Wordsley Works, Stourbridge, in the long-renowned

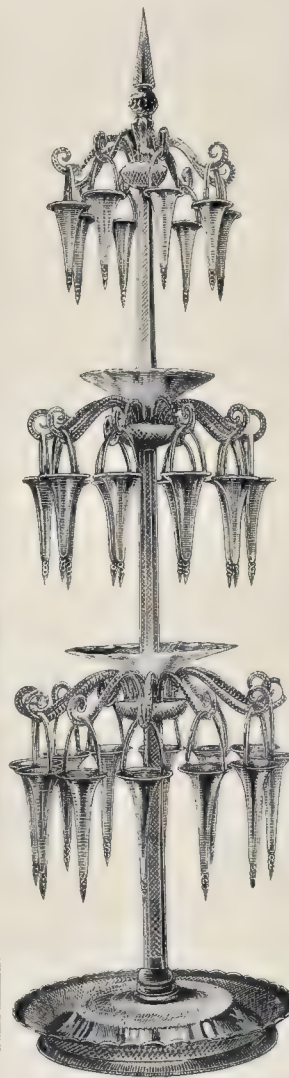


capital of the glass works of England, are very



large contributors. Their productions comprise every variety for ornament or use, or rather for both

in combination. The more prominent are cameo or sculptured Vases; they are of crystal, but often judi-



ously coloured. The best of these are productions of a young artist, Joseph Locke. His copy of the Portland

vase is the result of twelve months of patient labour, but he contributes also



several original designs. We bring



within a few sentences descriptions that might occupy some pages.

ceiling grows quite as naturally out of an iron structure as one of plaster out of stone or brick walls. And that which is applicable to ceilings is equally so to decorative panels, to running ornament, to mural tablets, to screens, and other fittings.

Hitherto we have dwelt solely on metallic ornamentation, but neither wooden, stone, nor brick buildings are confined to fittings and decorations composed of their own materials: in like manner it appears to us that pictures, carved woodwork, decorative furniture, encaustic pavement, carpets, tapestry,

china, and other ornaments, would be equally acceptable in an iron as in any other kind of building.

Our readers will understand that we have not in these remarks advocated the adoption of iron, nor have we given any opinion respecting the policy or impolicy of its adoption; we have simply recognised the unquestionable fact that iron structures are on the increase, that many complaints have been made against them, and that the mode of decorating is avowedly yet but little understood; and what we have said on the subject is not put forth in any dogmatic spirit, but merely with the hope

Mr. WILLIAM WALKER, an eminent and very extensive cabinet-maker of London, contributes several works of great excellence. That we engrave is a Sideboard, described as in

the "Anglo-Moorish style." It is constructed of English brown oak, relieved with pear-tree wood and ebony, and was designed by Mr. R. Davey, one of the artists of the firm. Among the



many admirable exhibits of British upholsterers this excellent production takes a foremost place, and we have much pleasure

in giving an engraving of it. It is clear that the cabinet-makers of England are obtaining merited honours in the Exhibition.

of inducing others to take up the matter, feeling as we do that the erection of iron buildings is likely to extend, and that therefore it is the business of all artists and lovers of Art to consider how they may best be rendered pleasing to the eye and inoffensive to taste.

POTTER'S WORK AT THE EXHIBITION.

No art has a greater claim to precedence than that of the potter, whether it be considered with regard to antiquity or to beauty; and certainly no art is so prominent as this old and

ever new and beautiful one at the Exhibition. And this is not at all surprising, for at the present moment china and earthenware are the pets of the true artist and connoisseur, as well as of the mere amateur, with whom age and names, and perhaps ugliness—to be polite, we will say quaintness—are too often the all-important conditions.

He who would really study the ceramic art has now an opportunity which is indeed rare, for the Exhibition, in its various sections, presents magnificent examples of almost every description of ware produced, whether of porcelain or earthenware

Of the three examples of the Beauvais Tapestries engraved on this page the first is a Seat for a Couch, executed by M. Souffler and others; the border is of dull magenta, and in the centre is a

girl holding a basket for fruit. The second shows a group of Musical Instruments on a yellow ground, with flowers in their natural colours, and a border of lilacs. It is from the design



of M. Diéterle, and was executed by M. Mahn. The third is a Panel, the subject a large vase with grapes and flowers on a blue ground. The work, designed specially for the Luxembourg,

of Art and Art industry, and no doubt they have done so to a very considerable extent. But whether they rival, as well as compete, with the makers of the long-renowned "Gobelins" is



was executed by M. Déréussou. From the specimens we have already given, it will be seen that designers and producers of tapestries desire to continue the renown of France in that branch



another matter; it is one upon which we shall be called to remark before our work is done. It will probably be our duty to show that England is making efforts at excellence in this direction.

of any kind, ancient or modern, Oriental or Occidental. The ancient specimens are in the retrospective galleries in the Trocadéro Palace, where will be found many of the choicest examples from the best private collections in the world; for on the present occasion this grand loan collection is not confined to France, but is enriched by the connoisseurs of every country. Examples of artistic pottery are to be found here, from that of the earliest known to us down to the century last past; and so admirably arranged, and, where possible, classified, as to bring out their beauties, and aid the student in his work.

As to modern porcelain and earthenware, they are to be found in every section of the Exhibition, and not only in the ordinary form, but combined in a dozen different ways, entering largely into building and decoration, and forming a beautiful element in the designs of ornamental furniture.

China claims to have invented porcelain, and there is no doubt about the validity of that right; she claims, moreover, to have perfected the art while half the nations who here exhibit were in a savage or little civilised condition, and we cannot disprove that claim; but this is certain, that for beauty of material, per-

Messrs. ADAMS & Co. are leading manufacturers of Nottingham; the produce of their extensive manufactories goes over the world, and when the

the uninitiated so great as to warrant the enormous difference of cost. We engrave of the productions of Messrs. Adams two Lace Curtains; they are of great beauty of design, and charming as regards delicacy of fabric. It



machine-made is compared with the hand-made lace, the superiority of the latter does not seem to

is a great advantage that one of the most important of our staple manufactures is so well represented in Paris as it is by Messrs. Adams & Co.

fection of manufacture, general fitness of ornamentation, and brilliancy of colour, the Chinese potters stand unequalled, unless, indeed, it be by their neighbours the Japanese. It does not come within our design to dilate upon the various classes of Chinese and Japanese ware, but only to note that the collections exhibited by the two Commissioners on the present occasion are really representative of their manufacture, and not scratch collections, got together out of museums and dealers' shops, as they have been at most previous exhibitions, Philadelphia, perhaps, alone excepted.

Both of these collections are large, varied, and admirably set up, and doubtless give a very fair idea of the present condition of ceramic art in those countries. With respect to the excellence of the modern ware as compared with the ancient, we think it will be generally admitted by those who have paid most attention to the subject that the Chinese have lost much of their art; they are still skilful enough to reproduce almost any ancient specimen, but have lost that charming fecundity of fancy and artistic taste which formerly characterized their work. European contact has also borne its bad fruits, as

This page contains an example of the far-famed and long-renowned tapestry of the GOBELINS. The picture (for such it really is), entitled 'L'Étude,' is after H. Tragonart, by Madame Aiyden, while the border, which is blue, embellished by pink flowers, is the production of M. Durend. The figure is charmingly drawn; it is presented in velvet of deep brown. Further

we cannot enlighten our readers, as the catalogue is chary of information. It is, however, to be accepted as a specimen as to how far the modern may equal the old in the produce of the time-honoured establishment that was so long unrivalled in the world of Art. It ought to excel rather than fall short of the ancient work, for all the appliances and means are as much



at the command of France as they were a century ago; and although of late years working in tapestry has been grievously neglected, and the venerable hangings that used to grace the salon and the boudoir have been, in a great measure, put aside to make way for the less costly products of the paper-stainer, there are no doubt, among the aristocracy and the *nouveau*

riche, many who know and estimate the more beautiful productions of the hand and mind of the artist. It would seem that this truth is fully admitted; for the show, at the International Exhibition, of the Gobelines and the productions of Beauvais is very large, and the collection is universally attractive; there is always a crowd about the assemblage, and not wholly of ladies.

it has in India; and as we have seen English sideboards and sofa frames carved all over by Indian artisans, the results being simply hideous monstrosities, so there is sad evidence, here and there, either that Europeans fancy they can teach Orientals something in the way of decoration, or that the Chinese think bad imitations of European designs will sell better than their own. The Japanese have been affected in the same way, but not to the same extent, as far as we have observed; there is a *cachet* about all the ware here exhibited that is very striking. We do not mean to assert that the taste is always perfect, and

that there is never any extravagance; on the contrary, their imitations of ivory carvings, and complicated groups inserted in the sides of great bottles, are perfectly executed; but, like a Palissy dish covered with large fish, snakes, and frogs, these productions deserve only to be regarded as *tours de force*, as showing what the artist can do, not what he does at his best. Admitting much that is said respecting the inferiority of modern Art in the far East, we find in these two courts evidences of Art and skill which can scarcely be equalled elsewhere.

Mr. Binns, the Art director of the Royal Worcester Works,

The Clock and Candelabrum of which we give engravings on this page will be found among the numerous works contributed by the old-established and long-renowned firm of ALBINET, of Paris. Their style is bold and broad; and, at the same time, it exhibits delicate minuteness as to details. Perhaps the

manufacturers are surpassed by competitors in the fanciful ornaments in which the Parisians delight—the Cupidons and Graces that supply material for nearly all the pendules and candelabra that decorate their salons. Messrs. Albinet aim at a higher order of produce, sacrificing, probably, much in order



to attain that desirable result in all the issues of their ateliers, and, by preferring the great to the little in Art, ministering to a loftier intelligence. The Exhibition is full of objects that illustrate our position; and no doubt the shops of Paris contain, as

they always have done, a superabundance of things that are pretty, if not good. They strongly contrast with similar shows in England, where, for the most part, the ponderous prevails over the light, and the solid takes the place of the graceful.

has caught the spirit of the Japanese designers admirably, and has adapted their *motifs* in a truly artistic manner; the show of this famous old factory is admitted by all judges to be remarkably fine, and presents many points of great interest. In the first place, it includes table services in the old Worcester style, which show that the manufacture is at least as good as ever, and that the art of design has made enormous strides. Not perhaps being very enthusiastic admirers of the ivory body, which has somewhat of an unnatural and imitative appearance, we are struck with the perfection of the material, the

delicacy of the ornamentation, and the excellence of the glaze. There is amongst the examples of this ivory ware one which exhibits the pride taken by a true artist in his work, and is very remarkable; it is a truncated piece or cylinder, surrounded by a spray of blackberry, the varied tints of the fruit and leaves being most delicately and yet most effectively rendered. To return to the Japanese methods of ornamentation, which Mr. Binns has adapted with remarkable skill. There is a service, or parts of more than one, in a very severe style, including triangular and diamond-shaped pieces, in which flowers, birds, and other

In the Exhibition of 1867 the renowned firm of FOURDINOIS bore the palm from



all competitors. Their *chef-d'œuvre* in that Exhibition is one of the prime Art



treasures of South Kensington. If in 1878 they do not approach it, they at least

elements are introduced after the Japanese method; but these are intermixed with butterflies and other objects executed in relief in variously tinted gold and bronze. This kind of decoration is necessarily costly, but it has a richness and solidity which no gilding can approach. To speak even cursorily of all the admirable productions of the Worcester Works would occupy pages, and we must confine ourselves to a few words respecting a new faience lately introduced. This earthenware bears no resemblance whatever to the wretched, half-burnt body of the old faience; it partakes of stoneware or stone china, is highly

sustain their claim to a high place among the most famous cabinet-makers of Europe. The three graceful objects we engrave (to be followed by others of their works) sufficiently evidence the merit of their productions. They consist of a very graceful Fire-screen, an elaborately carved Table, and a Door of singular completeness of style and



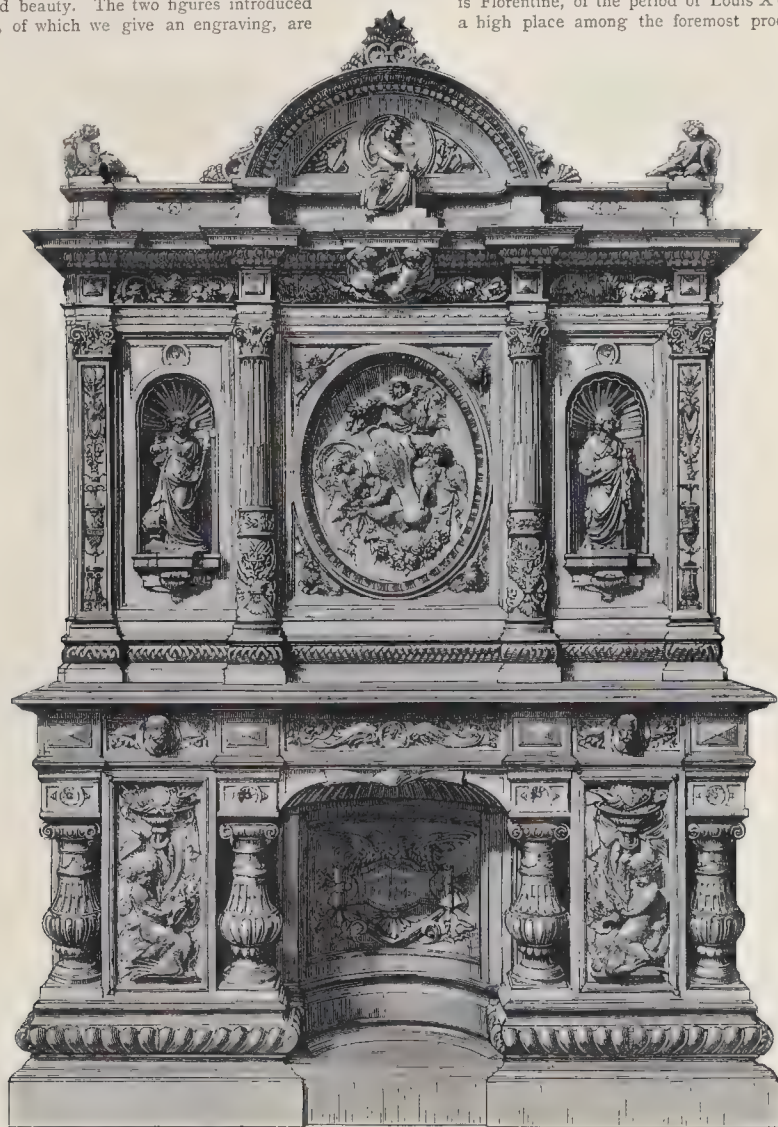
workmanship. The variety and contrasted colours of its wood—oak, mahogany, and ebony—and the green foliage of its olive-branch ornaments, combine to produce a charming effect. The work is classic in character and style, and thoroughly good.

vitrified, and is exceedingly strong. A number of vases, Venetian bottles, plaques, and plateaux are exhibited, principally in blue and white, or blue and gold, the latter being in the form of diapered ground or lines; blue, white, and gold are all superb, and the glaze equally good.*

* We have engraved several of the principal productions of the Royal Works at Worcester, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Bions, F.S.A.; we omitted to attribute much of the result of their excellence to the chief artist of the establishment, Mr. Hadly, whose abilities are of the highest order, and to whom the works are largely indebted for their supremacy. A merited compliment is also due to Mr. J. Callowhill,

Signor EGISTO GAJANI, an eminent and often distinguished cabinet-maker of Florence, contributes several works of great artistic merit and beauty. The two figures introduced into the Cabinet, of which we give an engraving, are

designed to represent Wealth and Knowledge influenced by History. The work is carved in wood of the walnut-tree; the style is Florentine, of the period of Louis XV. It occupies a high place among the foremost productions in the



Exhibition, and does much to uphold the ancient renown of Italy in this branch of Art: so many of the Italian artisans are artists,

so accustomed are they to the continual study of the beautiful, living, as it were, in an atmosphere that is "all loveliness."

Somewhat akin in body to this new faience is the Lambeth ware of Messrs. Doulton, which is applied to all the ordinary purposes of decorative faience; in both cases fine large works can be produced. Messrs. Doulton exhibit a pair of saucer-formed plateaux more than a yard in diameter, painted by Mrs. Sparkes, wife of the former master of the Lambeth School of

Art, and present head master of the South Kensington schools. This ware is peculiarly smooth and hard, so that when burnt to what is called the biscuit state, it can be painted upon as freely as panel or canvas, and being afterwards glazed and again submitted to the furnace, the effect is admirable.

The comparatively recent introduction of this beautiful hard faience has already been productive of important results; it has helped materially to supply occupation for educated women of taste, and has added a new wreath to the brows of our potters.

The present Exhibition has brought this fact out more con-

who decorated the more important pieces, the grand vases we engraved in particular, and who has given much of its valuable character to the admirable exhibition of the works of Worcester in Paris.—[Ed. A. 7.]

From the large and admirable display exhibited by Messrs. MINTON, HOLLINS & Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, we select for engraving a Chimney-piece composed of painted Tiles. It will show their supremacy in this class of work. Their contributions

of tiles are in great variety, and all of high excellence, not only of tiles proper, but of painted and decorated Slabs for fire-places, flower-boxes, and the many purposes to which this pleasant branch of Art can be applied. Though principally floral,



they are often pictures of birds and other objects on which the eye can rest with pleasure. Messrs. Minton, Hollins & Co. have established renown throughout Europe and America, and supply half the world with examples of their extensive works. They are designed and executed by first-class artists of the prosperous establishment.

spicuously than any previous one, and Messrs. Howell and James have condensed the matter admirably, to borrow a literary term. This well-known firm has produced of late some very original small articles of furniture, such as clock cases, china cupboards, and *tagères*, conceived in the spirit of ancient Art of various epochs, into which plaques and medallions in faience generally enter; also, two or three years since, an annual exhibition of decorated ware was established at their house in Regent Street for the express purpose of encouraging female artists. The Princess Imperial of Germany, the eldest

child of Queen Victoria, and other lovers of Art, gave their countenance and aid, prizes were established both for professional and amateur works, and the success has been very marked. Messrs. Howell and James have a small room at the Exhibition which is completely covered, inside and out, with the Art productions of our own countrywomen, and it presents one of the attractive corners of the Exhibition to foreign as well as to British visitors. Many of the specimens exhibited have been purchased by members of the royal family and other eminent persons; and one effect, amongst others, has been the adhesion

We have made some selections from works contributed by the renowned firm of FROMENT MEURICE,



who has long held, and continues to maintain, the highest position among the jewellers of France. The



objects we engrave are four of his jewels, a diamond Brooch and three enamelled Bracelets; they are



charmingly designed, and of great value as examples of pure Art. We give also an engraving of one of



his Flower Vases. The model is of much artistic merit. The father of the present director of the

works founded the establishment half a century ago. He was a true artist, and the friend of all the best artists of his country and his period. So large a celebrity had he attained, that he was styled the modern Benvenuto



Cellini, and the productions that emanated from his gifted mind, matured by experience, contributed much to secure for France the pre-eminence that was acquired by her at the beginning and in the middle of the century.

of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have become patrons of this new society for the encouragement of female talent. The principal objects exhibited here by Messrs. Howell and James require no gentle handling; they are sound productions, well drawn and well coloured, generally original, and devoid of mannerism. We should like to record the names of all the artists who contribute to this charming display, but in addition to that of Mrs. Sparkes, already mentioned, we can only call to mind those of Mrs. Mallam and the Misses Charlotte and Elizabeth Spiers, Welby, and Cowper. The col-

lection of which we are speaking includes also some very choice examples of the other kind of Lambeth ware known as Doulton ware, and which has been longer before the world. As our readers know, this is stoneware made from English clay, mixed with broken ware, calcined flint, &c., ground to an impalpable powder—the hardest of all pottery. The original Doulton ware was designed after the style of old Flemish ware, good specimens of which are in great repute, the colours being low-toned neutrals, generally enlivened with blue. Messrs. Doulton have succeeded in producing excellent blues and greens of several

We give engravings of some of the examples of Lace, produc-



tions of the ÉCOLE DES DENTELLES DE BURANO, a new factory



of school, founded in 1872 for the purpose of reviving the ancient | art of the once celebrated and well-known point de Venise and



of Burano lace, and likewise for employing the poor girls on | the island of Burano. The women of Burano were famed



for their lacework in 1790. This art has been again brought | before the world, thanks to the exertions of some good ladies.

shades, with other colours, and pure-tinted, light-coloured clays up to white. The ornamentation of all the Doulton ware is by hand-work, except that when strings or masses of a simple star or flower are required, these are stamped out and affixed by hand: all this ware is executed by the pupils, or past pupils, of the Lambeth School of Art, who exhibit great skill. One of the best characteristics of this ornamentation is the modelling by hand of a band, or running pattern, in a stratum of clay laid on the ground of the object, and harmonizing or contrasting with it in colour. The variety of which this kind of ornamentation is

capable will be seen by a glance at Messrs. Doulton's collection, which includes a balustrade protecting the three sides of the space occupied by it in the Exhibition, of which all the balusters, or nearly so, differ from each other.

There is still another and a higher mode of decoration adapted to this kind of ware—a beautiful application of the Italian *sggraffito*. This is executed by cutting or tracing lines on the half-dried clay of the vase or other object to be decorated. There are amongst Messrs. Doulton's and Messrs. Howell and James's exhibits a herd of deer in flight, landscapes, and other

We engrave on this page two other contributions of the renowned firm of FOURDINOIS. The one is of a Sofa, and is graceful

and beautiful, the composition having exercised a brilliant fancy. The other is of a Side Table, a pleasant example of true Art.



The style is that with which we have been long familiar, and the Exhibition contains many examples of it; but MM. Fourdinois

have given to this production much originality, adding new thought to the French classic of old style. The firm has thus



sustained, if it has not extended, its renown. It was established when competitors were few in England; but perhaps, when a

final verdict is given in, it will be found that English cabinet-makers have at least equalled the best ebenistes of France.

objects, by Mrs. Barlow, which display a beautiful freedom and sureness of touch.

We should say that Messrs. Doulton were peculiarly fortunate—if good sense and perseverance were not always fortunate in these matters—in finding such artists as those already mentioned; but in truth they were not found; they grew with the progress of the manufacture, and fairly deserve the name of a school. Lastly, we have to notice some very peculiar productions of this firm which have attracted special attention. These are in stoneware and terra-cotta, modelled in high relief. They

consist of portions of a beautiful little house which Messrs. Doulton have built in the enclosed garden of the Exhibition—one of the "façades" in the "Street of Nations"—and a most original fountain. It is spiral in form, and comprises an infinite number of groups of small figures, each illustrative of a passage from Scripture having reference to water and its applications, the water of the fountain of course entering into the design. The modelling is undoubtedly powerful and original; the figures are generally very small, but there is no more littleness about them than about a picture by Tenniel.

The Dirk is one of a suite of Highland costume, the work of



MARSHALL of Edinburgh. It is in black enamel on silver, designed in Scotch taste.

The two Plaques are of glass, selected from the many beautiful contribu-



tions of LOBMEYR, of Vienna. They are exquisitely designed, and elaborately, yet with exceeding refinement, cut and engraved. They might



serve as models for many classes of designers for Art manufacturers.

A Candelabrum, placed on a stand of much artistic grace and beauty, is the



production of M. SERVANT, others of whose excellent works we have engraved.

The originator of these extraordinary works is Mr. George Tinworth, a very clever modeller and designer.

The above are among the most striking points in the British section of ceramic manufacture, but on every hand there is ample evidence of continued progress in all respects. The improvements in the body of earthenware are very remarkable among English potters; nothing could be much worse than the body of the old majolica, the effects depending entirely on the enamel. Long since English fine earthenware took the first place, and we need not say how admirably the manufacture has

been carried forward. The jasper ware of Wedgwood was another important step; here we obtained a charmingly tinted ground and a material of great solidity. The new faience, to which we have already referred, combines all the above-mentioned qualities, great solidity, even coloration, and facility of decoration. Already the ornamental ware of England has assumed a very high position, but it is quite evident the progress has not yet been arrested.

It is gratifying to know how completely the British potters hold their own. In the introductory remarks appended to the

Messrs. GOODE, of South Audley Street, London, represent the famous firm of Messrs.

"purveyors" of British porcelain, and if not actually the manufacturers of

themselves the responsibility of their dispersion among wealthy collectors of the



MINTON, of Stoke-upon-Trent; the whole col-



these admirable and valuable works, they are so in the higher and better



world. It is unnecessary to describe the examples we engrave; they are of the



lection, of great extent and very large value, is exhibited under their auspices. They are men whose judgment, knowledge, and taste have given them foremost rank among the



sense, for they supply many of the designs, direct the produce, and take upon



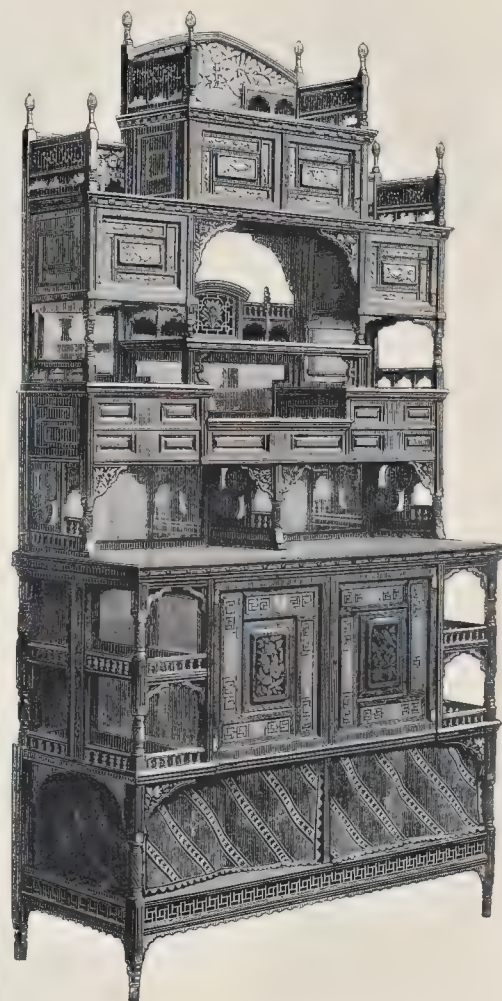
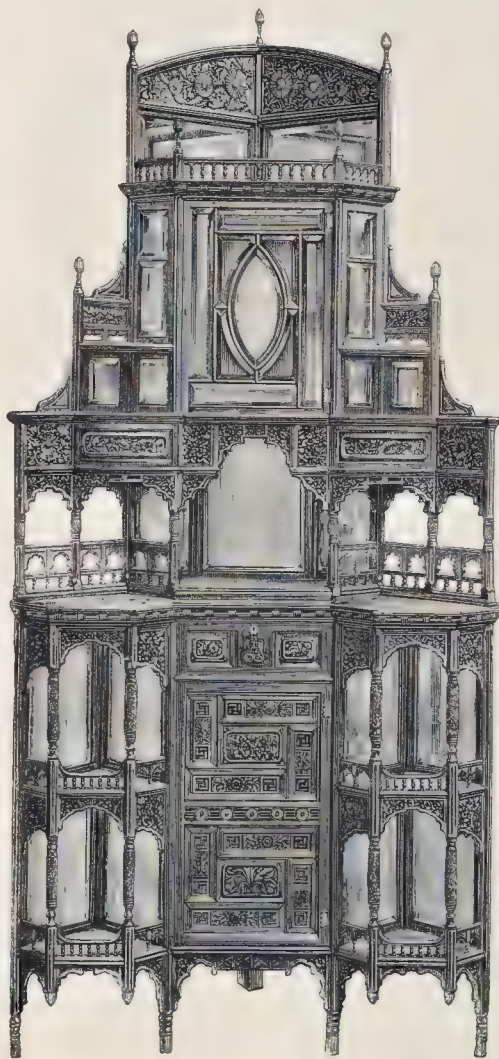
highest Art grace and beauty, confer honour upon England, and justify us in entering into competition with the best fabricants of all the nations of the world.

class of ceramics in the official French catalogue we read that while in France fourteen thousand men are employed in the production of porcelain, the exports do not exceed £240,000 per annum; but the imports of English soft porcelain represent an important sum. Again, with respect to faïences, the same official writer says that there are upwards of three hundred and sixty potteries in France, that the exports do not exceed a million of francs, while the imports from England exceed three millions per annum. The notes on this part of the subject conclude with the following passage:—"Finally, we must notice

the common stanniferous earthenware, the majolica, and other faïences which are covered over the whole or a part of their surface with enamel rendered opaque by means of oxide of tin or other substance. It is to this group that belong all the ceramic productions which have acquired celebrity by their brilliant coloration, the transparency of their glaze, and the admirable application of the paintings with which they are decorated. The Arabian, Persian, Oriental, and Moorish styles have been successively imitated, and the beautiful majolicas of Italy and England may be quoted as types."

We engrave two others of the Cabinets contributed by Messrs. JAMES SHOOLBRED & Co. They are justly entitled to rank among the best works in the Exhibition, and do great credit to

woods judiciously intermixed, the prevailing sort being satin-wood. They are designed as well as manufactured in the extensive establishment whence they emanate, the designs being the



the enterprising manufacturers. We have not space to describe them; it must suffice to say they are composed of various

produce of experienced and practised artists who occupy foremost places in their profession, and are retained by the firm.

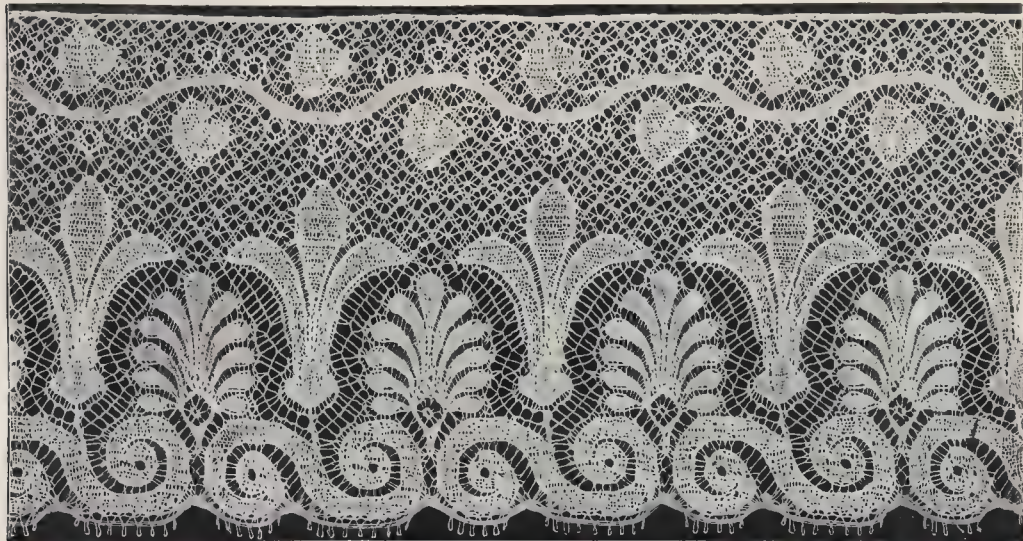
The following remarks on stoneware (*grès*) will be read with interest:—"A very hard, dense, impermeable body is the distinguishing characteristic of this special ware. It is divided into two classes, fine and ordinary. The fine supplies objects of real elegance, serving in the ornamentation and applicable to the service of the table; it is formed of a very fine paste, white or coloured, delicately wrought, often enriched with figures in relief executed with great effect in different coloured pastes. Essentially composed of pure plastic clay, kaolin, and feldspar, this pottery by its nature takes its place between hard porcelain

and fine English faience." Such is the estimation of our fine English stoneware, and we may add that while too much of the faience is so poor in composition that water percolates through it, the stoneware is absolutely impermeable, and much of it unaffected even by boiling water; thus we have a combination of beauty and utility that cannot fail to recommend itself. The *grès de Flandre* is held in high estimation, but, with all our admiration for it, we cannot overlook the fact that its ornamentation, compared with that of the Doulton ware, is extremely rude. The best examples of the latter are gems of ceramic art;

We engrave other examples of the machine-made Lace of | very excellent in design, and of great delicacy and refinement in



Messrs. HENRY MALLET and SONS, of Nottingham; they are | manufacture. To the uninitiated, indeed, there seems but little



difference between that which costs much and that which costs little, though no doubt the one cannot bear the rigid scrutiny to

which the other may be subjected with impunity; but to the eye the one seems quite as refreshing and beautiful as the other.

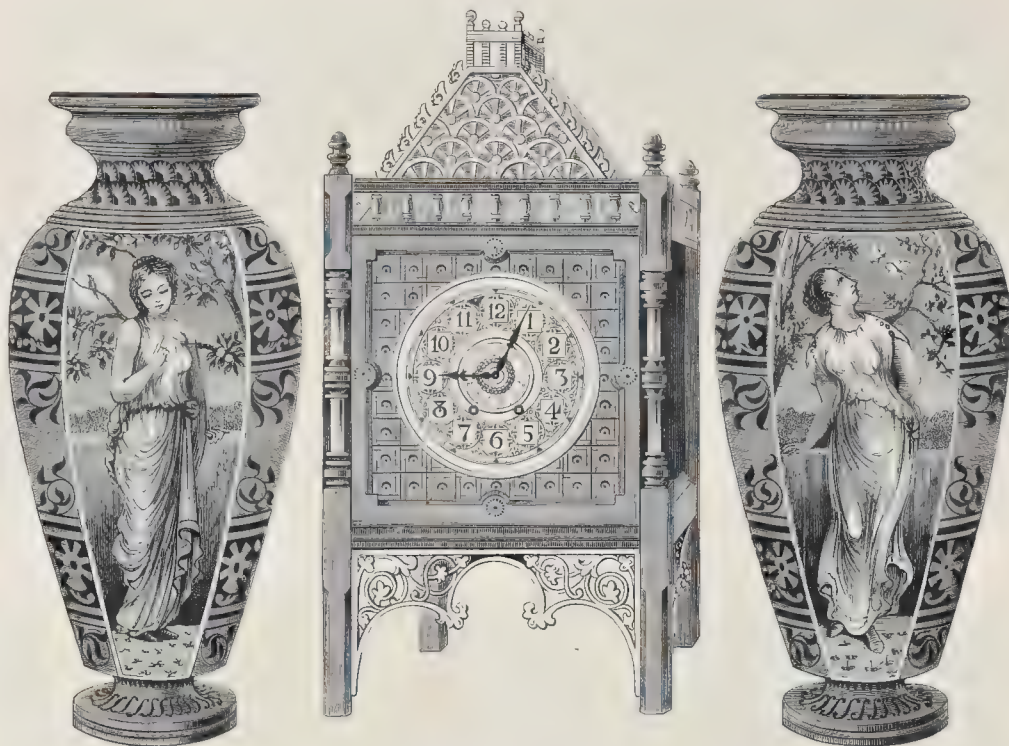
there are some pieces at the Exhibition, the bodies of which are covered with dark blue stars, which are perfect. We may mention that the letters H. W., which will be found on pieces of Doulton ware, indicate that boiling water may be put into them without danger.

In the production of ornamental tiles, plaques, and medallions, British potters hold a high position; they are not without powerful rivals, as we shall have to show presently, but the excellence of their ware, the brilliancy of their colours, and the solidity of their glaze place them very high, while the great

variety of their productions—encaustic, majolica, embossed, and impressed—draws special attention to them. All the leading producers show largely here—Minton, Campbell, Copeland, Maw, Craven and Dunhill. Messrs. Maw & Co., and Minton, Hollins & Co., have backed the Prince of Wales's pavilion with a superb show of tiles, large painted plaques, and some capital mosaic-work, which need fear no rivalry; in every respect, as regards body, decoration, and glaze, these and the productions in the British section have never been surpassed, if they have ever been equalled.

The exhibits of Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES in several Art departments merit the high encomiums they have received.

Those of which we give engravings on this page are from the collection of ceramic works, the issues of the institution they



have established, mainly to supply graceful and appropriate, and at the same time profitable, employment to ladies. The

Clock, and the Vase at each side, are from the designs of Mr. Lewis F. Day; the delicately painted figures of 'Sunlight' and



'Moonlight' on the vases being the work of Mrs. Fisher. The three Panel Pictures are on china by Miss Ada Hanbury. They

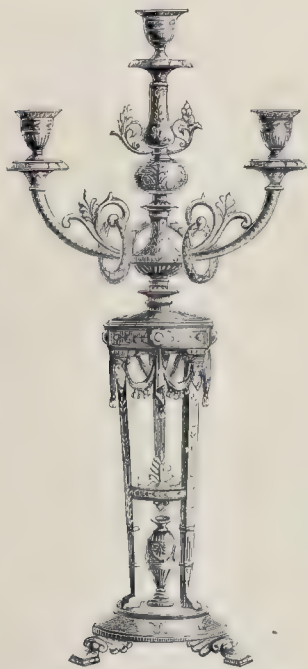
justly obtained the first prize at the competitive exhibition of Messrs. Howell and James. We can give but few of the many.

And here we may remark that not in tiles only, but in the case of all British ware, we fancy we notice an improvement in the management of glaze. We used often to see this beautiful substance employed so lavishly that the ware almost looked as if it were wet—an unpleasant appearance. Now, in the case of some special articles, such as trifles in which a surface approaching mother-o'-pearl is desired, this dazzling glaze may be admissible, but in other ware, and especially in highly decorated kinds, ostentatious glazing is a grand error; like the house painter, the potter should "flatten," or moderate his work. We have

not noticed an example of the fault here indicated in the present Exhibition.

We see also a constant improvement in the forms of our porcelain and earthenware, not only in the highest classes of ware, but in all others, from the plain white to the most elaborately decorated table services, and in earthenware chamber services as well as in porcelain vases; a fine large varied show like that of Messrs. Brown-Westhead, Moore & Co. proves this general improvement beyond question. Another remarkable talent of our potters is the imitation of texture. This is brought

We engrave from the collection of Messrs. ELKINGTON & Co.



two of five pieces forming a small Dessert Service, composed of



iron inlaid with gold, works of delicate and very refined beauty.

to our mind by the name of the last-mentioned firm, which shows a group of two tigers of large size, so lifelike, so soft-looking, that it is almost impossible to believe that it is in hard-baked clay. There are many other instances of the same kind in the Exhibition, but none so striking as this. The modelling and colouring are almost as remarkable as the texture. This noble group was engraved in our June number.

Terra-cotta is another form of pottery extremely well represented in the Exhibition: we have spoken of Messrs. Doulton's house, and may now mention another by Mr. Lascelles, which

We give also a Silver Jug in the Renaissance style. On either side are genii representing Day and Night, with the symbolical



cock and owl. The Jug accompanies the two Dishes representing the twelve months of the year, one of which we have engraved.

has red terra-cotta panels and pilasters in bas-relief. On the wall of the Fine Art Court will be found, besides some fine plaques by Minton, a large panel representing the Descent from the Cross, and four smaller panels with other religious subjects, by Messrs. Doulton, admirably designed in a very severe style, and set in a mounting of Doulton ware relieved with colour, with several heads from the antique treated in the same manner; and in the centre of their collection within the Exhibition building is a most complicated group of young men playing at football, which is a true *tour de force* in burnt clay. The subject

Messrs. BROWN BROTHERS, of Edinburgh, contribute examples of high-class furniture, and occupy a prominent and honourable place in the Exhibition. That which we engrave is a Sideboard, of dark mahogany, in the "Adam's style"—a remarkably

meritorious specimen of the characteristic features of that style. The details are carried out with great delicacy and finish. The lower part has three drawers under the top, with a cupboard below at each side, and an open space in the centre



suitable for the display of old china. We draw particular attention to the beautifully carved doors of cupboards, and the fine ornament richly carved on drawer fronts; also to the quaint and nicely turned and carved pillars at each side of the recess. The

top part has two tiers of shelves, with bevelled mirror in the centre between the shelves. At each side of the mirror, and above it, are broad bands of the "Adam's" festoon done in embossed leather, and coloured in harmony with the tone of the mahogany.

seems to have been chosen expressly to show how apparent impossibilities could be overcome.

The Torquay and Watcombe Companies, Messrs. Bates, Walker & Co., and some other English firms, exhibit good terra-cotta, generally well modelled and well burnt. In fact, English terra-cotta holds high rank, and several of our manufacturers have produced large compositions—fountains and much architectural work. The group by Mr. John Bell, one of the four at the foot of the memorial to the Prince Consort, may be specially mentioned. After rather careful examination, we

think we may say that the English terra-cotta shown here is generally well burnt, and this is an essential matter, for ill-burnt terra-cotta is worthless. Well-burnt terra-cotta and ornamental work is peculiarly suitable for our climate, and it deserves encouragement. There is only one kind of terra-cotta that has been almost entirely neglected in England—that which is known in France, Italy, and other countries as Art terra-cotta. The best of this is excellent, and when, as is generally the case, each cast, after it has come from the mould, is gone over and touched up by the artist, it becomes, to a cer-

This page contains engravings of two remarkable productions, the work of EUGENE

gular triumph over difficulties presented by a comparatively impracticable metal. The Flower Stand and Flower Vase are of much beauty, but the Chandelier is



BAGUES, of Paris. They are of wrought iron, very admirable in design, but exhibiting sin-



perhaps as perfect a production of its class as the Exhibition supplies. Both, as well as other works by the same master mind, are among the most attractive contributions to the collection, and will indeed take rank with the best of the century.

tain extent, an original work. This Art terra-cotta is made of a peculiar and scarce Italian clay, and when burnt has a quiet, neutral appearance, while the inferior class is more or less red; the former also gives out a clear, glassy sound, showing it to be thoroughly burnt, while the other is comparatively soft and not resonant. The former is unalterable in any climate; the latter is washed over to give it surface, and gets dirty very soon. We should like to see the best Art terra-cotta cultivated among us. We must now turn our attention to the ceramic work of France and other countries.

"Old Sèvres" are words which cause a thrill in the sale-rooms of London as well as of Paris, and in the minds of some persons we believe the idea is fixed that no other French porcelain is worthy to be named in the same breath. Such notions are unjust, or rather, they are the result of want of knowledge. It is easy to make a fetch of that which is old—it is only the drawing of a line at a given date, adoring all above it and condemning all below; it saves a world of study and trouble, and makes the connoisseur safe, except when he falls into the trap of adoring a false mark, and such traps are very numerous

We engrave another of the Cabinets of GAJANI, of Florence; it is a contribution of great Art value to the Exhibition. The manufacturer is an artist of much power, who has well earned the renown he has obtained. Italy comes to the front as re-

MM. FOURDINOIS supply us with the work that fills this column. As with all the productions of their atelier, it exhibits skill and



gards this especial—and it is the highest—order of Art. Its productions manifest sound manipulative skill, together with ability in design, results of study and practice in the best school. This may be accepted as suggestive to other nations. The designer of this cabinet has adhered to the old traditions of Italian Art as derived from the Greek.

indeed. "Fine old Sèvres" is a regular manufacture in Paris, or rather just outside Paris; there is little secret about it.

The show of Sèvres porcelain at the Exhibition is one of the most superb of which France can boast, set up where it should be, in the Vestibule of Honour, in a Renaissance temple expressly designed for it and the productions of the other famous State factories of the Gobelins and Beauvais, each of which enhances the effect of the other, and gives them all additional value by contrast. It presents, both from the artistic and the material points of view, one of the most admirable, if



power, refreshing both the eye and mind, and giving to the productions of the Art manufacturer all advantages.

not the most admirable illustration of a charming art that can be conceived.

The history of Sèvres is full of interest, and, as regards its general outline, too well known to bear repetition. The beginning of the porcelain works was not at Sèvres, but at Vincennes, in 1745; they were removed to the former place in 1753, when it became a royal establishment. The ware which it produced at first was called "artificial porcelain," being an imitation of true porcelain with different materials—this was the *porcelaine tendre*; but when great deposits of kaolin, or disintegrated

The time-honoured firm of BOYER and SONS, bronze manufacturers of Paris, supplies us with a *Jardinière*, or general orna-

mented stand, richly elaborated. It is designed without especial thought to style, but its several parts are brought into harmony,



while each, taken separately, is an example of good Art. MM. Boyer and Sons have sent us some figures of most refined grace

and beauty, but such as we cannot satisfactorily engrave on wood; they are rarely effective when presented in that class of Art.

felspar, were found in France, the *porcelaine dure*, *porcelaine kaolinique*, or true porcelain, was produced.

This happened between 1765 and 1768. For fifteen or twenty years after the last date both kinds of *pâte* continued to be made, but the use of the *pâte tendre* was given up about the end of the century, and not resumed till 1850.

Every one who has a taste for china knows the beauty of the colours of the old Sèvres, le bleu du roi, céladon, rose du Barry, &c. For a time the secret of these colours, or some of them, seem to have been partially lost, but the progress which

has been made within a few years is truly astonishing. Not only are the old colours reproduced now, but a large number of new tints have been "invented," in accordance with the altered, and, as we hold, greatly improved taste of the period.

The whole of the pieces of ware exhibited at present in the Champ de Mars date since the last International Exhibition in Paris, 1867, and we have no hesitation in stating that never were so many or such important improvements effected in the science of porcelain manufacture—we shut out the question of Art entirely for the moment—in the same space of time.

This page contains a bust-size miniature of Gaston de Foix, the youth-hero of the sixteenth century. It is of exquisite enamel intermingled with gold; guarded, as it were, with a gorgeously variegated frame of much comparative width, con-



sisting of the boldest alti-relievi of allegorical and other figures. The house from which these remarkable examples of Art emanate is that of FALIZE and SONS, of Paris. They excite universal

admiration, and merit the praise they have received, throwing into shade the artist manufacturers who at previous exhibitions maintained supremacy in this department of high-class Art.

The amateur is satisfied with the effect of an object of Art, but to be a true connoisseur he must be acquainted with the principles involved in the production, for with them the possibilities of the manufacture are absolutely involved. Now in the old time, and till a very few years since, a piece of decorated porcelain had to pass many times through the furnace; some colours required a different amount of heat from others, and few of them would support more than about 300° Centigrade. With the scientific aid of the late chemist and physicist Regnault, the present administrator, M. Robert, and

the able directors at the works, a most important change has been effected, one that could hardly have been dreamt of a few years since; and this has been brought about not by an accident, but after innumerable scientific researches and practical experiments. This immense achievement consists in the discovery of methods by means of which all the colours in use are now burnt in at one and the same time, and not at the comparatively low heat of 300°, but at about three times that temperature, so that the vitrification of the colours is complete, and the whole work at once more brilliant and more

Italy has contributed largely and well to the Exhibition; our catalogue will be adorned by many fine examples of the mani-

pulation, skill, and Art power of the classic land. That we engrave on this page is from the master hand of Professor



FRULLINI, an artist and producer of renown. The composition is graceful; the birds and branches and leaves are admirably carved.

solid than when executed in the old manner. The questions of brilliancy and solidity are set at rest completely by the study, for a very short time, of the magnificent specimens here exhibited. Had this been the only achievement of the last ten or twenty years, it would have been sufficient to mark an era of great progress. But such has not been the case. It is but a very few years since the *pâte-sur-pâte* method of decoration flashed upon the world; and it was born, we believe, at Sèvres, although we have heard it attributed to a private manufactory. The unrivalled beauty of the Portland, or Barberini, vase had long

been the admiration and despair of artists and Art workmen. Wedgwood produced a charming approach towards it with the aid of a true artist, Flaxman, in his jasper-ware; and very recently another of our own countrymen has produced a copy of the celebrated vase in the same manner as that presumed employed by the ancient artist, namely, the covering of a vase composed of dark-coloured glass with a stratum of white, and producing the design in the latter by cutting away all the superfluous portions. The new process accomplishes the same effect, or nearly so, by means of a camel-hair pencil and a little fine pre-

We give on this page an engraving of the Pilgrim's Shield—a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Art manufacturer ELKINGTON, and designed by the great artist Morel-Ladeuil. It will be recognised at

once as an effort—and a most successful one—to represent leading scenes in the grand gift of the Bedford dreamer, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and may be accepted as a companion to the



renowned work of the same accomplished artist, 'The Milton Shield.'

These are productions of which England may well be proud, for if Mr. Morel is by birth a

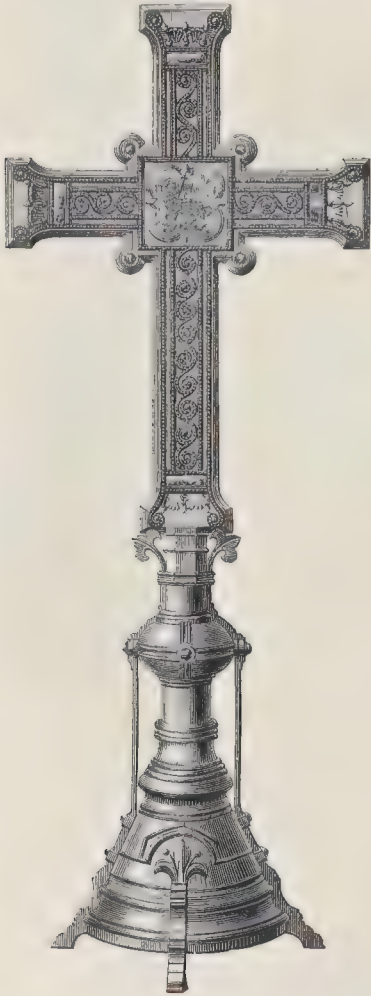
Frenchman, he is, we believe, as he certainly ought to be, a naturalised Englishman, for in England he has earned and been rewarded by large and enduring fame.

pared clay mixed with water. This process combines the sister arts of drawing and modelling, although all is done with the brush; for the white "slip," as it is called, is laid on in relief, and thoroughly modelled into form. The charm of this kind of work lies, in the first place, in the fact that as there is no moulding, and consequently no deterioration of the design, each piece is an original work of Art; and, secondly, in the translucent effects produced where the white clay is laid on so thinly as to allow the colour of the dark ground to become apparent in soft demi-tints. Here, then, we have a new mode of decoration of the most artistic and

beautiful character. It is almost needless to add that when the human figure is introduced none but real artists should venture on such work, for every error in touch is terribly glaring. The same method is applicable to raised floral and other decoration, and has been employed with great success.

This mode of painting and modelling has also been adapted to gold ornamentation. There are several objects in the Exhibition, and especially one grand vase, dark blue and gold, in which this method is applied with great skill, the gold ornamentation being in just sufficient relief to give emphasis to the

Messrs. HART, SON, and PEARD, of Wych Street and Regent Street, London, have obtained renown as manufacturers of metal-work, principally, but by no means exclusively, as Church furniture. They are, we imagine, among the earliest producers of that



class, and certainly among the first to make such improvements—guided by classic authorities as well as true artists—as to enable England to dispense with continental aids in this branch of industrial Art. The very beautiful Cross is of that order: not so the Epergne.

design, while it contrasts admirably with flat ornamentation also in gold. In the case of this noble vase another kind of decoration is likewise employed: figures are introduced on each side in engraved platinum, the metal being laid on in some reduced state, then baked, and finally engraved.

Another important innovation is the coloration of the clay throughout by means of metallic oxides, in such a manner that the colour bears, without the slightest deterioration, the full effect of what is called *grand feu*, 1800° Centigrade; and the surface of objects made in these coloured clays is either left

Perhaps the Exhibition does not contain a more remarkable example of Art manufacture than the latter, which is early French Gothic in style, and is composed of more than two thousand separate pieces of metal, chiefly soldered together, electro-gilt, with oxidized panels, &c. It is



enriched by ivory carvings and enamelled panels—subjects apropos to the dining-table—and shields. The objects to be placed under the canopies in the base will be determined by the public or private use for which it may be adopted. Taken altogether, the work is one of the highest value.

plain, or is marbled, mottled, or dotted and marked like the skin of the orange or that of a fowl, and called, in consequence, *peau d'orange* and *chair de poule*, which produce most effective backgrounds. On such grounds all kinds of opaque ornamentation are effected without difficulty; but when light, airy, transparent effects are desired, a complicated method is now adopted with full success: the design being drawn on the vase or other piece, the coloured clay is then cut out to a certain depth and replaced by white, and on this latter the painting is executed. Brilliant wreaths and masses of

We engrave passages from one of the Stained-Glass Windows contributed by Messrs. CAMM BROTHERS, "artists in stained

glass and decorations," of Birmingham. We have no space in which to describe the several objects, two of which, it will be



observed, are painted Tiles. Their more prominent exhibit is a Hall Window in three lights. The subjects are taken from

Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." In the centre light is the sacred mount of Camelot, where Arthur holds high court with the



Knights of the Round Table. The pictures are admirably designed, and painted with skill and judgment; they are among the

best contributions of the class, and uphold the high character of the great Art town of the Midland Counties and of England.

flowers are in this way produced on quiet neutral-coloured grounds with admirable effect. There are some splendid examples of this kind of work in the collection at the Exhibition. This inlaying of one coloured clay in another, or on another, is likewise practised in other ways, such, for instance, as for the production of brilliant band-work in the Italian style, and where great contrasts of colour are desired.

With respect to the forms, it must be admitted that the vases of to-day are in purer taste than they formerly were. Here and there we find imitations of metal and even of wood work where

all should be designed for clay, and nothing else; but generally speaking there is an absence of such extraneous additions, and a maintenance of pure outline.

In the decoration a similar change has fortunately come over the manufacture; the habit of copying the mythological and other productions of the great masters, views of royal palaces and châteaux, landscapes, and other pictorial subjects has almost disappeared; figures are but sparingly introduced; and huge masses of flowers have been superseded by the more appropriate kind of ornamentation derived from nature.

We have accorded ample justice to the great glass manufacturer of Vienna, Herr LOBMEYR. He is eminently entitled to it, for not only in this Exhibition of 1878, but in several other exhibitions, he has obtained a first place. It is difficult to

understand that the elaborate design which adorns this page is an engraving on glass. If the mind that designed it is of a high order, so surely the hand by which it has been executed is of marvellous skill in working out and making palpable the



thought of the creative artist. There is no department of manufacture in which Art progress is so conspicuous as it is in this of glass cutting and engraving. As we shall show elsewhere, Herr Lobmeyr has found competitors in England who will share,

if they do not take from him, his laurels. He has worn them well and long, and they will not honour him less when they are bound around the brows of other artist-manufacturers. France, which in former times led the van in this art, is now in the rear.

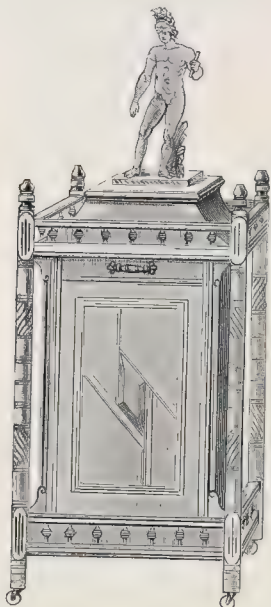
Such are the main facts, so far as we have been able to note and ascertain them, related to the best of our judgment, and absolutely without bias, respecting the renowned manufacture of Sèvres during the last few years.

The collection at the Exhibition is large and varied, including vases of gigantic dimensions, one especially—upwards of ten feet in height—down to the smallest teacups. Some of the larger works are the result of competitions, prizes being offered from time to time for vases for the decoration of the Louvre, the Grand Opéra, or other national establishments; and some of

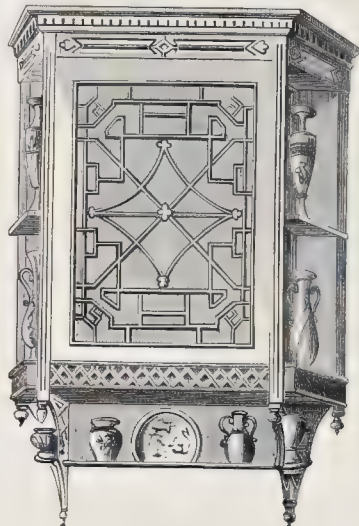
the others are prizes to be given to successful exhibitors at the international, agricultural, and other exhibitions—an admirable application of such beautiful works.

The collection includes hard and soft porcelain, figures in biscuit, and a few enamels, nearly two hundred numbers in all, pairs of vases or other articles and sets of china being placed together under the same number. The show is therefore, as we have said, extensive and varied, and it presents these great advantages, that there are no duplicates, and that each piece is exhibited to advantage. It is a collection of gems properly set.

Messrs. G. S. LUCRAFT and SON, of Lon-



don, contribute chairs, tables, cabinets, and other works of the class, of a high order of



merit. As metropolitan cabinet-makers,

working in the heart of the great city, they occupy a foremost place. We engrave two of their "Chippendale" hanging China Cabinets, and a Cabinet of satin-wood inlaid with various coloured woods. The firm largely manufacture furniture in the style of the seventeenth century; in that, therefore, to which they have specially



directed their attention they excel. Nearly all their exhibits are in that style, light and graceful, peculiarly calculated both for the drawing-room and the boudoir, where elegance is studied in all surrounding objects, and where everything may derive advantage from Art.

There are no examples of the faience which was produced some years since at Sèvres, and it may be mentioned that the fabrication has been abandoned. When the manufacture of earthenware—that is to say, of fine decorated earthenware or faience—had almost entirely ceased in France, the directors of the Sèvres works took up the subject, investigated it thoroughly, and showed the manufacturing world the secrets of the old faïenciers of Rouen, Moustiers, Nevers, and other places; and when the lessons were taught, and beautiful painted and otherwise decorated earthenware issued from private potteries, Sèvres had done

its work. In like manner, at the present moment there is an atelier in the Sèvres manufactory under the direction of an able artist, in which beautiful mosaics are being produced; but we shall have to speak of this in another chapter.

We have said that the collection includes biscuit figures; these exhibit in a striking way the care and ability which exist at Sèvres. The most remarkable of these works are groups, including many figures and complex details, from eighteenth-century models, and are well known in the Art world as the 'Surtout de Bacchus,' 'Cupid captive,' 'The Infancy of Silenus,'

We give two other examples of the productions of Messrs. ADAMS & Co., of Nottingham: they are samples of a large collection of much grace, beauty, and originality in

importance, in which of late years large advances have been made, so as to enable England successfully to compete with the best produce of the continent. Messrs. Adams, however, uphold the long-established renown of the great capital of the order of Art manufacture. But lace curtains are not the only class of manufactured



design, and of the highest order of fineness of fabric and skill in manufacture. It is to be regretted that this firm is the only exhibitor of a class of Art that is of very great

goods produced by Messrs. Adams; for example, those of which we give engravings are Bed Quilts or Bed Curtains, very beautifully designed, and of fabric light yet warm. They are at once pleasant to the eye and comforting to the body. We may be hereafter in a position to describe the fabric more fully; for, thus used, it is very valuable.

'An Allegory of the Marriage of Louis XVI.,' the 'Good Old Man's Fête Day,' the 'Crowning of the *Rosière*,' &c.: pretty compositions of a somewhat weak type, but the execution is marvellous; they are in hard porcelain biscuit, and the smallest details, down to the fingers of figures a few inches only in height, are almost perfect.

In the painting great masses of positive colours have given way to quieter tints on secondary or neutral grounds, and Art is a great gainer thereby. There are plenty of critics and amateurs who still cling to the old traditions of the art—the gods

and goddesses, the fables of mythology, the portraits, the landscapes, the huge wreaths, the great golden ropes, and other affectations of the eighteenth century; but the present generation has gone beyond them, and persists in admiring the truer kind of decoration which now prevails. Others there are, on the contrary, who would still further diminish the brilliancy of the ceramic palate. M. Charles Blanc, one of the soundest living critics, has just completed a series of lectures at the Collège de France, where he fills a newly founded chair of *Æsthetics* and the History of Art, with four discourses on Ceramics, in which,

Those who remember the productions of "paper stainers" thirty or forty years ago (there are still some homes that continue to be defaced by them) will have reason to rejoice that modern manufacturers of products almost as necessary to household grace and comfort as the air we breathe have intro-

duced a far better order of things. The eye is no longer afflicted nor the mind insulted by the monstrosities or absurdities that used to cover our walls, both in humble dwellings and aristocratic mansions, where glare was considered triumph, and roses a foot in diameter quite the mode; where temples and summer-



houses were seen a hundred times repeated in a room; where, in a word, education in coarse and bad teaching was the lesson learned daily in every apartment of a house. It is happily very different now; an evil design on paper is the exception, not the rule. We shall have a better opportunity of directing attention

to the enormous number of productions—nearly all good—issued by Messrs. BENJAMIN J. ALLAN and SON, of Bow, London. At present we give only their decoration for a ceiling, a comparatively recent introduction. It will in time become universal, rendering the ceiling as well as the walls of the room refreshing to the eye.

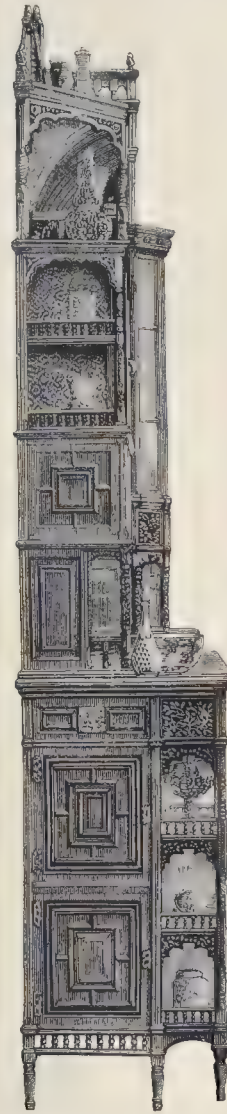
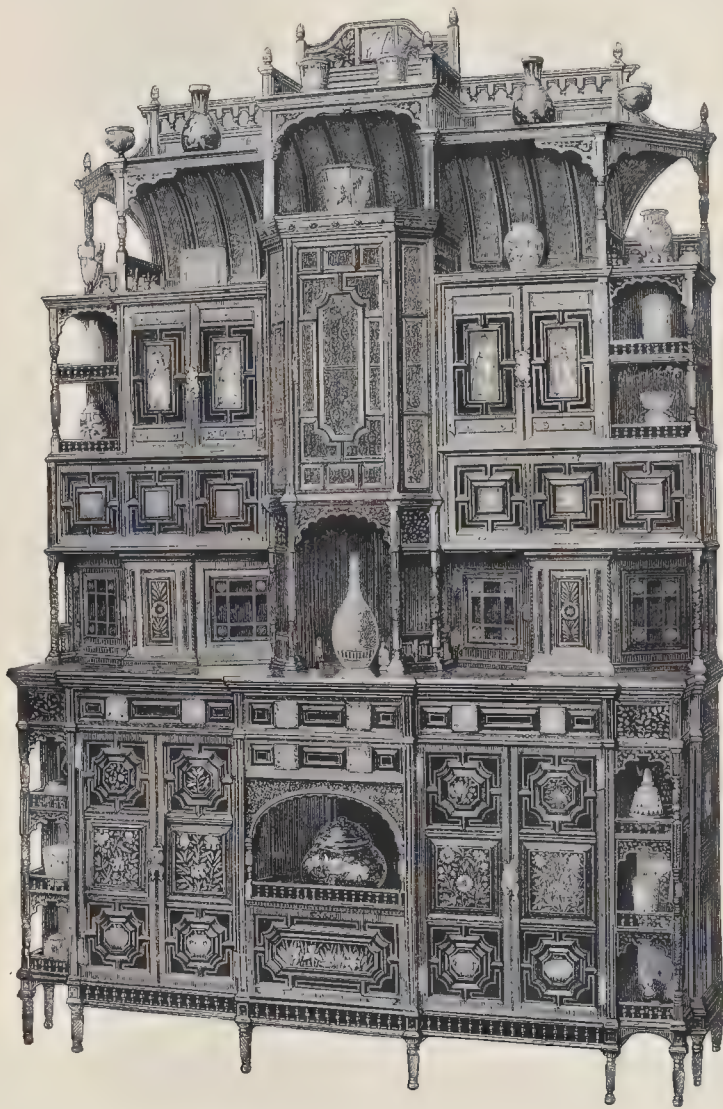
after detailing the wonderful attainments of the Oriental potters, the manner in which they seized on and made use of accidents, and produced crackled, clouded, marbled, and shagreen grounds, and the beautiful changes which occur in ceramic surfaces, he touched upon the principles of the decoration of porcelain, for which, in his view, the play of two colours only, complementary to each other, such as red and green, or yellow and violet, the contrast being toned down by accessory and transition tints, was amply sufficient.

It is admitted on all hands that during the present century

much has been done by the scientific directors of Sèvres to perfect the ware itself, and it is almost as universally admitted that the decoration had fallen into a sadly conventional and weak condition. Within the last few years, while the perfection of the manufacture has been pursued without remission, a complete revolution has been made with respect to colours themselves; and, in addition to all this, the ornamentation has partaken largely of that improved taste and understanding of the principles of harmony and fitness which have raised the level of every manufacture in which Art is an element, and that much

Messrs. HENRY OGDEN and SON, of Manchester, rank among the foremost cabinet-makers of England; their fame may be provincial, but they have often competed for honours with the best upholsterers of the metropolis. The work of which we give an engraving on this

in construction, no space being wasted, as well as for graceful and pure artistic feeling in carving,



page is a Cabinet, designed by Mr. H. W. Battey, an artist to whom British Art manufacturers are largely indebted. They claim prominence for this work as an example of excellence

turning, and all its decorated parts. The style is essentially English.

of this is due to the Sèvres manufactory it would be most unjust to deny.

The manufactory of Sèvres has gone through many changes; for years it was in charge of M. Brogniart, who confined his attention to the improvement of the manufacture, but cared or understood little of Art. He was followed by M. Ebelmen and the late M. Regnault, who did immense service in the production of those metallic colours of which we have already spoken, that are covered with a fine glaze fired at a vitrifying heat, and calculated to endure unchanged for ages. The

present director, M. Robert, was an eminent ceramist before he was appointed to this position. He is at once an artist and a thorough ceramic chemist, and is following the course of his predecessors with great energy and success. Formerly, in painting on china, the metallic oxides contained in the pigments were fixed at the surface by a half fusion to obtain the desired colours, but the glaze was often iridescent or wavy, and sometimes dull and heavy, and had not power to resist a smart rub, and still less the effects of time. The *grand-feu* colours, as already stated, are practically unchangeable. One of the first

Messrs. HODGETTS, RICHARDSON, and SON rank among the oldest and the best of the glass manufacturers of Stourbridge. Nearly half a century



ago the elders of this firm commenced the introduction of colours into English glass, and very soon rivalled in that way the produce of Bohemia.



They continue to practise with great success this branch of the art, and many specimens at the Exhibition show their supremacy. The forms and

of those obtained was pure cobalt blue, resembling sapphire; then in succession were produced a turquoise blue, not nearly so fine as the lovely blue we see on soft porcelain, but still a fine colour; a beautiful green chrome called *citadon*, which has had immense success; a pure black; and yellows, browns, greys, and olives, from the darkest to the lightest tints.

The whole of the porcelain of France exhibits the teachings and initiative of Sèvres, for it should be known that shapes and processes are all freely placed at the disposition of private manufacturers, and a grand collection of porcelain will be found

ornamentation of their productions manifest careful study of the best models, and competent artists



have been consulted as regards all the issues of



their works; these are consequently, in almost all cases, of very great and acknowledged excellence.

in the immense space devoted to ceramic-ware in the industrial galleries, produced by manufacturers and decorators of Paris and the provinces, amongst whom may be mentioned MM. Pannier-Lahoche & Co., Rousseau, Pillivuyt, Haviland, Pouyat, Mansard, Clauss, Gosse, Thomas, Delforge, Klotz, Lévy, and Marchereau, many of whose works have already been illustrated in our pages, as we hope many more will be.

A collection which attracts much attention is that of the Municipal School of Limoges, famous for its enamels all over the world. This school teaches gratuitously two hundred and

Examples are exhibited by Messrs. W. B. SIMPSON and SONS, of St. Martin's Lane, London, of painted Tiles, suggestive of varied application as a means of interior decoration; such for

instance, as wall decoration generally, dados, fireplace linings and hearths, chimney-pieces and furniture. The Chimney-piece engraved is of lofty proportions, and of a design somewhat



Flemish in character. It is made of American walnut-wood in combination with painted tiles, and is intended for the hall or

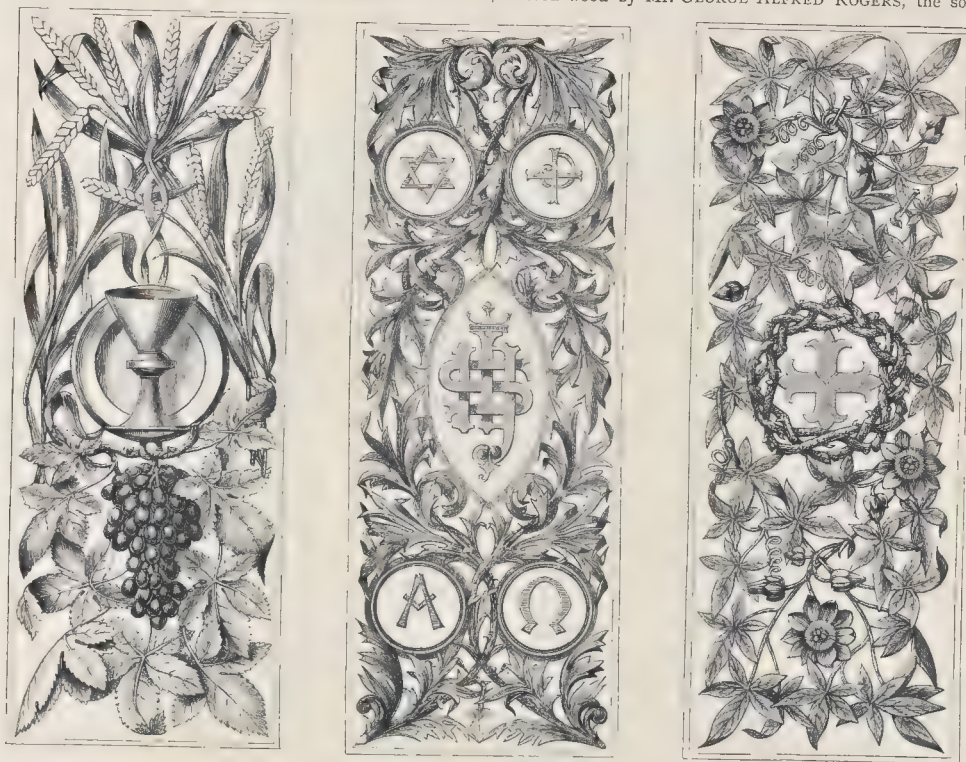
dining-room of a country mansion. A bracket clock, of corresponding design, representing the Flight of Time accompanied it.

fifty youths and two hundred girls in the arts of design applied to industry, and it has achieved considerable success, the works of the pupils having secured them many prizes. The collection now to be seen here exhibits an excellent choice, and amongst the works we find examples—as indeed we do all over the section—of the Sèvres method of *pâte sur pâte* already referred to. As a proof of the appreciation of the works of the Limoges school, we may mention the fact that the pieces are almost all purchased for the museums of Sèvres or Vienna, or by private manufacturers of porcelain.

Other localities have their schools of design, which must have more or less influence on the ceramic manufactures of the future.

The exhibition of French faience is very large and various. The manufacturers of Paris continue to exhibit great skill in the painting and burning of large plaques for decorative purposes, and many of the provincial makers are also very successful in that line; but perhaps the most characteristic productions of the French potteries are jardinières, vases, &c., in glazed faïences, with flowers painted, or sometimes modelled, on dark

We engrave other of the many admirable examples of works in carved wood by Mr. GEORGE ALFRED ROGERS, the son and



worthy successor of the artist whose productions are in England | rivalled only by those of Grinling Gibbons. This page contains,



besides three works of lesser value, executed as adornments of the Bessemer Steam-ship, three Pulpit Panels: the centre one

is of an ornamental design, enclosing the sacred monogram in a vesica, and four other emblems on roundels, exquisitely designed.

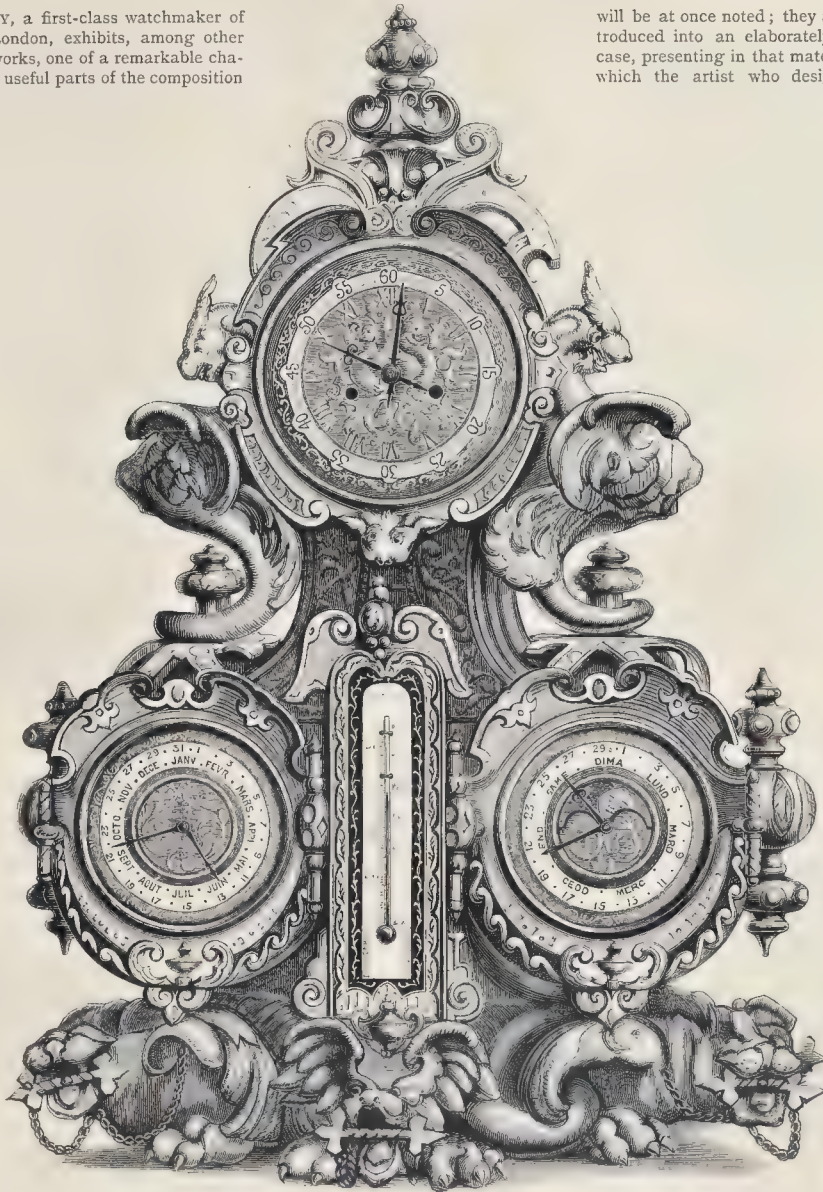
grounds, many of the examples having a rustic air; the multiplicity of forms, the endless variety of ornamentation, and the eccentricities of all kinds are also highly characteristic. One form of decoration at present in fashion is the attachment of roses or other flowers, cleverly modelled and coloured, here and there, without reference to any design. Sometimes animals or reptiles crawl upon the surface; but this is a mere copy of one of the thousand whims of the Japanese potters.

The application of faience to decoration forms a really striking feature of the Exhibition. We have already spoken of the coloured

slabs of painted earthenware on the front of the Champ de Mars buildings, within the vestibule, and around the doors of the Pavilion of the City of Paris; but these are of a simple character, and partly only imitation-work. Elsewhere we find earthenware decoration on an unusually grand scale. In the Exhibition held on the same spot in 1867 M. Collinot had a grand porch in the Persian style, which was engraved in the report of the Exhibition given in the *Art Journal*; on the present occasion he has a splendid show, somewhat differing in character, but evincing decided advancement in ceramic decoration. His

M. LE ROY, a first-class watchmaker of Paris and London, exhibits, among other meritorious works, one of a remarkable character. The useful parts of the composition

will be at once noted; they are skilfully introduced into an elaborately wrought iron case, presenting in that material difficulties which the artist who designed it could



not easily overcome. The work is, therefore, to be regarded as a curiosity as well as an example of excellent Art, credit-

able to the producer, who takes high rank not only in his own country, but in England, and, indeed, throughout the world.

exhibition takes the form of a grand pavilion; it covers the intersection of two of the principal passages in the industrial galleries. The four angles have their arches with colonnettes, some fluted and some spiral, but all formed of pieces of true pottery—not brick or plaster work patched with tiles—of fine deep, even colours, and surmounted with and supported by capitals and plinths admirably designed in the true spirit of old Persian work; the facings and panels are formed of tiles, some decorated with embossed ornamentation, others with stamped patterns, and coloured by hand; and the frieze is a fine example

of modelled work. Thus we have an octagonal temple of considerable dimensions, with a large ottoman surmounted by a noble vase in the centre. The effect of this fine ceramic decoration is greatly enhanced by the arches being all hung with figured stuffs, harmonizing admirably with the faience, and having within them splendid vases of the same ware on handsome carved stands. The four angular spaces behind the arches have been most artistically treated. One of these is decorated with splendidly coloured panels, in tiles, with flowers, birds, &c., in the Japanese style; a second is fitted up as a Turkish bath-

This page contains eight examples of the



works produced by the VENICE AND

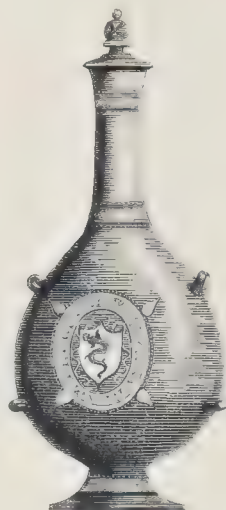


MURANO GLASS AND MOSAIC COMPANY,



of St. James's Street, London, and Campo

San Vio, Venice. They are recent productions, and for the most part copies of

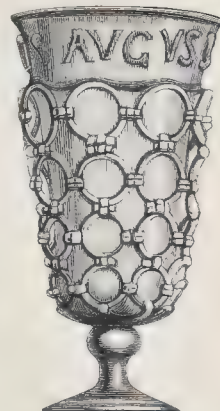


antiques, specimens of which abound in Italy and in the collections of English connoisseurs. The very extensive series



of exhibits comprises almost every variety of form and all conceivable colours. It will

be seen that some of the forms are quaint, and not of the pure classic; yet all of



them show marvellous manipulative skill. They are inferior to the ancient models



only because they are new and not old: the artist who produced the one would not



have been ashamed to claim paternity of the other, and might surely have done so.

room, with large bath, a complicated arrangement for douche and shower baths in bright metal, and elaborate marble lavatory, all the walls being covered with tiles, and the whole having a very complete and satisfactory air; opposite to this is a small Persian snuggerly, with very handsome panels in tile-work, a Persian fountain in which the water simply falls straight down, like a screen, from the faience architrave above into a jardinière at the foot; the fourth compartment is the bazaar—shop, if you will—in which the smaller productions of M. Collinot are set out before the public; and it is gratifying to see the objects here,

and even the panels of the pavilion, labelled with the names of purchasers, several being English, and including the representative of the Museum of Vienna, who has bought largely in many sections of the Exhibition. M. Collinot has aimed strictly at decoration in Oriental style, and his success is unquestionable. We hope to include some portions of his beautiful works amongst our illustrations. M. Collinot deserves his success, for he has worked for it long and arduously, and it has not descended upon him by any lucky chance. After a long residence in Persia he connected himself with an artist of great talent, M. Beaumont,

FLACHAT ET COCHET are famous cabinet-makers of Lyons, who have obtained gold and silver medals at several exhibitions. They made very great efforts for that of 1878, and have

taken for their many and varied works the highest places of honour. These productions are generally cabinets, very charmingly decorated with various woods, and by the educated skill



of the sculptor. They are not only graceful compositions, refreshing both the eye and the mind, but Art productions of a right

good order, the results of educated knowledge and well-directed taste. The contribution we engrave is a Mirror of carved wood.

and after years of labour and many sacrifices has succeeded in showing his countrymen how to decorate their rooms in Oriental fashion.

There are other instances of faience decoration on a large scale, and of a totally different character, which call for special mention. The two grand porches of the Fine-Art galleries in the central garden of the Champ de Mars have been decorated by French artists. Two of the six arches of these porches were intrusted to a faïencier of high repute, M. Deck, of Paris, who has carried out, from the designs of M. Jaeger, architect, an

ornamentation on a gigantic scale. In the first place there are four very large panels, which contain allegorical figures representing Painting and Engraving, Gold and Ceramic work. They cannot be said to be very successful; the designs are bold, but the colours are not satisfactory. The greater part of the space, however, is occupied by a fancy landscape, probably more than thirty feet high and about twenty wide. In the foreground is a gigantic umbrella-pine, behind which is an architectural structure, the head of the tree standing out nobly against the sky; on the other side spreads out the

We have space merely to state that the porcelain Vase, | Compotier, and Plaques engraved on this page are further



examples of the beautiful and valuable productions of MINTON | & Co., exhibited by Messrs. Goode, of South Audley Street.



cerulean beauty of an Italian sea; and on a small hill that dominates the cliffs is a little village bathed in sunshine. The other elements of this grand composition are a peacock, with tail spread out in all its beauty, at the foot of an amethyst-coloured column, on which hang a splendid trophy of arms and a buckler. The picture is executed on large square plaques of faience, which are admirably regular, so that the joints are not visible at a short distance, the colours, especially the blues and blue-greens, are remarkably fine and even; and the glaze

is excellent and in moderation. A peculiarity in parts of the design—the cliffs, for instance—is that the profiles are marked by deep black lines, such as have sometimes been adopted on grand pieces at Sèvres, resembling almost the lead of painted windows.

The remaining arch of this porch is occupied by similar work by another eminent firm, that of Messrs. Boulenger & Co., of Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, and whose work is quite equal to that of M. Deck. The design is by the same artist.

Messrs. G. TROLLOPE and SONS, of London, are extensive exhibitors; their contributions are admirable examples of cabinet-

work in several of its most important branches. They have long held foremost rank among British producers of "artistic furni-



ture," and fully sustain it in the present Exhibition. This page contains a large Mirror Frame in lime-tree in the Renaissance

style, and a Cabinet of polished satin-wood in the manner prevalent in England about the latter portion of the last century.

The south porch of the Fine-Art Courts is also covered with subjects in faience; there is a mixture of moulded and painted work, both of high class. The great door in the centre and the space about it are decorated after a design by M. Paul Sédille, architect, which is much admired, and the execution by M. Jules Læbnitz, of Paris, is worthy of it. The door casing is composed of panels of band-work ornament of great boldness and beauty, superbly brilliant in white set off by a small amount of green and gold; and around this are charming ornamental courses. The frieze is painted, from a design by the eminent

M. E. Lévy, by a young artist, M. L. Meyer, his pupil. Over the frieze is a fine bust of Apollo, by another young artist, M. Allard, who was a winner of the Grand Prix de Rome for painting. On the right and left hand are medallions, modelled after famous antique cameos, by a celebrated sculptor, M. Chapu. Other ornamentation is supplied by another artist, M. Chedeville. This noble door attracts much attention, and will doubtless be the precursor of many other works of the same class.

The side arches have their upper halves enriched with other ceramic-work: on the left hand is a reproduction in faience,

The firm of TIFFANY, of New York, is of established renown, acquired in the several exhibitions of Europe, and especially in that at Philadelphia in 1876. They contribute largely to that of Paris, and fairly compete with the best products of the old country. On this page we engrave two of their more prominent works, an Epergne, used also as a

to William Cullen Bryant, one of the best of good men, and one of the loftiest poets of the century. It is enough



Candelabrum, all the component parts of which are, as will be seen, Indian, from the scalp the chief waves above his head to the canoe in which he is passing down some rapid. The other is the Vase (which we have no space to describe) presented by loving friends and admirers



here to say the Vase is worthy the givers and the receiver. His death is one of the mournful records of the year 1878.

soberly coloured, by M. Virdent, of Toulouse, of the 'Crowning of the Virgin,' after the picture in the Louvre by Fra Angelico. On the other side is a work by M. Gillet, of Paris, including a portion of a celebrated frieze, 'Holy Confessors,' by Flandrin, in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, and a grand head of Poetry, after Raphael. This porch altogether presents a noble page of ceramic Art.

The works of Creil-Montreuil supply another remarkable panel, measuring twenty-four to twenty-five feet in length, and fifteen or sixteen in height. Like the preceding, it is made up

of squares, but the general aspect is different; the glaze is not brilliant—the surface, in fact, is rather rough, and consequently the effect is more like some kind of tapestry than tile-work, and fortunately, if accidental, which we doubt, especially as the roughness does not appear in the sky, the result is admirable. The subject, which is by M. Knitjenbrowe, a known artist, is composed of two colossal Burgesses of the time of the Renaissance, sitting back to back, surrounded by dogs and all kinds of objects appertaining to the chase, each of them looking out upon a landscape composed of valley and forest, in which are

We engrave three examples of the productions of the time-honoured firm of LEROLLES, a firm that has long taken high



rank among the bronze-masters of Paris. It has had a descent of four generations, and seems to progress in the fine artistic

characteristics of its special style. The designs are by first-class artists, while modelling, moulding, chiselling, and finish



are combined with the skill that arises from long and continued experience. As we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, the



Art manufacturers of France maintain their supremacy in this wide and large department of the industrial arts, defying all the

efforts of eager and resolute competitors. Indeed, there has been hardly any attempt to compete with them, and none in England.

seen houses, wild beasts, and hunters: over all is a clear and beautiful sky. The composition is probably derived from some Flemish story. It is a remarkable work, and would make a fine decoration in a grand old hall. This will be found outside the French Fine-Art Court.

M. Lœbnitz, whose name has been already mentioned, shows some other excellent work, including a fine figure representing Ceramic Art, by M. Meyer, also previously named, and some faience stoves of admirable design—one in the style of the fourteenth-century Gothic, designed by M. Bruyère, architect,

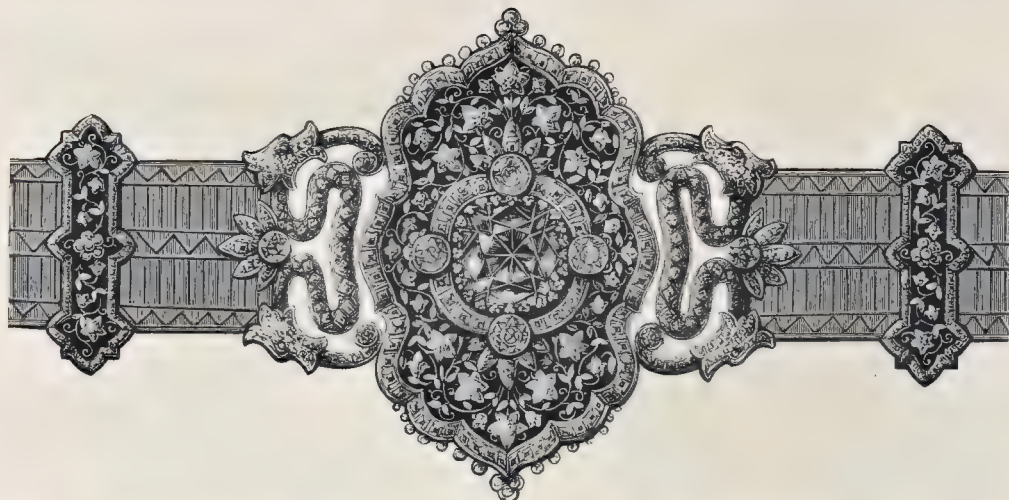
and one in the style of the Renaissance, by M. Sédille, who has likewise designed a number of beautiful tiles produced by the same manufacturer.

It is only by such combinations of artists and Art workmen that a good style of decoration is likely to be attained.

In the immense galleries devoted to French porcelain and other ware, if many of the old false designs and poor colours be still too visible, there is in the production of the great majority of the manufacturers a vast improvement in form, design, and colour, which is evident at a glance.

The old and honoured firm of ROUVENAT, jewellers, is among the few leading artist-manufacturers who in that lofty branch of

Art maintain pre-eminent renown. Among other treasures of their galaxy are some splendid varieties "got up" for the Shah



of Persia. Of these the leading objects are a Necklace and a | Pendant of rarest diamonds, tinged with a delicate yellow hue,



and cased in with precious pearls. They are of immense intrinsic value, but that is, in the eyes of many, their least recommenda-

tion; they obtain much greater worth from Art, their value being enhanced by remarkably appropriate and beautiful settings.

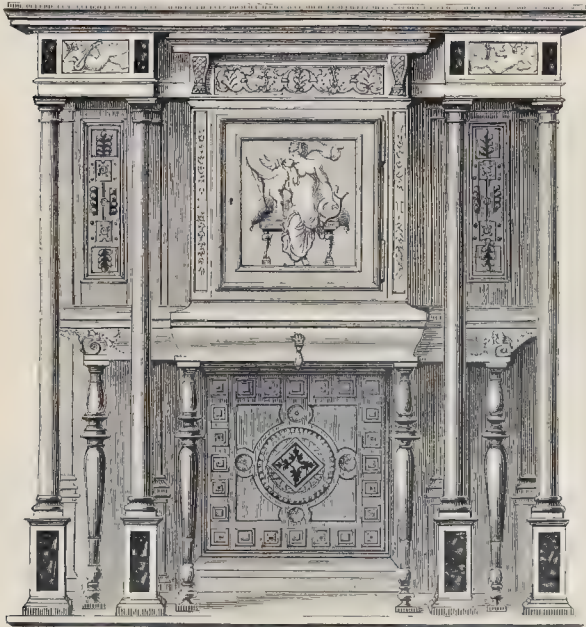
One of the new modes of applying decorated porcelain is to clock cases, the entire front being in painted china and the rest of metal: some of these are executed by Sèvres artists.

After the magnificent collections of China, Japan, France, and England, the contributions of other nations are small. There are a collection of artistic faïences by M. Delin, of Brussels, and M. Porteau, painter, of the same town; some excellent terracotta running-courses, wall tiles, and mosaics, by MM. Villeroi and Boch, of Sept-fontaines, near Luxembourg; and mosaic-work from Spain, composed of small pieces in various forms of glazed

earthenware, each in several colours, which may be put together in different patterns. From Hungary are some highly interesting specimens of old Hungarian forms in a body resembling stoneware, and of imitation *cloisonné* in faïence, from the works of M. J. Fischer, of Buda-Pesth. The ornamentation is very generally quiet, but sometimes pleasantly quaint. This new ware has had great success here. Some artistic terra-cotta work by a sculptor named Lavergne is exhibited by the same firm.

In the Austrian Court Messrs. Fisher and Mieg, of Carlsbad, show some remarkably fine vases of large size in the old Viennese

M. A. BLANQUI, a distinguished ebeniste of Marseilles, supplies us with two



examples of his skill as a designer and manufacturer: the one is a Cabinet com-



posed of various woods, the other a Table of walnut-wood. Both are truly excellent specimens of Art production that give renown to the manufacturer.

style; some small ones, brilliant in blue and gold, with Japanese-like ornamentation; and two or three sets of table-ware of extremely chaste design. In the Russian Court are some curious stoves, executed in painted faience and terra-cotta, and characteristic majolica in the Arab style from Finland.

GLASS ORNAMENTATION.

ORNAMENTAL glass must be recorded as one of the grand triumphs of the Exhibition of 1878. At the previous one, held on the same spot, the show was large and fine; this year it is

The name of T. A. LIE, of Christiania, Norway, has been conspicuous in several exhibi-



tions. His renown is sustained at Paris in 1878. Of his principal works we engrave



three reproductions of old models, two Tankards and a Drinking Horn. They are of silver



gilt, highly effective specimens of Art workmanship, though perhaps somewhat elaborate.

immense and magnificent. In 1867 the colour of the British glass was admitted to be unapproached; our neighbours have since made considerable improvement in their fine crystal, but England still stands pre-eminent for splendour. Other glass is pure in colour, but the finest British flint glass has a brilliancy that appears nowhere else: it is like petrified spring water or rock crystal.

The next point to be noted is form: any shapes more ill suited to glass than those which were in vogue not very many years since could scarcely have been invented—decanter, glasses,

One of the most striking examples of Pianos in the British section we here engrave: it is a "Grand Cottage" in the purest Early English style, exhibited by Messrs. CHALLEN and SON, of London. The case is of satin-wood, and very exquisitely inlaid

with designs of flowers, birds, music, &c. The mouldings are gilt, and the top is surmounted with an ebony gallery; the whole is in good taste, and may be considered as a fine specimen of Art work. The internal and musical portion we know to possess



all the essentials of excellence that constitute a high-class instrument in touch or tone. The firm that produces this very excellent work dates as far back as 1804. There are more gorgeous displays, but there are few works in the Exhibition of more refined

character, where the simple and graceful are found in happy combination with excellence in Art. The aim of the eminent manufacturers has been to combine force with delicacy of tone, and to make the instrument gratifying to the eye as well as the ear.

salt-cellers, straight, square, or squat, with outlines as rectangular and as rigid as cast iron. The beautiful reflections of fine cut glass were evident to every observer: the love of the beauty of pure form had to be acquired, and thus scarcely an inch of surface was left intact. Well-cut glass is a very beautiful object; there are chandeliers in the Exhibition which almost vie with the priceless lustres formed of rock crystal, modern examples of which, it may be mentioned, are exhibited by M. Barbedienne and others; but elaborately cut glass is disquieting to the eye; there is that painful want of repose when

much of it is present that is felt in a room of which the walls are all covered with looking-glass. The present Exhibition contains many examples of old-fashioned cut glass, but, generally speaking, where cutting is employed, it is introduced with a much more sparing hand, and with a great deal more taste, than it formerly was. Applied to the under surface of such articles as fruit dishes, reflections in pure crystal glass almost vie with the diamond, and brilliancy is thus obtained without glare. Here and there a little cutting of coloured glass on white produces charming effects, and bosses, stoppers, and other ornaments,

The house of BLOT and DROUARD holds permanent rank among the bronzists of Paris. The figures they produce are

we engrave on this page are adaptations of the now universally patronised products of Japan. It will be seen that the Vases



first-class examples of sculpture, some of them being works by the renowned artists Carrière-Belleuse and Dumaigre. Those

and Jardinière are imitations of the beautiful creations of hand and mind in that fruit-land of originality, and often of



beauty. These specimens show great breadth of form, in combination with singular delicacy of detail. France, as well as

England, is perhaps overdone by productions of this class; yet they have much aided the Art manufacturers of both countries.

cut in facets, are highly effective. But, generally speaking, cutting has given way before engraving, and even before pure forms absolutely without any ornamentation. To take the most familiar instance, a bulb-shaped wine-glass in thin crystal—a *verre de mousseline*, as our friends here call it—is one of the most beautiful of man's handiworks, and when surrounded with a simple engraved line, a few stars, a crest, or only a cipher, it is a true *objet d'Art*. It is natural that the tables of the noble and wealthy should be decked with more elaborate services, but such a glass as that just referred to is a type of elegance.

In connection with cutting we must say a few words on imitation cut—that is to say, moulded—glass. Much of the common moulded glass we meet with is so painfully ugly that we could almost wish the art of moulding in glass had never been discovered or thought of; but there are specimens in the French collection in which not only is the pattern selected appropriate to the purpose, but the moulding is so admirable as to pass for cutting with most observers. In one instance the body and the cover of a liqueur case, or *cave*, are each moulded in one piece, and mounted with an ormolu rim and hinges; this *cave*

We devote a second page to the works of FLACHAT ET COCHET, cabinet-makers of Lyons. It consists of a Table and

the upper part of a Mirror. They are examples of good and true Art, distinctly marking a style and a period, and designed



to do so. The manufacturers are themselves artists, a great | advantage, which the fabricants of France generally enjoy, and



that often gives them supremacy over competitors of other nations—England, perhaps, more than all. But it is a reproach

that is rapidly leaving us. Of late years—but of late years only—the employer has been better educated than the employed.

is probably fifteen inches long and eight inches deep, and the glass seemed to be without a flaw. Perhaps the most remarkable cutting exhibited is in the immense collection of the Baccarat Works, and in a superb chandelier by Messrs. Osler, with S-shaped arms six feet long.

But whether it be in the French, the Austrian, British, or other court, the first fact that meets the eye is the enormous progress that has been made in the general forms. When once glass designers turned their eyes towards Greek and old Italian forms, the reform was only a matter of time; and how the barrel and

ring-necked decanters, presenting in profile a curved zigzag or irregular staircase mounted on a pedestal, could have been tolerated after the amphoræ of the Greeks, the Barberini vase, and a thousand other exquisite though simple forms had been unearthed and exhibited to the world at large, passes comprehension. The amphora and the Venetian bottle had become standard forms with manufacturers, and designers had applied and modified them with more or less success for some years, until there had arisen apparently a craving for something different, and the novelties are numerous. Signor Salviati and

At present we have no other than these to represent works that bear the renowned name of CHRISTOPLE, and these are not new; they are

to many orders of Art manufacturers, we devote to them this page. No doubt, when our report of the



merely Furniture Decorations, but they show grace and power of design in happy combination. As suggestive



Great Exhibition of 1878 has arrived nearer to completion, it will contain other works of the firm.

others have long produced imitations and adaptations of Venetian forms and decoration, and there is a marked improvement of late in their productions. Some French manufacturers have adopted square and other angular forms, evidently borrowed from Chinese and Japanese porcelain, and scarcely suited to glass. Messrs. Webb's Art manager, Mr. O'Fallon, has produced admirable examples in Gothic and Celtic styles, and the jury has awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur to the firm. The forms are simple and good, and in the latter case highly appro-

priate metal mountings are introduced, and both are superbly engraved; but we shall have to return to this subject presently. We hope to give engravings of both these remarkable works, as we have of others by the same firm in the April and May numbers of the Journal, and of the Venice and Murano Company's productions in the June number. M. Lobmeyr, the famous Viennese glass manufacturer, and the Bohemian manufacturers, seem intent on the improvement of the forms to which they have long been wedded, except in the case of small wares.

Among the great "bed-makers" of the world, Messrs. R. W. WINFIELD & Co., of Birmingham, hold foremost rank:

their principal contributions to the Paris Exhibition are of that order. We engrave a specimen on this page—an example of

that we have no space to describe works



good Art—of one of their brass Bedsteads, thousands of which have found their way into all parts of the world, as at once the cleanest, the healthiest, the most graceful, and the most enduring. We fill up the page by a portion of a brass Balustrade. We regret



honourable to the establishment and to the great capital of metal Art work.

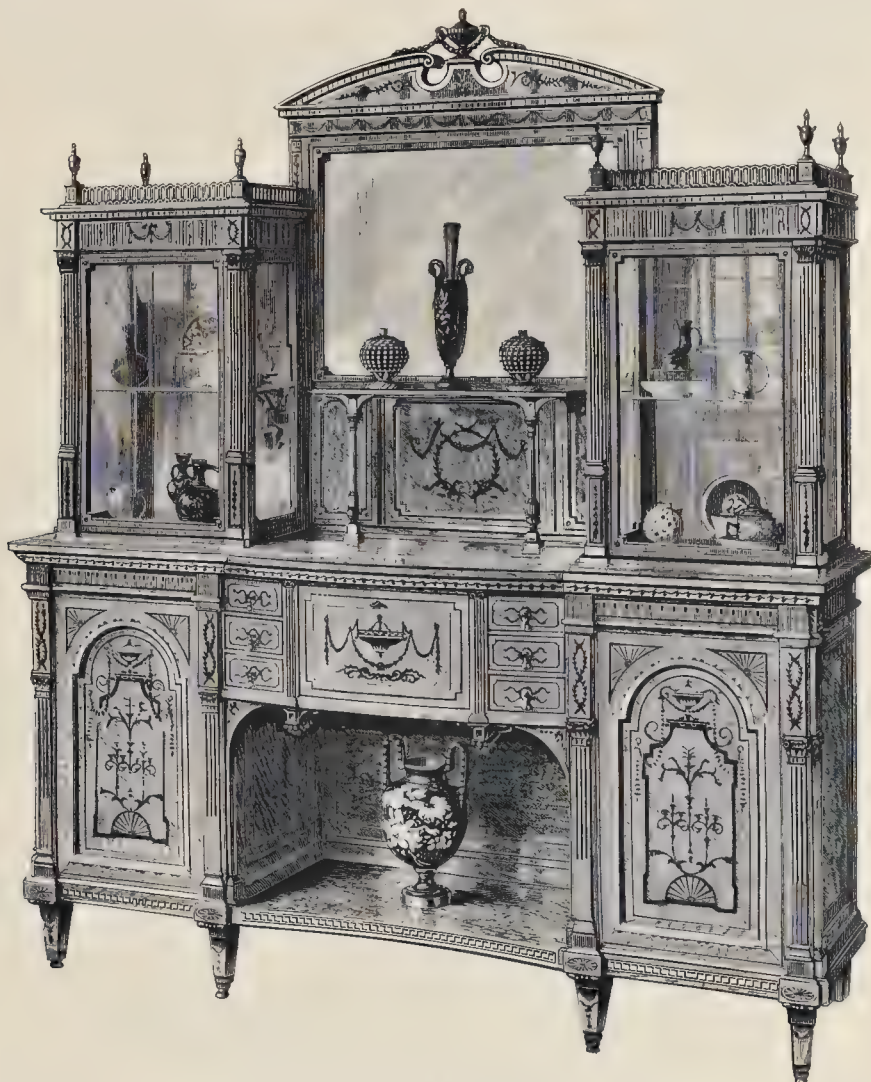
Before entering upon the subject of glass-engraving, it should be stated, for those who are not initiated into such matters, that glass-cutting is performed with wheels of various sizes, shapes, and materials, continually supplied with fine sand and water, the work being afterwards polished by means of wooden or other wheels, dressed with Tripoli or other polishing powder; while glass-engraving is executed with the same apparatus as that used by the gem engraver or cameo cutter—a small steel wheel revolving as in a lathe, dressed with oil and fine emery powder, the work being left dull or polished as above. In each

case the wheels are set in motion by means of a treadle. The design is traced on the glass, dressed for that purpose with a mixture of whiting and gum, to guide the engraver's eye and hand. There is another kind of so-called engraving, really etching, which is effected by means of an acid: the glass is covered with wax, the design is traced through it, and finally fluoric acid is applied, which corrodes the glass wherever it is unprotected. This is the method adopted for producing designs on plate glass, and for executing an inferior kind of work on flint glass.

A few years since a very ingenious invention was introduced

Messrs. JOHNSTONE, JEANES & Co., the eminent cabinet-makers of New Bond Street, have sustained in the present Exhibition the renown they long ago established as foremost among the Art manufacturers of Europe. We engrave on this

page a Cabinet, on which they mainly depend for extending their repute. It will do so; for it is a work of great beauty and high merit as a production of pure Art. It is also an admirable specimen of workmanship, wrought with skill in every part, and



as perfect in details as it is as a whole. It is of satin-wood, richly and elaborately inlaid with various coloured woods harmoniously contrasted. The vase and pendants at the top of the

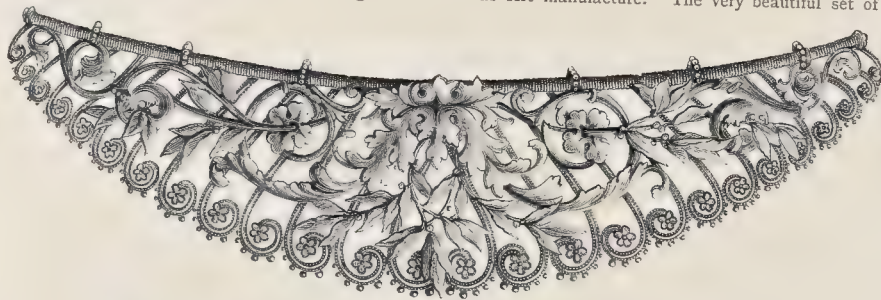
pediment are fine specimens of minute carving, as are several other portions of this very admirable work, which takes one of the highest places among examples of British Art workmanship.

into this country from the United States, which must be mentioned in a notice on the ornamentation of glass: this consisted in acting on the glass by means of fine sharp silver sand propelled with considerable force by a blower or other means. This invention was well illustrated at one of the International Exhibitions held at South Kensington. The method will be readily understood by a description of its simplest application. The sand being blown with force through a narrow slit, equal in length to the width of the panes of glass to be operated upon, and the glass being laid upon a table, and passed at a moderate

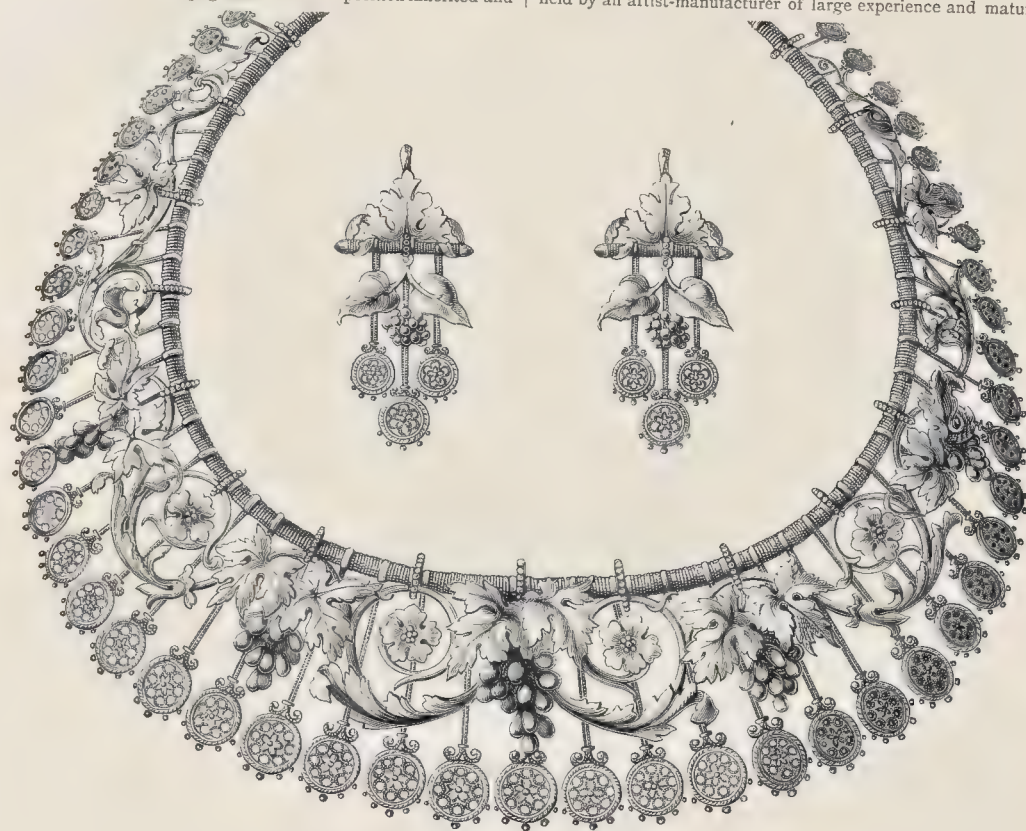
but steady pace beneath the slit, had its whole surface uniformly ground—that is to say, roughened—by the action of the sand. The next step was to produce ornamentation in the following manner:—A pattern, like a stencil plate, cut out in cardboard, wood, or metal, being laid on a sheet of glass, and the latter being brought under the action of the sand as above described, the whole of the unprotected portion became ground, while the surface beneath the pattern remained untouched. We are not aware whether this clever invention is or is not commercially successful, but of its effectiveness there is no doubt. When a

M. FROMENT MEURICE continues to hold rank as foremost of the artistic jewellers of Paris, and France has long led the

world in that branch of Art: it is scarcely reasonable to describe it as Art manufacture. The very beautiful set of enamelled



Jewels that graces this page illustrates the position inherited and | held by an artist-manufacturer of large experience and matured



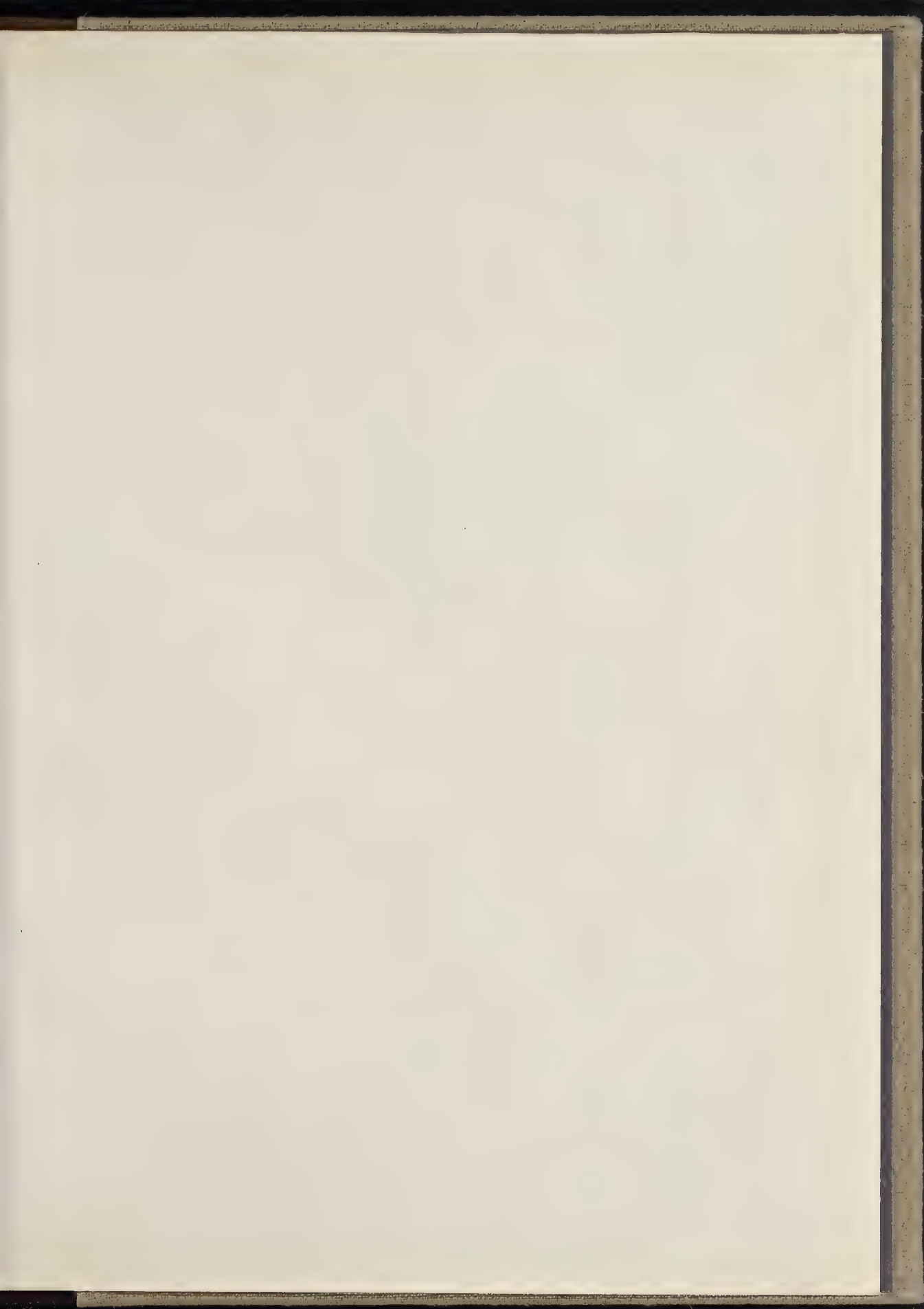
taste; and, in so far as concerns the works produced by him, Paris will continue to be the guide of the Art world. It will not be

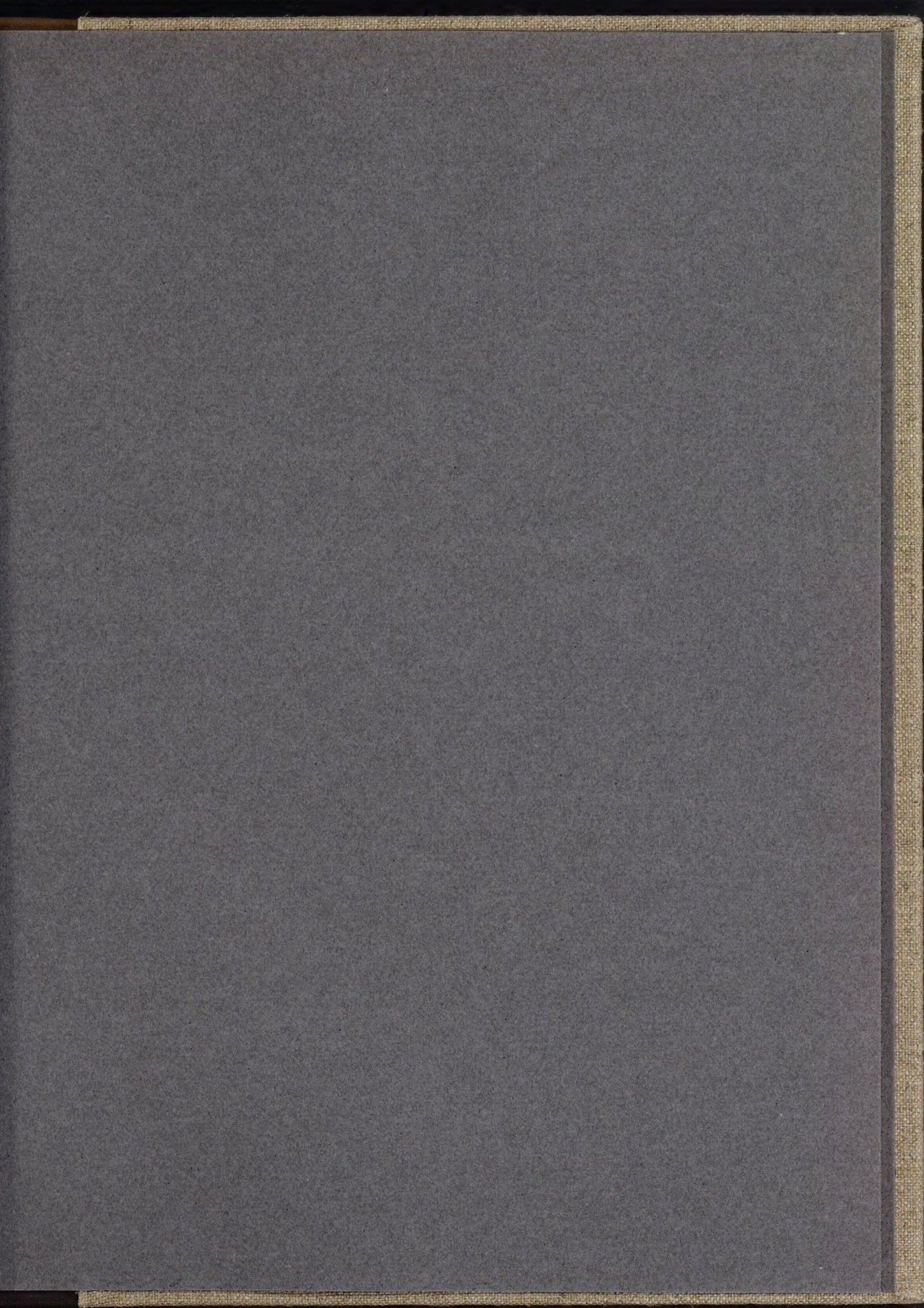
difficult to imagine, even from our engraving, the refined beauty of this costly production of the atelier of M. Froment Meurice.

steam-engine was employed, and the sand consequently driven against the material with great force, the effect was very remarkable; pieces of thick glass, slabs of marble or stone, were by these means engraved to pattern half an inch deep, the ornamentation, however, not being cut down vertically, but at an angle, the atoms of sand glancing off from the sides of the design. To produce such effects as these last, considerable power is required; but light engraving was produced by sand simply falling through a tube by its own gravity from a hopper placed several feet high. Sand-work could never compete with

fine engraving, but it is a highly ingenious mode of surface ornamentation.

The grand difference between cutting and engraving is that the former alters the surface, converting it into angular projections or facets, while engraving—that is to say, ordinary engraving; we shall have to speak of other kinds presently—leaves the forms and profiles of the object it decorates practically untouched. Cutting was a purely conventional kind of ornamentation, which called for great skill, but no Art; engraving also demands much skill, great delicacy of touch, and includes





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